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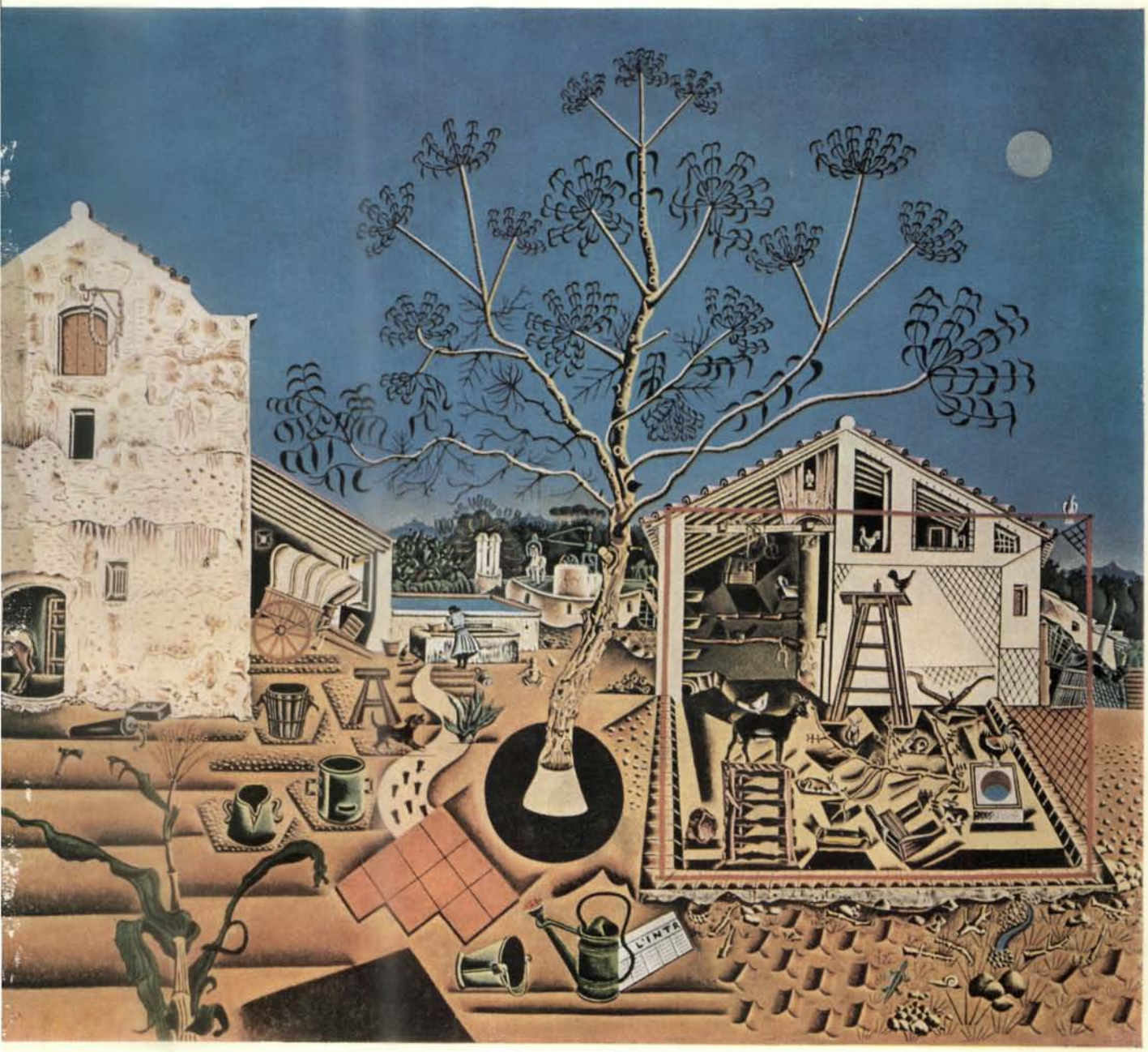
THE Atlantic



Supplement on SPAIN TODAY

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THE SS PRESIDENT POLK PHOTOGRAPHED ENTERING THE SUEZ CANAL

SS PRESIDENT POLK

Sailing 'Round the World May 27

Halfway between two worlds! Gliding through the Suez Canal, your great President Liner leaves behind the romance of the fabled Orient . . . Japan, Hong Kong, Malaya, India, Pakistan. Ahead lie Alexandria, Port Said, the blue waters of the Mediterranean . . . Naples, Marseille, Genoa, Leghorn.

And as you linger between these worlds, all is leisure and relaxation aboard your all First Class President Liner. Stewards anticipate your wishes. Master chefs make every meal a masterpiece. There is swimming and sunning by day, parties and movies by night. This great cruise offers American comfort and American service all the way around the world. Fares from $2985 for three incomparable months. See your Travel Agent. Or write American President Lines, Dept. D, San Francisco 4, for free folder.

1961 'Round The World Sailings

	From New York	From San Francisco
SS President Monroe	April 1	April 20
SS President Polk	May 27	June 15
SS President Monroe	July 22	August 10
SS President Polk	September 16	October 5
SS President Monroe	November 11	November 30

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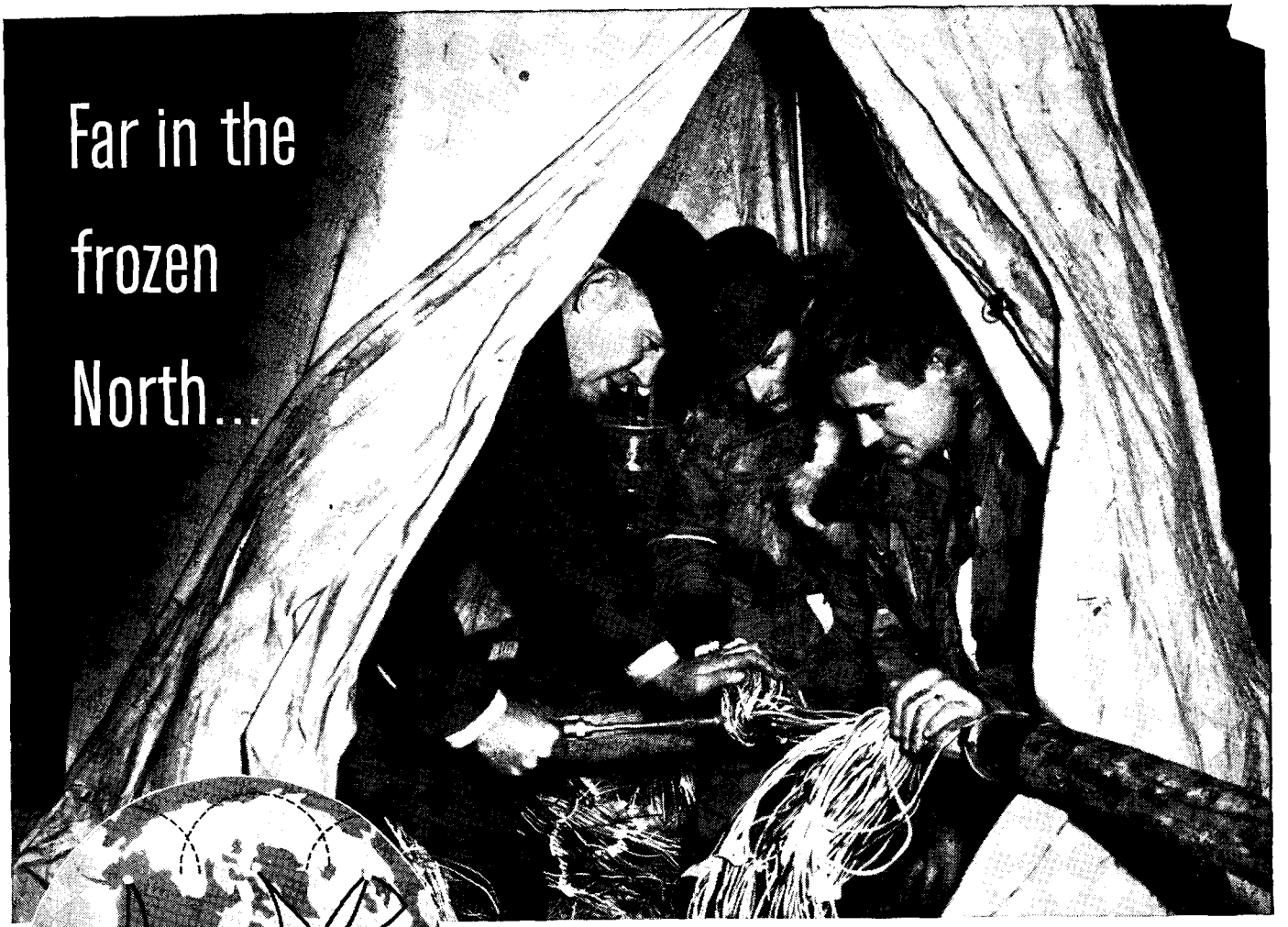

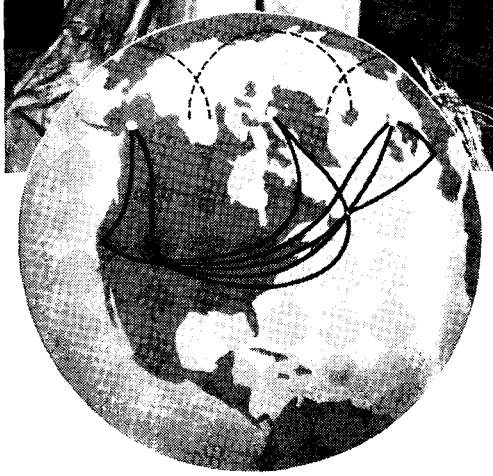

Bell Telephone engineers are putting together the nervous system for BMEWS ...Ballistic Missile Early Warning System

The eyes of the U. S. Air Force BMEWS will be massive, far-seeing radars in Alaska, Greenland and Great Britain. The brains at the Continental Air Defense Center in Colorado Springs. Between eyes and brain there will be a vast network to provide instantaneous, highly reliable communications in the event of enemy missile attack.

The Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, Western Electric, heads a team of 30 private firms and government agencies from three countries which is constructing this communications system.

Work is going ahead at full speed, right on schedule. All of the arts of long distance communications are being used to conquer the stern, hard-bitten terrain of BMEWS—line-of-sight and over-the-horizon radio, cables on land and under water.

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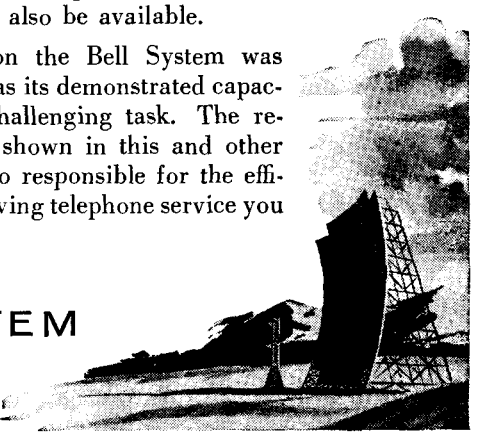
One important reason the Bell System was given this assignment was its demonstrated capacity to handle such a challenging task. The resourcefulness and skill shown in this and other defense projects are also responsible for the efficient, continually improving telephone service you enjoy every day.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

Photo by Philippe Halsman

These twelve famous writers announce:

A new kind of school for people who want to write

Now . . . no matter where you live, you can learn to write from these successful writers . . . right in your own home and in your spare time.

If you want to write professionally, here's an opportunity never before available:

These leading authors and teachers in every branch of writing have joined together to create a school of professional writing to help you develop your skill, talent and craftsmanship; and to pass on to you their secrets of achieving commercial success and recognition.

The training will be supervised by Rod Serling, TV's top dramatist; Bruce Catton, Pulitzer Prize winning author; Faith Baldwin, author of 80 best-selling books and hundreds of short stories; Max Shulman, famous creator of TV shows, novels and stories; Bennett Cerf, publisher, editor and columnist; Red Smith, nationally-known newspaper columnist; Rudolf Flesch, well-known author and authority on business writing; Mignon G. Eberhart, world famous writer of mystery novels and serials; Bergen Evans, university professor and co-author of *A Dictionary of Contemporary Usage;* J. D. Ratcliff, called "America's No. 1 craftsman in the field of non-fiction" by *Time* magazine; John Caples, one of the nation's great advertising copywriters, and author of *Making Ads Pay;* and Mark Wiseman, noted teacher of advertising and author of *The New Anatomy of Advertising.*

These famous authors have applied to the teaching of writing—for the first time—a principle which has proved itself time and again: "If you want success for yourself, learn from successful people."

Four separate courses

Over a three-year period they have created four professional courses in writing — Fiction . . . Non-fiction . . . Advertising . . . and Business writing. (The first three contain sections on writing for television.) They have developed a series of home study textbooks, lessons and writing assignments that present — in a clear and stimulating way — what they have learned in their long, hard climb to the top.

The teaching program created by these outstanding authors starts you with the principles and techniques that underlie all good writing. Then you move on to the specialized course of your choice.

You are a class of one

Every assignment you mail to the school is carefully read, edited and corrected by your instructor who is, himself, a professional writer. He then writes a lengthy personal letter of further analysis and encouragement. While he is appraising your work you and your assignment are his only concern. You are literally a class of one.

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As a student of the Famous Writers School, you will enjoy exactly the kind of relationship you will have later on with editors and publishers. As Robert Atherton, editor of *Cosmopolitan* magazine, says: "The concept of teaching writing by correspondence is sound, just as editing a magazine by mail is sound. I have never seen most of the great writers who have been contributors to *Cosmopolitan* for years."

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Famous Writers School

Dept. 6019, Westport, Connecticut

I am interested in finding out whether I have writing talent worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, a copy of the Famous Writers Talent Test.

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Mrs. ..... Age....
Miss
Street .....

City ..... Zone....

County ..... State.....

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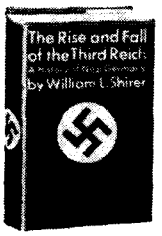
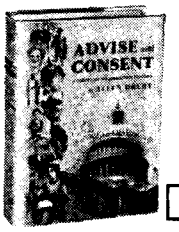
TWENTY-FIVE OUTSTANDING

Just for self-appraisal: CHECK THOSE YOU BUT FAILED TO . . . THROUGH OVERSIGHT



431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price $10)

186. HAWAII *by* JAMES A. MICHENER. (Retail price $6.95)



104. ADVISE AND CONSENT *by* ALLEN DRURY. (Retail price $5.75)

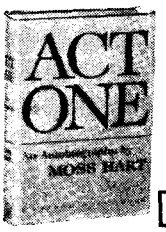
198. THE LEOPARD *by* GIUSEPPE DI LAMPEDUSA (Retail price $4.50)

435. TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD *by* HARPER LEE (Retail price $3.95)

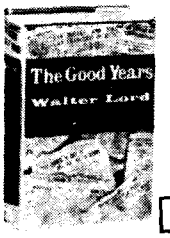
416. BORN FREE *by* JOY ADAMSON. Illustrated (Retail price $4.95)

432. PEACEABLE LANE *by* KEITH WHEELER (Retail price $4.50)

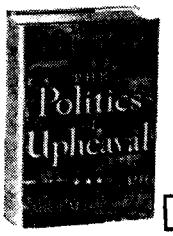
199. THE CONSTANT IMAGE by MARCIA DAVENPORT. (Retail price $3.95)



108. ACT ONE *by* MOSS HART. (Retail price $5)



413. THE GOOD YEARS *by* WALTER LORD. Illustrated. (Retail price $4.95)

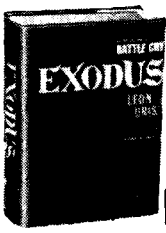


420. THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL *by* ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. Vol. III of *The Age of Roosevelt*. (Retail price $6.95)

405. DR. SCHWEITZER OF LAMBARENE *by* NORMAN COUSINS. Illustrated. (Retail price $3.95)

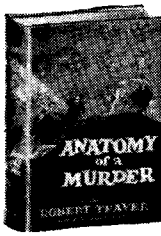
194. THE LONGEST DAY *by* CORNELIUS RYAN Illustrated. (Retail price $4.95)

400. THIS IS MY GOD *by* HERMAN WOUK. (Retail price $3.95)



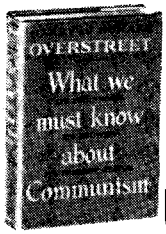
101. EXODUS *by* LEON URIS. (Retail price $4.50)

126. THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY *by* JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH. (Retail price $5)



113. ANATOMY OF A MURDER *by* ROBERT TRAVER. (Retail price $4.50)

187. THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN *by* THOMAS B. COSTAIN. (Retail price $3.95)



114. WHAT WE MUST KNOW ABOUT COMMUNISM *by* HARRY and BONARO OVERSTREET. (Retail price $3.95)

193. TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM *by* NEVIL SHUTE. (Retail price $3.95)

GOOD SENSE FOR 1961

IF YOUR SELF-CHECK reveals that you have been missing the books you promise yourself to read because of irritating overbusyness, there is a simple way to break this bad habit: membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club. During the coming year, at least 200 books—which will surely be as interesting and important as those shown here—will be made available to members at the special members' price which, on the average, is 20% below the publisher's regular retail price.

✶ **Your only obligation** in the trial membership suggested here is to buy as few as three of these two

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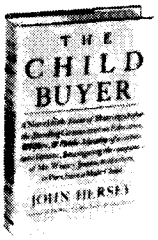
BOOKS OF 1960

FULLY INTENDED TO READ OR OVERBUSYNESS



430. THE CHILD BUYER *by* JOHN HERSEY. (Retail price $4)

433. TIMES THREE *by* PHYLLIS MC GINLEY. (Retail price $5)

409. THE AFFAIR *by* C. P. SNOW. (Retail price $4.50)

191. GRANT MOVES SOUTH *by* BRUCE CATTON. (Retail price $6.50)

102. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO *by* BORIS PASTERNAK. (Retail price $5)

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IN A SHORT TRIAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE

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hundred books, in addition to the three you choose from these pages. The latter will be sent to you immediately, and you will be billed one dollar for each of them (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

✶ **If you continue after the trial membership,** with every second Club choice you buy you will receive a valuable Book-Dividend averaging around $6.50 in retail value. Since the inauguration of this profit-sharing plan, $255,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received as Book-Dividends. Isn't it good sense, for 1961, at least to make this trial, and get back into the habit of book-reading?

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Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send the three library volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes at right, billing me $3.00 (plus postage and handling). I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying three Club choices (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). The price will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. After my third purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.) **PLEASE NOTE:** A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a *single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit and in fulfilling the membership obligation to buy three Club choices.

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOXES BELOW THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

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MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address .....

City ..... *Zone* .....

State .....

Selections and Alternates for Canadian members are usually priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

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The Atlantic Report on the World Today

WASHINGTON

When the Eisenhower Administration took office eight years ago, its policy was motivated by the Taft-Eisenhower agreement to decrease, or at least to limit, the role of the federal government. Before long this was evident in many ways: taxes were cut, the level of the bureaucracy declined, "No new starts" became the motto in many fields other than just reclamation. In world affairs it was still popular to speak of "the American century" and to look forward to a continuation of the dominant position of the United States around the globe.

Now, as the Kennedy Administration is about to take office, the prospects, compelled by events abroad and the presidential campaign at home, augur for a beginning full of furor in contrast to the quiet staff work which marked the first months eight years ago. What is now immediately ahead is certain to resemble in many ways the famous "First Hundred Days" of the Franklin Roosevelt Administration back in 1933.

Even before John F. Kennedy takes the oath of office at noon on January 20 the furor will have begun, specifically with a quarrel in both Senate and House over rules of procedure under which the new, 87th Congress will operate. The Senate will argue over a change in Rule 22, which permits the filibuster; the House will argue over curbing the autocratic power of its Rules Committee.

Of the two issues, the latter is far more important. The filibuster of late has been an anti-civil rights weapon, but Kennedy has promised to use the already existing executive power, as Eisenhower seldom did, to make advances in civil rights. Unless the grip of the conservative-controlled House Rules Committee is loosened, any Kennedy measure of a liberal-progressive nature is likely to end behind that roadblock.

In these initial skirmishes, even before the new President takes office (because the Congress meets two weeks before inauguration), Kennedy must depend on his Capitol Hill leaders, House Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, who will hold his post until he takes the oath as Vice President on January 20. Their inclination is certainly to leave the filibuster rule as it is but to loosen the Rules Committee grip by some device or other.

Johnson, on becoming Vice President, will turn over the majority leadership to Senator Mansfield of Montana. But Mansfield, now Johnson's assistant, is not a man to insist on a large role for himself. Johnson and Rayburn are as wise in the ways of Congress as any other two leaders of Congress in our history; both are devoted to the liberal aims of their party and to making the Kennedy Administration a success. The closeness of the election makes a working triumvirate an imperative, and by every indication Kennedy is intent on just that.

The Republican–Southern Democratic coalition has been somewhat strengthened by the election of two additional GOP senators and twenty-two Republican congressmen. But mere mathematics does not tell the true story. The Democratic majorities remain very large, big enough for victory and not so big as to be unmanageable. All eyes, of course, will be on the new President and how he measures up to his own concept of the office.

The presidential power

"The history of this nation — its brightest and its bleakest pages — has been written largely in terms of the different views our Presidents have had of the presidency itself." Senator Kennedy said these words at a National Press Club luncheon last January 14. Taken with the kind of

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YOU WILL SEE THE FORTISSIMO

Music is for hearing more than seeing—and yet last year over 35 million people filled the nation's concert halls to see as well as hear the excitement of baton, bow, trumpet, and cymbal. And these and other millions turn their living rooms into concert halls, through television.

In January, television will add the immediacy of sight to sound for such notable events as the world première of Leonard Kastle's opera, "Deseret"... "Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic"... "Music for a New Year's Night"... and "The Gershwin Years" produced by Leland Hayward.

Today, television extends our senses across town and to the ends of the earth, through the pages of news and the pages of history—in all the lively arts, in science, government, community affairs, and sports. Its chief influence is a paradox: While television is the primary medium of mass entertainment, *it is also the most powerful force for voluntary education in American society today.*

We invite you to check your local television schedules for such programs as those listed here.

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE
666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

In January

SOME PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

"Deseret"
World première of Leonard Kastle's opera—the story of Brigham Young.
Sunday, January 1 (3-5 PM)

"Music for a New Year's Night"
A musical revue to usher in 1961.
Sunday, January 1 (10:30-11 PM)

"Tournament of Roses Parade"
Annual spectacle of flower-made floats precedes the Rose Bowl Football Game from Pasadena, California.
Monday, January 2
(11:30 AM-1:45 PM)

"Ordeal of the Single Girl"
A study of the problems facing the unmarried woman in today's society.
Thursday, January 5 (4-5 PM)

"Overtures and Preludes"
Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in the first of this season's concerts for young people.
Sunday, January 8 (4-5 PM)

"Tribute to a Patriot"
An examination of the life and career of President Dwight D. Eisenhower.
Tuesday, January 10 (10-11 PM)

"The Invincible Dude"
A dramatization of the crucial early years in the career of Theodore Roosevelt.
Friday, January 13 (9-10 PM)

"The Gershwin Years"
A chronicle of life in the '20s and '30s told against a background of George Gershwin's music.
Sunday, January 15 (8-9:30 PM)

"Prisoner of Zenda"
Christopher Plummer stars in this classic tale of adventure and intrigue.
Wednesday, January 18 (8:30-10 PM)

"Inaugural Day Highlights"
The Presidential Inauguration, the Inaugural Parade, and Inaugural Ball will be broadcast by all three networks.
Friday, January 20 (from 11 AM)

"Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic"
Sunday, January 22 (4-5:30 PM)

"The Red and the Black"
A study of the influence of communism on new countries of Africa.
Sunday, January 22 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Meet the Professor"
Première of new series focusing on outstanding members of the teaching profession.
Sunday, January 29

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays:	Issues and Answers
	Meet the Press
	Roundup USA
	The Twentieth Century
	Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years
Mondays:	Face the Nation
Tuesdays:	Expedition!
Thursdays:	Person to Person
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	The Nation's Future
Mon-Fri:	Continental Classroom
	Road to Reality

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.*

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Report on Washington

campaign Kennedy waged throughout 1960, they tell a great deal. His theme was that the nation faced a choice between "the contented" and "the concerned." Whatever may have influenced individual voter choices, there is no doubt that millions are concerned about our country and where it is going, or not going, at home and in the world.

To say that the closeness of the election means that Kennedy has no real mandate is to fly in the face of history. Since 1840, Kennedy is the tenth man to be elected without a majority of all the votes cast for all candidates; in two cases, the winner had a smaller popular vote than the loser. The President elected with the smallest percentage of the popular vote in American history was Abraham Lincoln.

The mandate is, in fact, what the President makes of it. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the Harvard historian, more than a year ago wrote a little pamphlet about what he called the "inherent cyclical rhythm in our national affairs." He took the view that in this century there were periods of "positive government" from 1900 to 1920 and from 1930 to 1950, with periods of passivity in the decades 1920 to 1930 and 1950 to 1960. What Schlesinger then contended was that the pendulum was about to swing again, sometime in the early 1960s, to another period of action.

As Kennedy said after his election, he had made it clear during the campaign that the nation must have action and that, if elected, he would provide it. For that matter, Vice President Nixon, as the campaign went on, also began to pledge a movement forward. The difference was in degree.

Kennedy's pledges

Kennedy's domestic campaign pledges were more specific than those in the foreign field. There is no doubt he will try to make good on such issues as medical care for the aged under social security, aid to depressed areas, a $1.25 minimum wage, federal aid to education, and some sort of farm measure.

In the foreign field the task will be more difficult, for no President is alone master of the conditions he faces; he is limited by the shape of world events, especially by the actions of Moscow and Peiping. In the foreign field, too, the President-elect will have to depend on his Secretary of State to a considerable degree, however much he intends, as Kennedy doubtless does, to make the critical decisions. For it is the Secretary of State who must run the day-to-day business of diplomacy, the thousand choices which together make policy between the big decisions. It is the Secretary who is in constant communication with the ambassadors around the world and who must do much of the preparatory work in coordinating the views of State, Defense, the Atomic Energy Commission, and others.

The test of a President is, of course, what he does or fails to do. In Kennedy's case, the test will come early in his term, in the first session of the new, 87th Congress. As an activist President, he will use every weapon at his command to win acceptance of his program in Congress. This includes not only patronage and personal phone calls but the subtle, or not so subtle, pressures a President can exert through the power of the White House on members of his own party.

Much is going to depend on the condition of the nation's economy by late January or early February, when President Kennedy gives his first State of the Union Address. Those who oppose more foreign aid, for example, now contend that the closeness of the election means that Kennedy has no mandate for such spending. But that is not necessarily true. What does result from the closeness of the vote is a requirement for more skill by the President in approaching Congress with his requests and the necessity to find the broadest-based foreign policy. In this respect, Kennedy's early meeting, at his own initiative, with Nixon was a welcome sign. So was his effort to coordinate plans with his Vice President-elect.

Johnson's influence

Lyndon Johnson worked tirelessly for victory, and Kennedy is indeed indebted to him for the electoral votes won in the South — not totally, but to a larger degree than is usual in the case of a vice-presidential candidate.

Johnson has a consuming ambition to be a national statesman rather than the sectional candidate he was tagged as by his liberal enemies. He never sold the idea that he was a Westerner rather than a Southerner. But now he will have the opportunity to rise above section and to be an immense aid to the President in putting over legislation of the broadest national and international importance. The help he received in the election from the Spanish-American population of Texas has made him more appreciative of the problems of those in the lower economic brackets.

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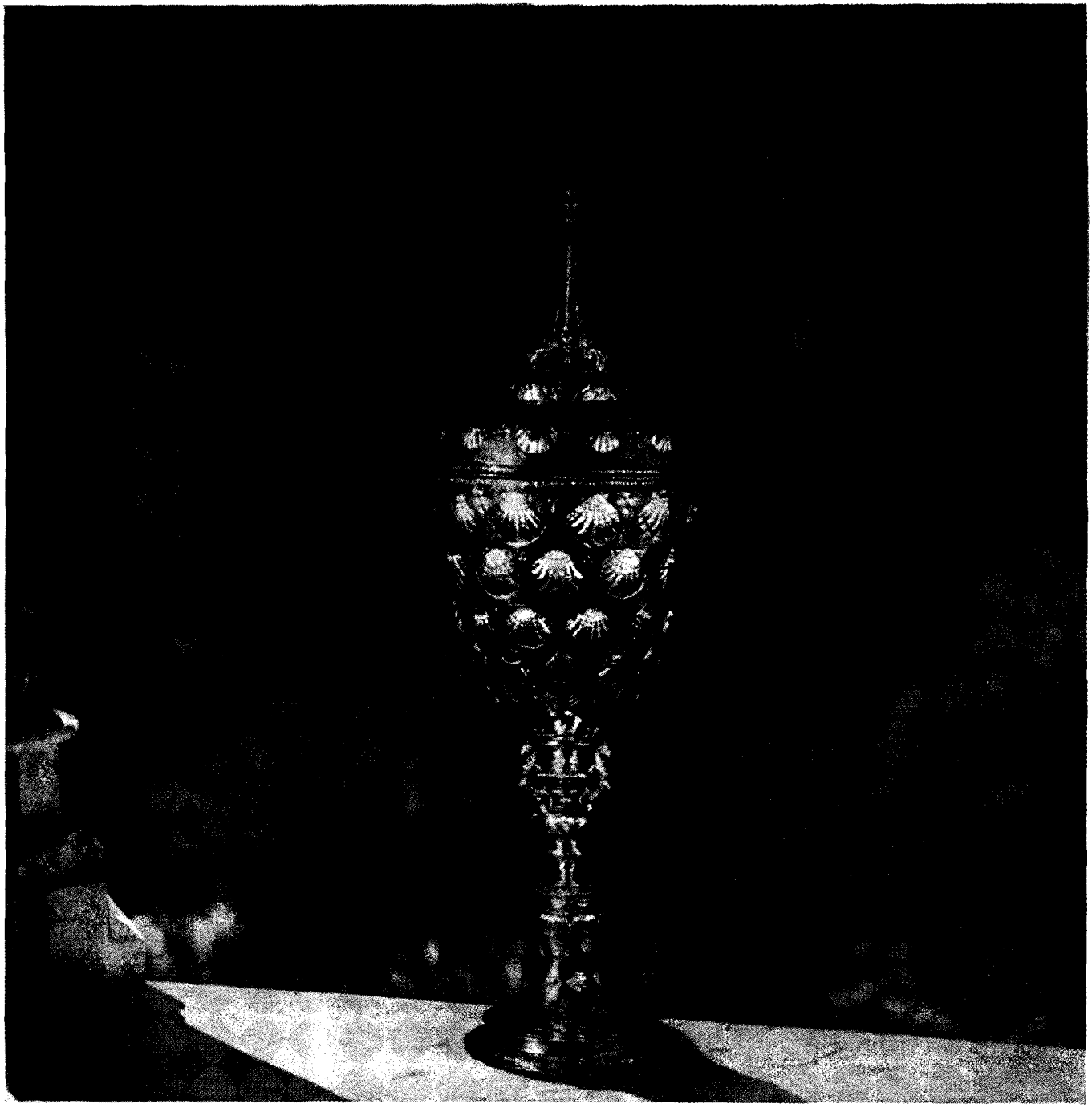

Gilt-silver tankard, Victoria & Albert Museum, London, from St. Peter and St. Paul Church, Charing, Kent. Background: The Cloisters, The Metropolitan Museum

A goldsmith "inherits" the shell from Renaissance painters

By the middle of the sixteenth century the scallop shell—long a favorite symbol of such painters as Botticelli and Titian—was disappearing from canvas and fresco wall. But in architecture, sculpture and the goldsmith's art, the seashell flourished. The example you see here was made by an anonymous, superb craftsman in 1599. Like so many of his peers and forebears, he turned to nature and the graceful seashell for decorative inspiration.

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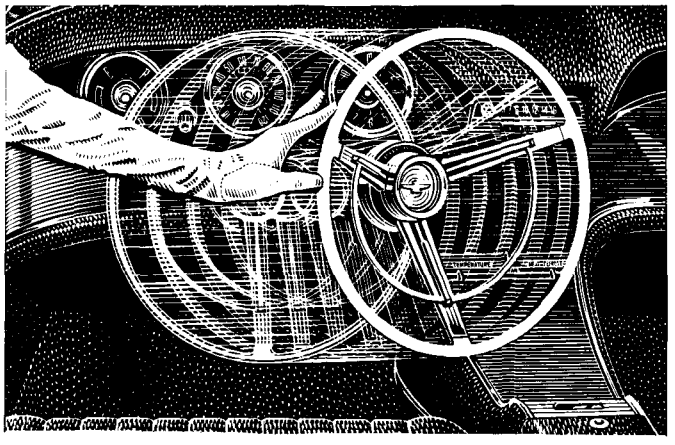

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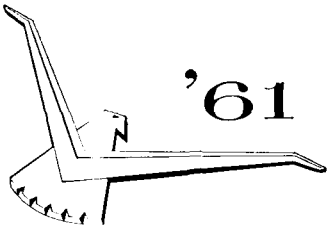

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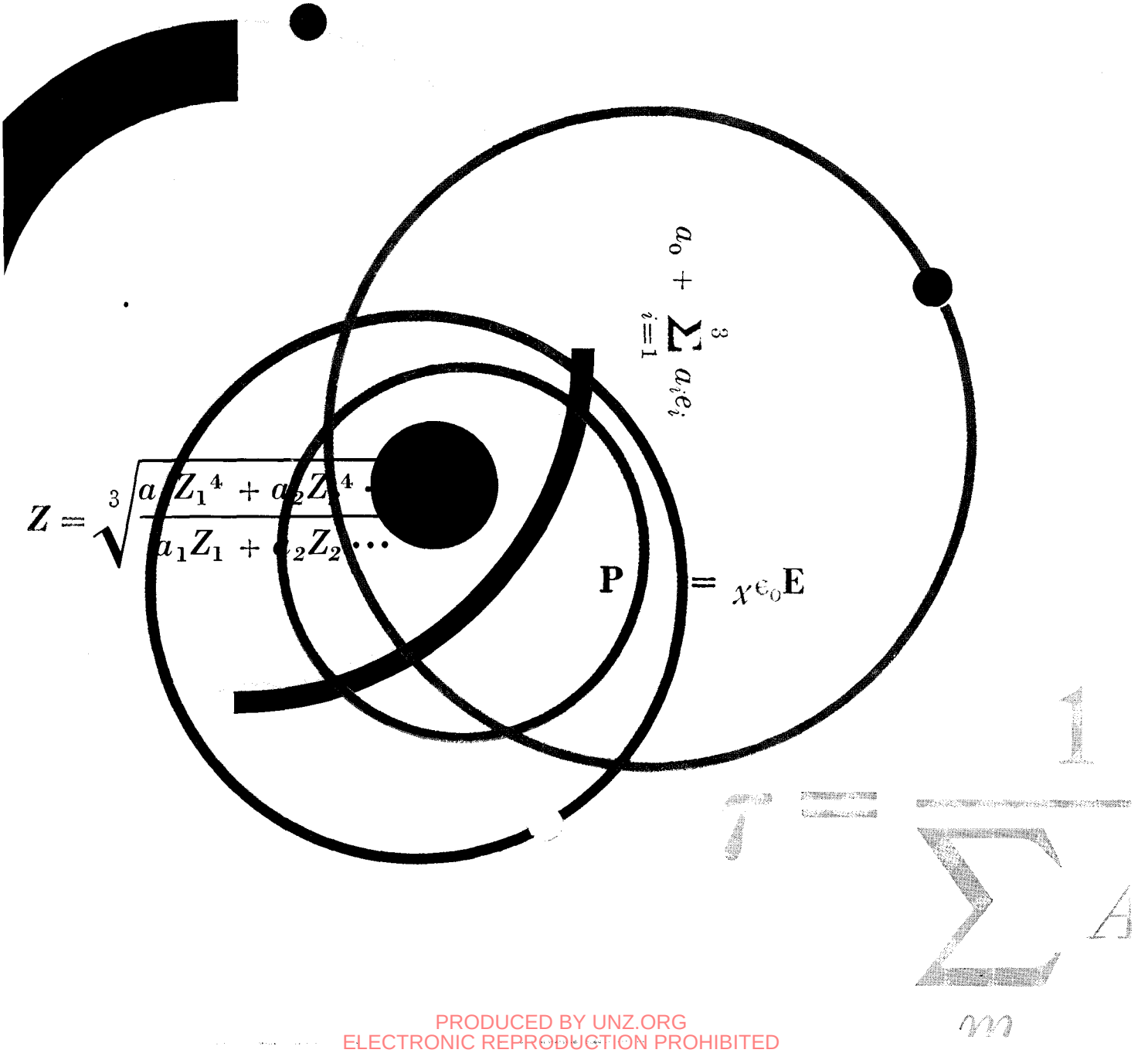

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Report on Washington

A President is President of all the people, even though far from all of them voted for him. Kennedy's election was the result of efficient big-city machines, massive support from suburbia, and the overwhelming approval of such groups as the Negroes, the Jews, and union labor. His farm support was much less than expected and was compensated for only by his Southern support.

The Catholic issue has been resolved. Most Washington observers think that Kennedy will be so scrupulous on separation of church and state that the fears of many who voted against him on religious grounds will evaporate through the experience of having a Catholic in the White House.

The civil service

Just how much of a house cleaning Kennedy will conduct after January 20 is hard to foretell. His inclinations toward a broadly based government, politically speaking, are evident enough. He has always said that like-minded Republicans, especially in defense and foreign policy, would be welcome.

When the Eisenhower Administration, after twenty years of Democratic control of the White House, sought to gain control of top policy posts it created what is known as Schedule C — posts exempt from civil service. At last count there were 1216 such posts, almost all at the top salary brackets, but only 360 of them were rated as policy-determining in character. These are the key posts, which almost certainly will be filled by new men. Some Schedule C jobs pay up to $18,500 a year; about 430 are in the range of $10,000 or less. Other employees earn far less, since they are chauffeurs or confidential assistants and secretaries.

The vast bulk of the bureaucracy, however, will continue in office. Among this group are men and women of outstanding ability, some now badly used, who are looking for leadership and inspiration from a new Chief Executive. Others are hacks about which little can be done and nothing is likely to be done; such is the peril of civil service.

Mood of the Capital

Whether the new President will meet the "high hopes" of his campaign song will be suggested by the tone he sets at the very outset of his Administration. His inaugural address and his State of the Union message; the kind of men with whom he surrounds himself; the nature and the success of the program he submits to Congress; the extent to which he tackles the tough issues of Pentagon organization, of gold and dollar drain (where President Eisenhower fortunately helped by ordering a cut in military dependents abroad), and of many other fields — all these will contribute to that tone.

On the asset side for the new President are youth, vigor, intelligence, an ability to make use of the nation's best brains, political shrewdness, and a sense of history and of America's destiny in the world of the 1960s.

The election returns showed that a great number of Americans have been infatuated with the pleasures of the "affluent society." In a sense, then, President Kennedy's major task is to lead the nation into the rugged period ahead; to create a new national consensus that the easy days are gone for good, that belt tightening is not just a phrase but must become a reality; and to alter radically the widespread attitude that whatever government does affecting industry is somehow evil.

He must give Americans a larger opportunity to participate, through such proposals as his youth corps idea, under which young men could serve the nation abroad in non-military tasks as a substitute for two or three years of service under the draft.

Under the American system the President alone speaks for all of us; if he is inaccessible or inactive, the nation suffers. Americans have been made more aware by the presidential campaign of the great task facing them; now it is the problem of the new Chief Executive to respond to his mandate. The nation can only pray that he succeeds in his task.

EMERSON EXPLAINS

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The Atlantic Report SPAIN

THE foreigner who visits Spain for the first time is apt to be surprised not only by the contrast in the landscape and the colorful diversity of the inhabitants but also by the striking economic differences between various regions and classes. The wealthiest province of Spain, for example, has a standard of living five times higher than that of the poorest. For Westerners, Spain is a land of shocking inequalities, and this explains the contradictory reports on the economic situation which travelers bring home.

Any judgment of the Spanish economy is bound to be superficial unless it makes due allowance for the peculiarities of Spain's geographic and historical development. Next to Switzerland, Spain is the European country with the highest average elevation, and it receives an average rainfall of only 15 inches a year. Furthermore, the rain usually comes in downpours and in the autumn or winter, when it is scarcely a boon to the crops.

Notwithstanding such adverse natural circumstances, which are only partially offset by the fertility of one or two specially favored regions, the Spaniards have energetically wrestled with their environment. The mountainous areas of Spain exhibit terraced plots, evidence of the earnest toil of her peasants, while broad stretches of the eastern seaboard still use efficient irrigation systems which go back more than ten centuries, to the time when they were introduced by the Moors.

The effect of the Civil War

From the economic point of view, the Civil War represented an attempt to give the whip hand over the national economy back to elements hostile to its modernization. The landed gentry, fearful of land reform; the army, top heavy with officers; the Church, hit by certain clauses in the Republican constitution and by the expropriation of the property of the religious orders — all had a vested interest in turning back the clock.

At the end of the Civil War the principal generals and military chiefs were installed on the boards of directors of numerous firms or came to occupy managerial posts at the heads of the various state-controlled bodies which were created to intervene in the economic life of the nation. To broaden the scope of these possibilities, the Instituto Nacional de Industria was created and its directorship entrusted to a former member of the armed forces, in order to ensure an effective redistribution of income in behalf of the groups that were to share in the booty.

Strict trade regulations favored the accumulation of profits derived from import-export licenses, which were reserved for friends of the regime. The granting of licenses for the importation of foreign cars became a basic means of bestowing political gifts. Licenses were likewise instituted for the creation or expansion of industrial enterprises and were granted on the same monopolistic basis to the favored. Should a financial group which had been excluded from the booty solicit the required permit, the permit would be denied, and if the business were a good one, it would be undertaken by the Instituto Nacional de Industria itself or by persons enjoying official favor. Thus, it is hardly surprising that Nicolás Franco, the brother of the chief of state, should emerge as one of the principal financiers of Spain.

Since the Civil War, the Spanish economy has continued to be characterized by the maintenance of unnecessarily inflated armed forces, by the distribution of material advantages to the military, by a high proportion of expenditure on the defense setup, and by lavish outlays on unproductive installations and luxurious public buildings. There has been more than a little muttering at the cost of monuments like the immense crypt carved into the hillside of the Valle de los Caidos to commemorate those fallen in the Civil War, or the workers' universities at Gijon, Tarragona, and Cordova, whose lavish installations are in striking contrast to the humble living standard of their graduates.

This spoils system had certain inevitable consequences. In the first place, it was incompatible with a free-market economy, since its purpose was

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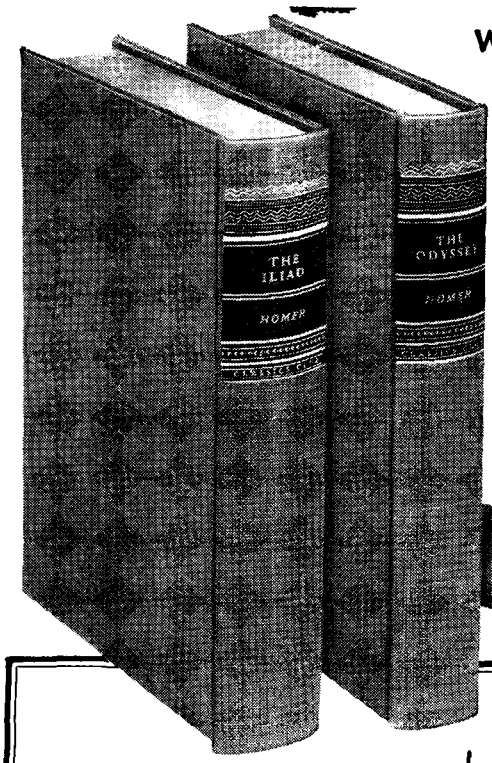

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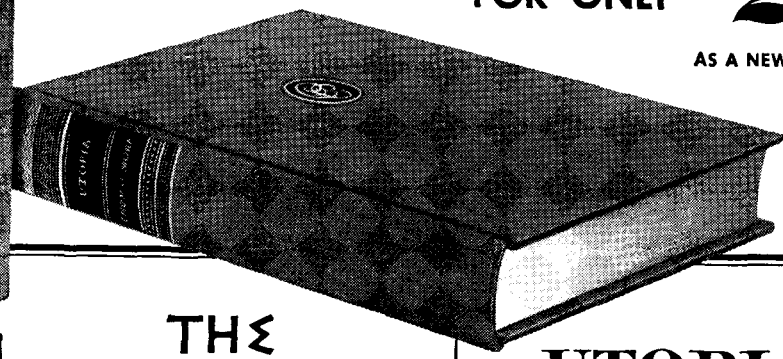

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to ensure a maximum transfer of income to the persons or groups held in favor by the regime.

In the field of agriculture, minimum and maximum quotas were laid down for the surface acreage to be devoted to specific crops. The distribution of fertilizers was controlled by officials who also handed out permits for the importation of tractors, selected seed grains, and other items. In industry, aside from the permits needed to establish or expand factories, foreign capital was limited to a 25 per cent share in any one firm, according to a law dating from 1939. (This ratio has since been raised to 50 per cent, and even to 100 per cent in certain cases, as a result of the recently adopted stabilization program.) In business and trade, price limits, as well as import and export licenses, were established, giving rise to a flourishing black market in which the beneficiaries were sure of rapid profits.

Post-war slump

Operating on such principles, the Spanish economy could not achieve brilliant results. From the end of the Civil War in 1939 until 1950, the country went through a terrible slump, with the national income figures sinking below those of 1935.

In these years there was an increase of about one million in Spain's farming and livestock-raising population. Nevertheless, agricultural output declined substantially, and there was steady rationing of food and also electricity, gasoline, and numerous industrial products. Because only luxury apartments and houses had been built, by 1955 there was a housing shortage of a million homes.

The official explanation for all this is that it resulted from the effects of the Civil War and of the economic blockade to which Spain was subjected after the Potsdam Conference. But there is no doubt that the economic policy pursued at home was responsible for many of the ills that have been blamed on foreign circumstances.

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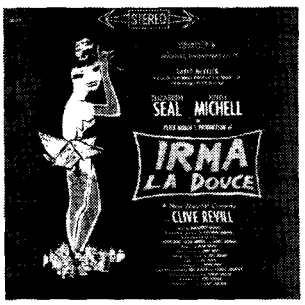

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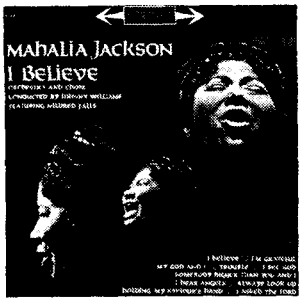

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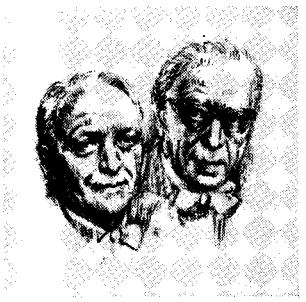

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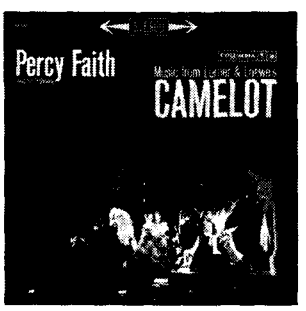

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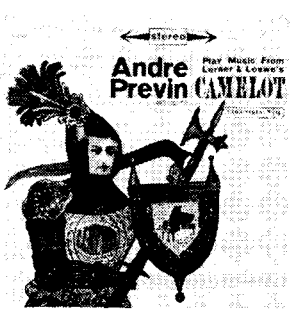

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Report on Spain

If top priority had been assigned to the manufacture of machines and capital goods, the Spanish economy would not be suffering as it is today from antiquated plant equipment, which, in the steel and textile industries, is thirty years out of date; and the Spanish railroads would not have found themselves in such a grim state of ruin. Luxury apartments, built with the aid of subsidies, would have made way for mass housing for the poorer classes. And if the economy had not been rigged for the sharing of the spoils, the electricity and steel industries would have been favored over industries like shipbuilding and aluminum.

New blood in the economy

In 1951, a new government took office and immediately freed the sale of food products and abolished rationing. The results were quickly apparent. In that year the national income rose by 17.5 per cent, a rise admittedly favored by the first loan made by the American Export-Import Bank.

Since then the Spanish national income has risen uninterruptedly with the sole exception of 1953. The rise has averaged around 5 per cent a year, and since the Spanish population has been increasing at the rate of about one per cent a year, this has meant an improvement in the standard of living of 4 per cent a year — one of the highest rates in the world.

This has been accompanied by a notable increase in savings, and in recent years about 18 per cent of the value of the gross national product has been invested — a ratio higher than that of England, France, or the United States and close to that of Greece and Turkey, which are in a state of development similar to Spain's.

This progress has, of course, been facilitated by American aid, which to date has amounted to some $1.2 billion. Yet this aid, dispensed over the years 1954 to 1959, amounted to only one eighth of the Spanish national income in 1959, and it has not played a decisive part in investments. It has, on the other hand, been of immense help in overcoming the problems of Spain's unfavorable balance of payments.

Though the Spanish government's policy underwent a profound change in 1951 when the new program of liberalization was launched, most of the old regulations and stumbling blocks to industry and foreign trade remained: import licenses, permits for the creation or expansion of enterprises, limitations on foreign capital, and the work regulations introduced at the end of the Civil War. These regulations, in effect, prohibit the firing of workers, because the authorization to lay them off is granted only after the fulfillment of practically impossible conditions. If the rationing of electricity, for example, reduces working hours, companies must continue paying wages with only a slight reduction, and if the demand for a product declines, it is impossible to reduce production until the firm is on the verge of bankruptcy.

New stabilization program

Despite Spain's entry into the Organization for European Economic Cooperation in 1959 and the strong aid obtained from international agencies and the U.S. government to launch a program of stabilization, these anomalies of the Spanish economy have not yet disappeared, nor has unemployment compensation been provided for. The Spanish economy since 1951 has continued to suffer from its shackles, but the impetus of the producers — managers and workers alike — has been too great to permit a continuation of the spoils system.

To keep the Spanish economy on an even keel, a strict control over foreign exchange was necessary, for the terrible cold wave which froze the citrus trees in February of 1956 made the situation catastrophic. When the stabilization program of July, 1959, was introduced, the Spanish Institute of Foreign Moneys had reserves of just $2 million and had accumulated short-term debts of $50 million.

In recent months Spain has adopted a stabilization program in line with those programs prevailing in the advanced countries of the West. In-

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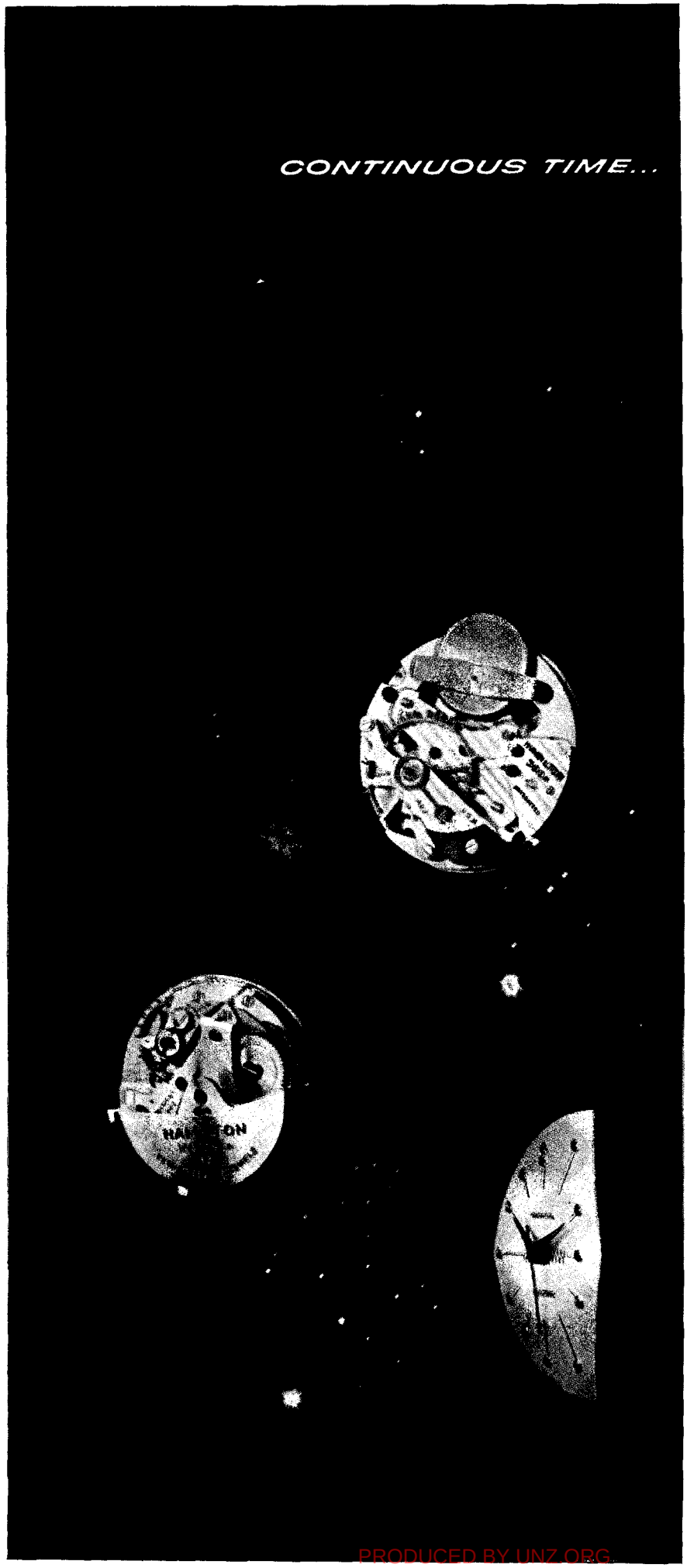

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flation has been halted, and the exchange value of the peseta has been preserved, notwithstanding the liberalization of foreign trade. This advance has been a victory for the modernizers.

The force of public opinion

Meantime, the Spanish people were showing mounting alarm at Spain's absence from European programs of cooperation. The government had authorized the creation of pro-European groups, and although it prohibited their meetings from time to time, it could not keep them from exerting a certain political pressure. When the free convertibility of European currencies was introduced in December of 1958, the reaction of Spanish public opinion was so strong that the government was forced to check with the chambers of commerce and other bodies, some of them state-controlled. The replies to their inquiries left no doubt that Spanish leaders of industry were resolutely in favor of a change of economic policy.

The catastrophic drop in Spain's reserves, the pressure of public opinion, and the lure of the financial aid which it hoped to obtain induced the government to launch its stabilization program. This decision was considerably influenced by the often reiterated opinion that inasmuch as the Civil War had liberated Spain from Communism, its leaders had a solid right to considerable foreign aid, like that obtained first from Argentina and later from the United States.

It was now the turn of the international organizations to repay the moral debt incurred. But this time the aid was granted only upon the fulfillment of certain conditions which struck at the spoils economy. The most important discussions held between the Spanish government on the one side and the International Monetary Fund and the O.E.E.C. on the other revolved around foreign trade and the sums earmarked for the Instituto Nacional de Industria and other state organizations.

Recently, the O.E.E.C. has published a report on the results of the stabilization program's first year. This document recognizes the "undeniable success" achieved in the short-term cleanup process, but it aims a number of criticisms at the maintenance of price controls, the regulations hampering industrial activity, limitations on foreign investments, lack of freedom in the labor market, and the volume of imported capital goods. It remains to be seen what influence these international organizations will have in promoting the modernization of the economy.

The Spanish economy still does not pay enough attention to the subtleties of economics, especially to the principles of supply and demand or the adaptability of supply to price relationships, or the paramount influence of these in foreign trade. One cannot, for example, export until the home market has been supplied, and the fact that exports would lead to an increase in foreign exchange and to an expansion of exportable production is ignored.

Another favorite notion is that one can finance as much investment as one likes by quietly manufacturing the necessary money; and the resultant rise in prices is explained as simply the nefarious work of speculators. When the stabilization program was launched, a tariff was imposed on Spain's principal exports on the grounds that this was necessary in order to cut down the extraordinary profits that would be made by exporters. There was no realization that such profits might stimulate an expansion in the output of oranges, minerals, and other products.

In today's economy the authoritarian regulations of the post-war period have been abolished, but their replacement by the ordinary forces of the market place has not been permitted. The direction of the economy thus lacks effective methods. Even so, the economic situation is at last rapidly improving, and the Spaniards are relying on the international organizations to assist them in their progress toward a more rational economy. But they will have to depend on themselves in order to terminate the fiscal policies which converted the once proud Spanish Empire into a decadent economy.

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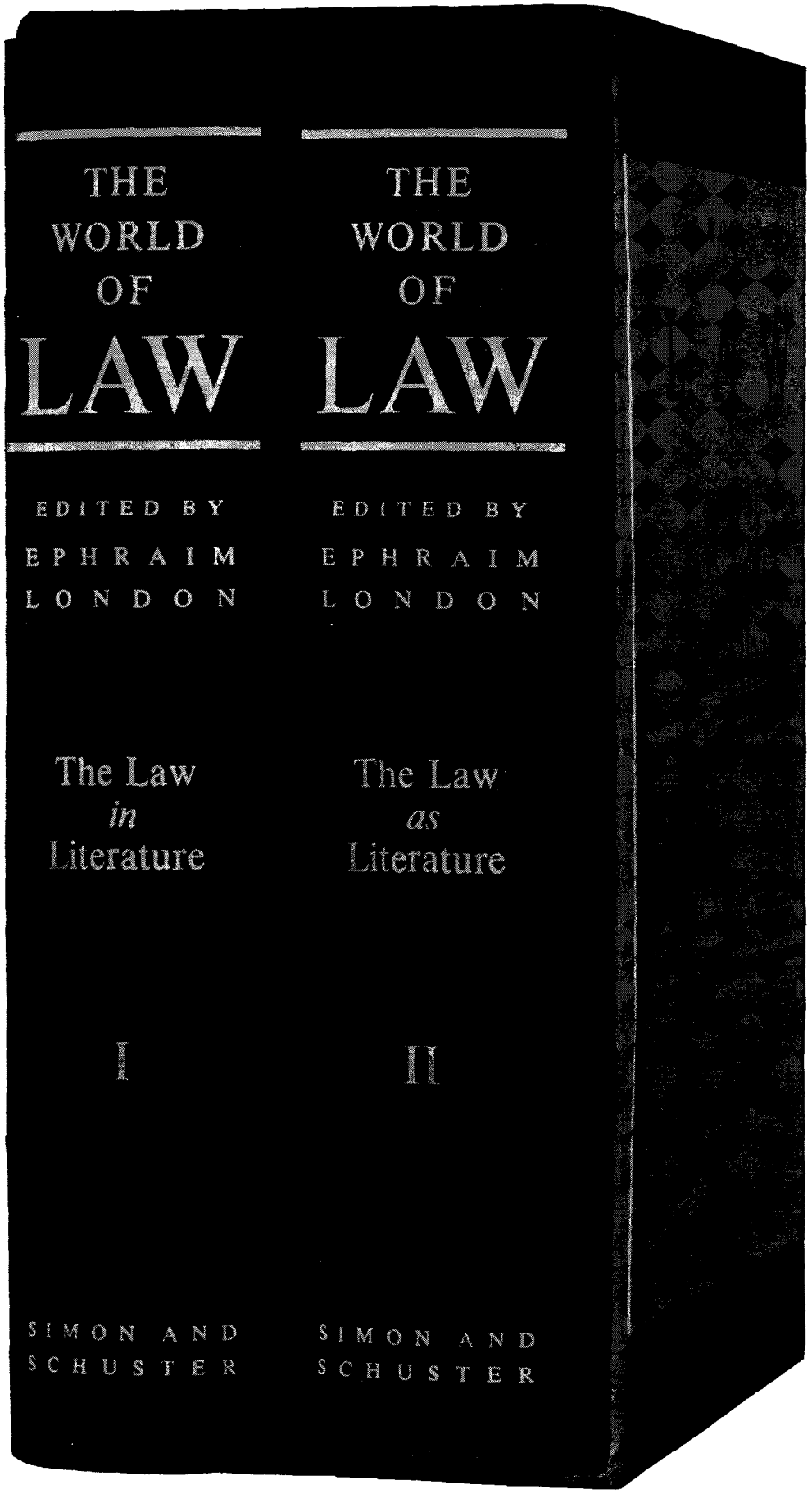

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The Atlantic Report TUNISIA

ACROSS the fetid waters of the Lake of Tunis, not far from the earth-buried ruins of what was once the proud city of Carthage, is a patch of rocky ground which has been reserved for nonarchaeological excavation. Here, the visitor is told, may one day rise a gleaming monument to Tunisia's independent dynamism and progress, a picturesque Arab-domed annex to a great luxury hotel. Though still in the blueprint stage, the annex has already been named the Carthage-Hilton, but local wits are prepared to wager that by the time it is built it will be called the Bourguiba-Hilton.

This ironic piece of speculation is, in its own backhanded way, a tribute to Tunisia's President, Habib Bourguiba. What Nasser is to Egypt and Nehru to India, Bourguiba is to Tunisia, but to a more absolute degree. This is not only because Tunisia is a relatively small country, of four million inhabitants; it is also because Bourguiba has proved himself, since Tunisia won its independence, to be a master of political maneuver as well as an indefatigable and spellbinding orator.

In the four and a half years of Tunisia's independence Bourguiba has successfully liquidated the old Turkish beydom, set up a republic, and had himself elected President. He has defied Nasser, taken Tunisia out of the Arab League, separated church and state, jettisoned an outmoded system of Koranic law for a Western code of justice, and launched an ambitious program of general education on frankly secular lines. Bourguiba has also favored the emancipation of Tunisian womanhood, with the result that last June, for the first time, a Miss Tunisia could display her charms at the Miss Universe beauty contest at Miami Beach. Last spring he shocked Islamic traditionalists by openly denouncing as a hindrance to honest toil the rigid fasting rules — nothing to eat from sunrise to sundown — which prevail during the Lenten month of Ramadan.

Tunisian Ataturk

Bourguiba has been called a Tunisian Ataturk, a title which does not altogether displease him. His methods, while less ruthless than those of the great Turkish dictator, have been no less effective. Though he has not strung up any of his political opponents from the branches of his capital's tree-lined avenues, as Ataturk once did in Ankara, he has had his chief political adversary, Salah ben Youssef, expelled; he has thwarted several Egypt-sponsored attempts to assassinate him; and he has hopelessly divided all organized opposition to his personal ascendancy.

Several years ago, when the ambitious young head of the Turkish Workers' Union, Ahmed ben Salah, seemed to be getting too big for his boots, Bourguiba quickly engineered his removal and fobbed him off with the politically unimportant Ministry of Public Health. When Tunisia's leading weekly, *L'Action*, dared to criticize Bourguiba in the late summer of 1958 for harsh measures aimed at certain wealthy Tunisian families, he peremptorily had it closed down and gave its editors a couple of years to think better of their waywardness.

Within the government which he heads there are three principal political tendencies, represented respectively by Mohammed Masmoudi, the Information Minister, who is frankly pro-Western; by Taieb Mehiri, the Minister of the Interior, who is in favor of a *rapprochement* with Cairo; and by Ahmed ben Salah, who advocates a bold, progressive policy of social mobilization, land reform, and rapid industrialization along frankly collectivist lines. Bourguiba favors various policies, as circumstances dictate, but he has never allowed any one trend to dominate the others or to threaten his freedom of action.

His hold over the dominant Neo-Destour Party is so great that at its last congress, held at Sousse in March of 1959, Bourguiba was unanimously reelected party leader. The unicameral legislature meets at regular intervals, and its ninety members put in a certain amount of useful spadework on various parliamentary committees, but everyone understands that the National Assembly's essential purpose is to ratify measures prepared by the Tunisian President and his ministers. The actual

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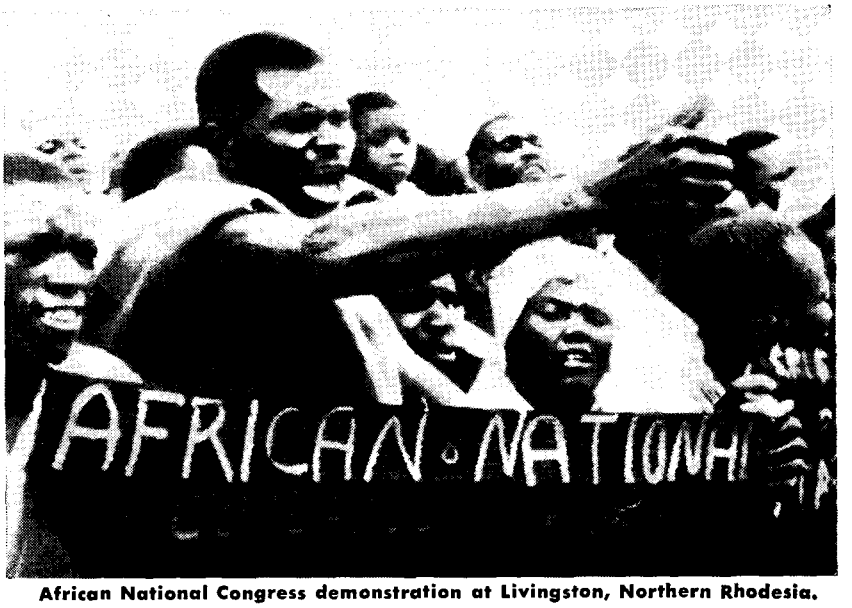

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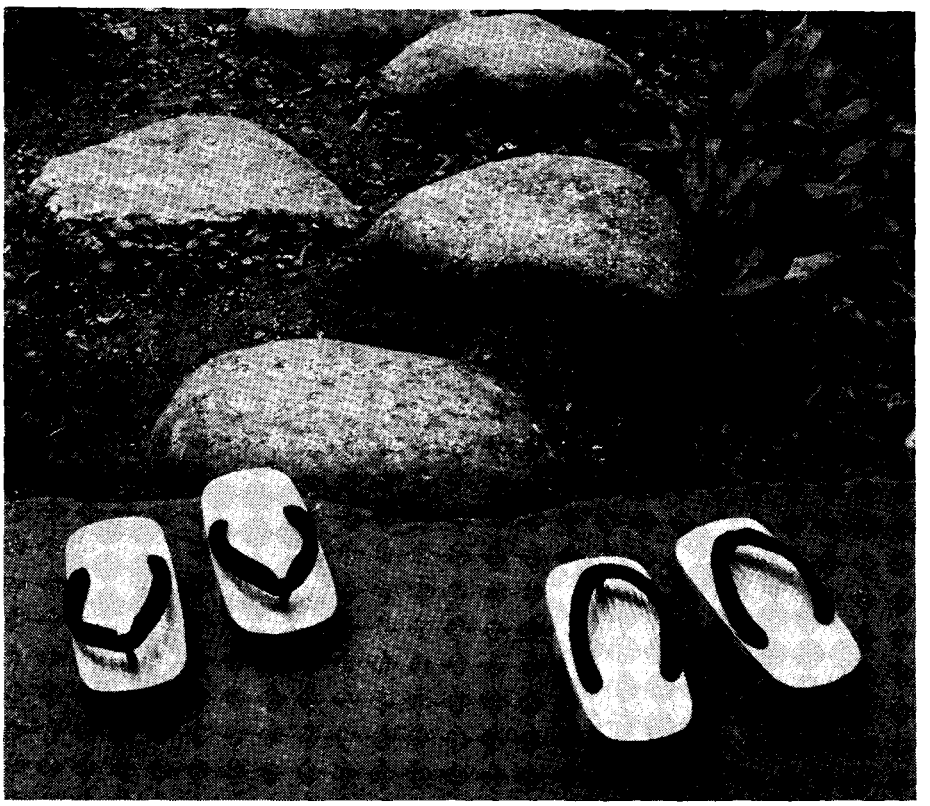

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administration of the country is entrusted to thirteen provincial governors, who are officially subordinate to the Minister of the Interior but who in fact owe their appointments and report directly to Bourguiba himself.

There is no organized opposition from any rival political parties, so that elections are apt to be a foregone conclusion. During the last elections, in October of 1959, a group of eight Communists were rash enough to present an electoral slate in the city of Sfax. On the eve of the voting day one of the candidates was kidnaped and badly beaten up by unidentified toughs, and the next day the list, having at that point only seven instead of the eight candidates required by law, was declared disqualified.

This political system goes under the name of "controlled democracy," but in the present troubled state of the Arab world, and above all, in a vulnerable country like Tunisia, where mass unemployment is rife and where there is an ever-present danger of the Algerian war's spilling over the country's borders, it is probably the best that can be hoped for.

Government by rhetoric

The other secret of Bourguiba's extraordinary hold over his countrymen is his gift for rhetoric. When he speaks — and, aside from his regular weekly broadcast, he may give a speech every day to one group or another — it is with all the histrionic arts and tricks of a born actor. The habitual dark glasses are removed, the gray-blue eyes dilate, roll, and throw out sparks, the dazzling Bourguiba smile alternates with a stormy knitting and unknitting of brows, the shoulders heave, and the conjurer's hands gesticulate with the golden flash of a ringed finger and the upturned palms of an Arab storyteller invoking the witness of Allah.

This marked fondness for rhetoric has been a strength in that it has helped Bourguiba establish an al-

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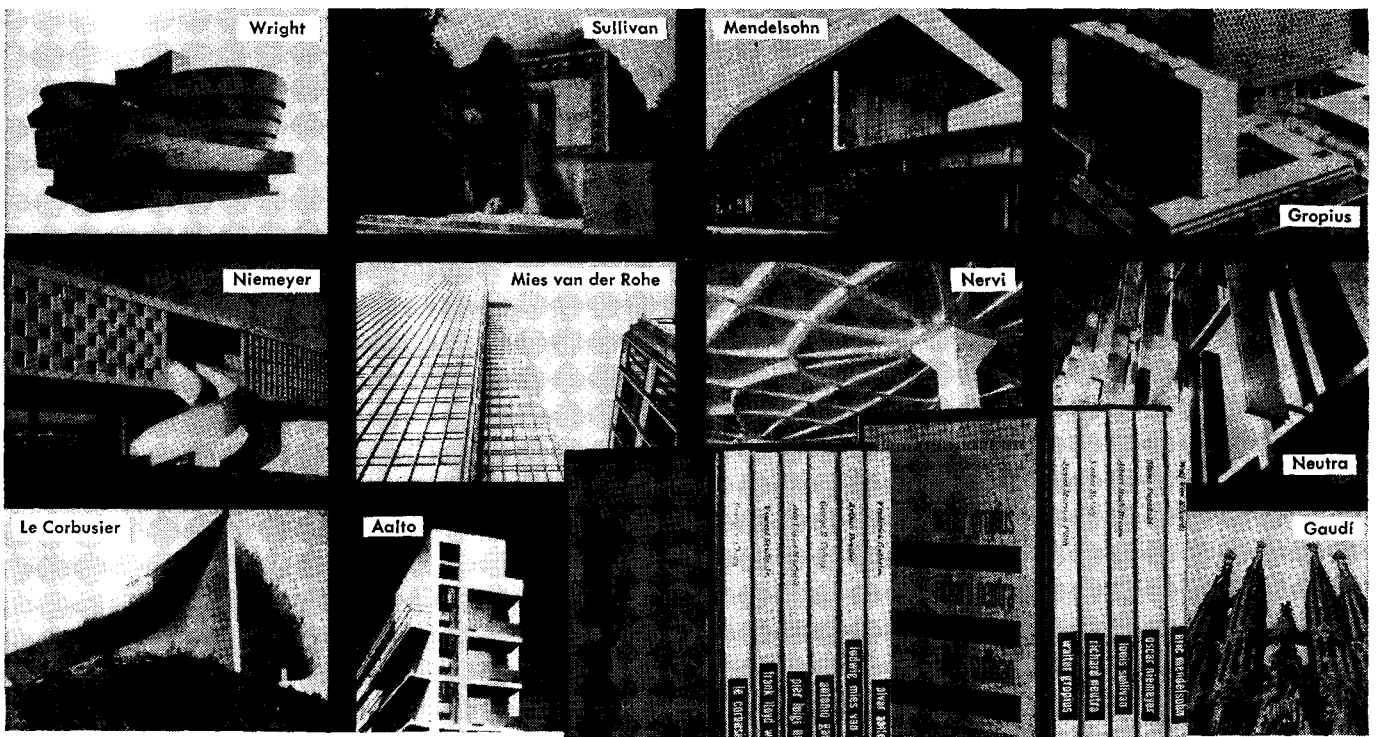

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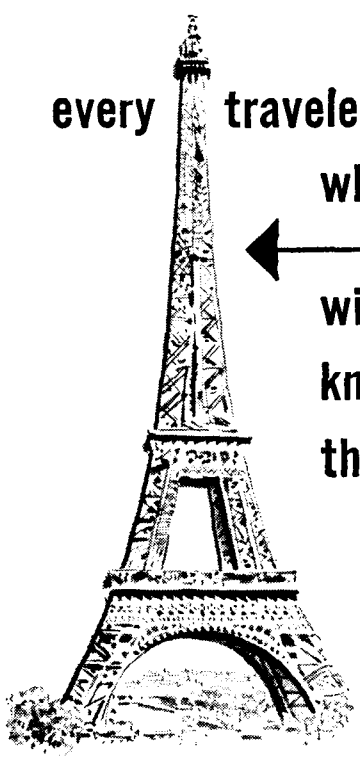

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most hypnotic hold over his countrymen. It has been a failing to the extent that it has led a man who got his training at the Paris Faculty of Law and in revolutionary journalism to believe that ruling a country is essentially a matter of verbal magic and that economics can be ignored. Recently, however, there have been signs that the Tunisian President is beginning to realize the limitations of government by rhetoric. Last April he caused general surprise by driving around Cape Bon with the French economist Gabriel Ardent, whose book on the development of underdeveloped countries, *La Terre en Friche* (*Fallow Land*), he has since recommended to associates and visitors alike.

Tunisia's land hunger

Like its neighbor Algeria, Tunisia is plagued by serious land hunger, soil erosion caused by deforestation, a backward agriculture, a population that is growing at the alarming rate of 2 per cent a year, and a serious lack of investment capital, which has been an inevitable by-product of decolonization. The French, during the seventy years of their protectorate, were shortsighted enough to encourage a sizable influx of French and Italian farmers into a country which enjoys far less fertile land and far less rainfall than Morocco. To make room for them the local peasants were driven from the fertile valleys up onto the surrounding hills, where they carved out rugged plots for themselves by chopping down the trees, thus creating a serious erosion problem that continues to plague the country to this day.

Although the French and Italian farmers are gradually being squeezed out, their eviction cannot be accomplished overnight, for the simple reason that they still cultivate 40 per cent of the wheat, 60 per cent of the vegetables and citrus fruits, and 90 per cent of the wine, which go into the exports needed to keep Tunisia's balance of trade on an even keel. The Tunisian peasants brought in to replace them — as, for example, in

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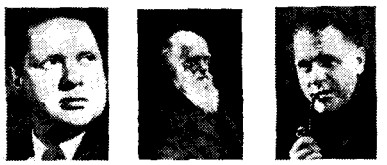
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Maupintour

Report on Tunisia

the lush valley of the Medjerdah, just outside of Tunis — have first to be taught modern agricultural methods, and this necessarily takes time. Even then, there is just enough land to satisfy a population which increases by 70,000 each year, which requires 23,000 new jobs per annum to keep from starving, and which has an unemployed population that oscillates (depending on the season) between 300,000 and 400,000.

The lead in tackling the erosion problem has been given by President Bourguiba himself. Several years ago he instituted a "National Tree Day," usually the last Sunday in November, when every able-bodied patriot is encouraged to take a young sapling — mostly eucalyptus or Aleppo pine provided by the Forestry Service — and plant it along some barren stretch of country highroad.

Although forestry experts regard this as a costly experiment, since half of the young trees thus planted usually die, the campaign is justified on the grounds that this is the only way to make a powerful psychological impression on people with a nomadic heritage who are only too ready to chop down the nearest tree for firewood.

The war in Algeria

Troublesome as these economic growing pains are, they are overshadowed by Tunisia's most pressing problem, the ever-present threat posed by the continuing war in neighboring Algeria. This bloody conflict has brought to Tunisia more than 100,000 Algerian civilian refugees, a rebel army of between 10,000 and 15,000, and a self-styled provisional government in exile which has often bucked the pressure exerted on it by Bourguiba.

The relations between these exiled Algerians and the Tunisians have not always been cordial. The most serious source of friction between Tunisians and Algerians is due to the F.L.N.'s maintenance of a fully armed guerrilla army on Tunisian soil. There is a sizable chunk of Tunisian territory in the northwestern corner of the country, around the town of Ghardimaou, where the F.L.N. has its military headquarters, which is virtually off limits to Tunisians and which is controlled by F.L.N. sentinels.

For a long time nostalgic French Cassandras were predicting that these F.L.N. warriors were going to march into Tunis and take over the country. The mere threat that they could do so made Bourguiba the frightened victim of their blackmail. Though there has always been a grain of truth in this deliberately pessimistic view of the situation, the balance of forces today is no longer so unfavorable to the Tunisians, whose regular army is now approaching its planned quota of 20,000 men.

The threat, nonetheless, remains. The Algerians now have their own trucks for bringing in arms across the Libyan desert, and the younger ministers of the provisional Algerian government have been pressing hard for more aid from Red China, which has given the F.L.N. six times more financial help in the last two years than has the entire Arab League.

Bourguiba has always sought to keep the Cold War out of North Africa, and to do so today he has even envisaged the possibility of amalgamating the Tunisian and Algerian states into an indissoluble whole. This, he appears to believe, could help "internationalize" the Algerian conflict, much as the Congo problem was internationalized last summer.

No one knows better, however, the grave risks of such a scheme. For, while it might enable him to exercise greater control over the autonomous F.L.N., it would provide French Army hotheads in Algeria with a ready-made excuse for once again violating the "privileged sanctuary" of Tunisia.

Such a maneuver, if successful, might one day allow Habib Bourguiba to lead a Tunisian-Algerian delegation to Paris. But should it fail, he would surely end up the prisoner of the F.L.N. and would have exposed his country to a new and far more serious Sakhiet.

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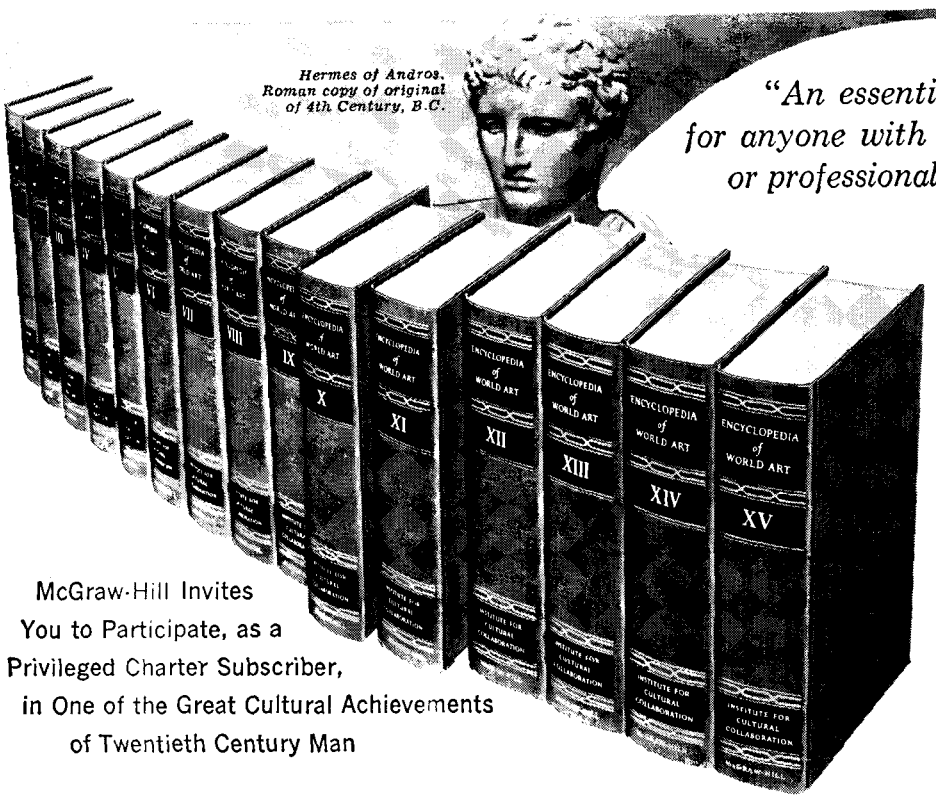

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

November Anniversary Issue

SIR:

The November 103rd Anniversary Issue of the *Atlantic* is certainly dynamite! I found every article very informative and illuminating. To me, this is the epitome of good journalism. Continued success to you.

SINCLAIR S. OUTTEN
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

The first issue of my subscription to the *Atlantic*, the November 103rd Anniversary Issue, arrived the other day. I read with great interest Dorothy Thompson's article on Sinclair Lewis, "The Boy and Man from Sauk Centre," but the little bit of biographical matter on Bliss Perry, "My Older Brother" by Lewis Perry, is a particularly precious gem. That sketch alone is worth to me many times the year's subscription price.

EDWARD P. HAWES
Coraopolis, Penn.

SIR:

I hope this note is but one of a torrent of congratulations for the article by Millicent C. McIntosh, "The Courage of the Young," in the November 103rd Anniversary edition of the *Atlantic*.

She has captured much of the uncertainty that some of us "Depression babies," Korean vets, "young-married and still in school" people face. But her contribution to the understanding of our age group is her expression of the subtly different approaches that we have developed to meet a world radically different from the one known by our parents. I would not call us all particularly courageous, but we have found a way of achieving a profitable, meaningful, and happy life in spite of the great uncertainties.

Many thanks to the *Atlantic* for publication of the article.

RICHARD H. GENTRY
Falls Church, Va.

First wave at Omaha Beach

SIR:

S. L. A. Marshall in his excellent article, "First Wave at Omaha Beach" (November *Atlantic*), refers to Normandy as an "American victory." So baldly put, it would indicate that he considers the role of the British and Canadians similar to that perhaps of the Maquis in one of the major battlefields of the war. Since he is obviously a man of intelligence and personal bravery, it seems out of character not to be more charitable toward allies whose dead also were numbered in the thousands.

NEIL JONES
Montreal, Quebec

SIR:

The article "First Wave at Omaha Beach" is a very disturbing one. The most distressing feature is doubtless the feeling one gets that men were asked to do more than the human organism is capable of.

More unpleasant to me was Marshall's willingness to editorialize and carelessly evaluate the action of ordinary men who were asked to undertake a task many of them thought to be without hope of survival. The order of Captain Zappacosta to "take this boat straight in" is described as a "fool's order." I doubt that he had any choice, as there was no possibility of turning back to the confusion of further waves. I wonder if his orders allowed him this or any latitude, as officers of his level in an attack of this type are most closely controlled in the United States armed forces.

JAMES D. MACCALLUM, M.D.
Warsaw, N. Y.

Teaching in the high schools

SIR:

I have long wondered when educators would understand the educational needs of this country as do the men who wrote the series of articles in the November issue entitled "Teaching in the High Schools."

The *Atlantic* can do much to educate the public in this field. Please continue your good work.

EARL N. HENDRICKSON
Rainier, Ore.

SIR:

Your superb four-man series on "Teaching in the High Schools" climaxes a good bit of evidence that we have just about turned a corner. The image of the high school we need is beginning to emerge. We may be ready to shake off a lot of either–or arguments, such as whether teachers need subject matter or methods. Then we can open up the kind of thinking the schools need because they have to take account of many purposes and many kinds of children at the same time.

FRED T. WILHELMS
San Francisco State College
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

Barnaby C. Keeney, in "The Schools We Deserve," said that the

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academic departments of the universities abandoned teacher training about twenty-five years ago because of disgust with the increasing emphasis on methodology promoted by the departments of education.

This may be partially true, but it is also true that the academic departments went off in the furious pursuit of research at about the same time, and they lost whatever interest they ever had in the grubby job of training teachers for the public schools.

As one who attended a teachers college in the thirties and suffered though the dreary recitation of Dewey by people who did not understand him, I can testify that much of the scorn heaped on professors of education is well deserved. As one who later did serious graduate work at two major universities in respected academic departments, I can also testify that many of these people were at first incredulous, and then contemptuous, of someone who was foolish enough to be interested in a mere teaching career.

JOHN J. BOWEN
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

The honors curriculum described by Superintendent Carl F. Hansen in "Ability Grouping in the High Schools" sounds much like the program I took at Central High School in St. Joseph, Missouri, from 1922 to 1926. The standard college preparatory course then was sixteen units of required solid subjects: four years of English, four of history and civics, four of Latin, and four of mathematics and science — plus two years, for one unit's credit, of R.O.T.C. in lieu of physical education. In addition, my advisor tried to make me take two years of French as an elective, but reluctantly agreed to two of Spanish instead. The Spanish, as I can testify from residence in Latin America and Spain, was at least as good as the first two years of college Spanish today, but in her eyes it was almost too easy for a serious student. Her comments on lazy brains looking for snap courses, when I merely inquired about the possibility of substituting journalism for a history of English literature in my senior year, make me glad that driver education had not been invented to give her apoplexy.

FRANK G. NELSON
Long Beach State College
Long Beach, Calif.

SIR:

The reason that so many gifted language students do not continue their studies is the lack of high school courses of a suitable intellectual plane to stimulate as well as challenge the superior student. From my experiences at a "good" suburban high school, I am sure that the majority of courses are planned on the principle that all students are average and nothing else. I firmly believe that the proposals of Charles L. Reid, in "A New Approach to Foreign Languages," should be adopted not only in languages but in other courses of study, for these proposals will certainly revitalize our presently mediocre secondary schools.

T. A. BRENNEN
Champaign, Ill.

SIR:

My sincerest thanks go to the *Atlantic* for the brilliant, forthright, and penetrating articles concerning high school education.

One essential point, however, was neglected — that of today's high school providing a life unto itself, with emphasis being placed on recreational endeavors, preferably during school hours.

The actual time spent in a classroom studying or being taught suffers in proportion to the number of assemblies, special club meetings, and demonstrations of athletic prowess, unflinchingly held within the allotted fifty minutes of the "learning" periods.

I can only suggest that high schools eliminate the Hollywood-musical type of format and institute a sober, scholarly, and indeed, intellectually meaningful university attitude.

JACQUELINE RYAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

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THE ATLANTIC

A LETTER TO THE NEW PRESIDENT

BY WILLIAM R. MATHEWS

The editor of the ARIZONA DAILY STAR, WILLIAM R. MATHEWS *is one of the most independent editors in the Southwest and for twenty-five years has made the world his beat. He is known at home and abroad for the accuracy of his forecasting of international political events.*

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

As you take office the American people are looking to you for a new approach to our nation's foreign affairs. They are no longer interested in rehashing the mistakes of the past Administration. They are deeply interested in what you are going to do about peace and war in our nuclear age. That is the subject that interests them most.

They have shown by their votes that they believe what you have promised about a stronger nation economically and militarily. The fact that we as a nation will grow stronger prompts the caution that great power used wisely can bring wonderful blessings to a bewildered world. If used recklessly, vainly, or stupidly, it will become a scourge and blight to humanity.

Yet your plea for stronger military defenses has added to the momentum of the most gigantic armament race the world has ever seen. History confirms that every such race, unless moderated, leads to war on a grand scale. The peoples of all nations have sensed this danger with the approval they have given to the idea of disarmament. Fortunately, this growing strength of ours will put you in a better position to negotiate. Only by successful negotiations can this dangerous armament race be abated and the prospects of hydronuclear war be postponed.

If negotiations are to be successful, both sides must be ready to compromise; both sides must expect to give up something in return. Successful negotiations require a temperate atmosphere. That means that, just as Mr. K must stop his bullying, missile rattling, and sending of ultimatums, so might you see to it that our talking generals and admirals are silenced.

Peace cannot be made in an atmosphere where each adversary tries to out-boast, out-denounce, and out-threaten the other. A Summit meeting will be worthless unless its success has been reasonably ensured by previous negotiations. If diplomats at the working level cannot come close to a tentative agreement, you will not be able to come to an agreement at the top level.

Your big job is to prepare the American people to make peace. They are prepared morally and militarily to make war, but they are poorly prepared to make peace. They have been taught to expect a rigid perfection in the conduct of our foreign policy. They need to be told that perfection is not only impossible but dangerous. Although they accept compromises constantly in their everyday domestic lives, they reject them as "appeasement" in our foreign policy.

You can do much to change their present-day thinking that we are always right and the other

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fellow always wrong, that unless we have victories we will have to suffer humiliating defeats. The people must be persuaded that there can be diplomatic successes where each side profits by making mutual concessions.

A widespread belief prevails that unless we defeat Communism, Communism will take over the whole world, and that if we defeat Communism, our troubles will be over. Therefore, so the reasoning goes, there can be no compromises. The Communist must give in; we must never give in. The resulting deadlock, coupled with the intensified armament race, creates an increasing danger of hydronuclear war.

Badly needed at this time is an explanation that Communism today is a widely accepted belief, but so is our Judaeo-Christian belief in freedom and democracy. Because each one is backed today by political powers that can never be vanquished by military conquest, both will continue to exist for generations, if not centuries.

The big issue before these two giant political powers is whether it might not be best for the leaders of each to try to get along with the other rather than to try to destroy each other. It is better for us to get along just halfway than to expect perfection from each other. That means compromise. That there must be concessions by both sides is scarcely understood. If the American people could see that it is to their own self-interest to make concessions in return for concessions by the Soviets, as a means of avoiding hydronuclear war, a more peaceful climate might result.

This situation requires that you, as President, boldly explode the present-day myth about disarmament or control of armaments, which assumes that agreements about arms can be made without dealing with the conflicting political ambitions that create the necessity to arm.

Surely the time has come for the people of our country and the world to learn that war is a social disease brought on by conflicting political ambitions, which in turn are generated by economic, social, religious, and racial causes. War cannot be abolished by legal edicts. Armaments are a fever of this social disease, not a cause. They will rise and fall with the virulence and scope of the disease. If we are to lower the fever, we must deal with the cause. We can never hope to abolish war completely, but we should hope and work to limit its scope and virulence, just as we have in the case of numerous other diseases.

You should not be expected to perform wonders, such as abolishing war, nor should you insist that our ideals be made to prevail throughout the world. That is the big mistake that President Truman and President Eisenhower have made. They have, unwittingly, promised the impossible in laying down the rigid policy that our ideals of freedom and democracy must be made to prevail "everywhere" by "liberating the enslaved." You can certainly promise the American people that Communist ideas will not be allowed to prevail everywhere.

You cannot succeed in armament controls unless some of the political differences can be resolved. The only partially successful armament conference of modern times, the Washington Conference of 1921, proves that. The limitations that it imposed on the major navies of the great powers were accompanied by the Nine Power Pacific Treaty, which resolved for a while the political differences over China. The signatory powers pledged themselves to recognize the administrative and political integrity of China.

That this treaty lasted only into the early 1930s should remind us that the keeping of the peace is an everlasting job. When the Japanese war lords launched their attack on Manchuria in 1931, and on Shanghai a year later, they nullified this treaty, defying the pleas of their own government as well as those of the United States and Great Britain. Subsequent events seem to have taught the American people the wisdom of the prompt, united action that they took in the case of Korea, backed by the United Nations. They will respond to dynamic leadership such as President Truman showed in that instance.

Because the Berlin issue is acute, it requires your prompt attention, but no President of the United States should ever enter any negotiations under the threat of a time limit. If we can come to a compromise over Berlin that will abate the Soviet Union's justified fears over a third invasion by a united Germany, it may well set a precedent that can be used elsewhere.

If Russia were a parliamentary democracy, its government would be compelled to insist on a divided Germany as a precaution against a third invasion. Americans must bear in mind that the Russian people have twice within a generation suffered terrible invasions by the Germans. Not for decades can any Soviet government give up East Germany.

American policy today is mistaken in insisting on a united Germany. Such a Germany would soon be demanding the return of its "lost provinces" to the east. Any competent observer can continually hear expressions of that ambition in West Germany. The Russians feel safer with a divided Germany, and so do our allies Britain and France. When we call for a united Germany, we play into the hands of the German chauvinists.

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We could properly compromise by recognizing the government of East Germany with the provision that we, France, and Britain will continue to maintain our forces in West Berlin with free ingress and egress. This provision we must back with all of our might and power. If the Soviets really want peace, they will agree to it, because to do so will further their own interest.

Of course, Chancellor Adenauer will rage and threaten, and the American people will demur. There is where you will have to speak out and explain that it is to America's self-interest to bring this about. The Germans have caused the United States plenty of trouble in the past forty-five years. If the recognition of the East German government will lessen the armament race and promote the chances of peace, why should the American people object? Once they understand the realities, they will support recognition, provided our interests in Berlin are maintained.

If the agreement provided for the gradual withdrawal of the armed forces of all countries from both Germanys, it would require that the people of East Germany and West Germany look after their own defense and pay for it themselves. NATO should be maintained as a deterrent power, along with our nuclear capabilities on the seas and in the air.

The case of Germany provides you with an opportunity to test not only the sincerity of the Soviet's professed peaceful intentions but also the willingness of the American people to promote a more peaceful world. Unless the rigid stand of the American people, which has been reflected in the diplomatic deadlock of the outgoing Administration, is modified by the skill and courage of your own persuasion, negotiations are doomed to failure.

The case of Germany is significant because it may help to establish two basic principles that should at all times guide our diplomatic conduct. The first is that of self-interest. Treaties that do not respect self-interest of both parties are bound to be violated. Closely associated with this principle is that of respect for the primary interests of the other side. If we want the Kremlin to respect our primary interests in Cuba, the Western Hemisphere, Berlin, Korea, Japan, Formosa, and the Philippines, we must respect Russia's primary interests in eastern Europe.

For more than two hundred years, every Russian government has asserted a primary interest in that area and has been willing to defend it. If the Soviet Union were a parliamentary democracy, its government would have to do the same thing, because national security is at stake in the minds of its people and leaders.

I know that the American people will always respond to the defense of their own self-interest. And I feel sure that they will unite to make effective any policy that reflects that principle.

The stakes on both sides are tremendous, and the dangers ominous. The population experts forecast a doubling of our own population and that of the world in the next thirty-nine years. All of these three billion additional people will be compelled to seek means of sustenance. We have maintained an equilibrium between the crowded areas and the areas of abundance through our foreign aid program. And we must continue on a greater scale, as population increases, to maintain this equilibrium, working, when possible, through the United Nations, without which there cannot be a peaceful world.

Whereas in the past foreign aid has served principally to restore war-exhausted Europe and Japan, its emphasis should be shifted, particularly in the case of economic aid, to supply funds to make the undeveloped areas of the world productive. It will take enormous aggregations of capital to build roads, schools, harbors, railroads, electric plants, water supplies, and other necessities, to educate and help these masses of illiterate people to make their jungles, mountains, and deserts yield their hidden wealth. It will take American engineering, administrative, and teaching ability to do this job.

If successful diplomacy can abate the armament race, funds from it can be diverted to making the world productive. If your diplomacy fails, your whole domestic and foreign program will fail. It cannot succeed unless you prepare the people of our country to make peace. If you can do that, you will have a united nation behind you.

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The Boston Evening Transcript

VIRTUOSOS WITHOUT AN AUDIENCE

by Charles W. Morton

In some respects the best and in others the worst of its contemporaries, the BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT *was still making few concessions to the exigencies of the early thirties when* CHARLES W. MORTON *joined its news staff. Revenues and circulation were dwindling, but the paper held firmly to a peculiar standard all its own. This is the second article in a series by the associate editor of the* ATLANTIC.

THE *Transcript's* quarters, on the corner of Washington and Milk streets, were part of a weirdly allocated old building in which the paper's "counting room," which could just as well have been tucked away under the roof, occupied the choice ground-floor space. Instead of yielding a handsome rent from some retail establishment, the room was given over to the desks of various clerks and typists in the advertising and circulation departments. Most of the advertising people seemed to prefer their desks to the rigors of finding customers in the world outside, and there was always the chance, of course, that the telephone might ring while they were out. I cannot recall that I ever met anyone from the circulation department during my years there, nor did I ever know the name of any circulation functionary. No one, as I have said, was really interested in circulation. There was a fleet of smart red trucks which the paper chartered to deliver our editions to distribution points, and the owner's name, Harry Lofchie, was emblazoned on each, and a brave show they made, backed against the Milk Street curb and waiting for papers. Some were well laden, but the implication that vast numbers of people were standing by throughout Greater Boston, eager for the next edition, was weakened somewhat when a sizable truck, complete with driver, would pull out with a solitary bundle of *Transcripts*, bound for heaven knows what one-bundle destination.

In the Washington Street doorway, at the foot of an interminable flight of well-worn stairs, was a large brass sign:

Editors Two Flights
Reporters Three Flights

Like many other features of the *Transcript*, the sign was long out of date, since most of the editorial and news staff were on the same floor at the top of the stairs. Halfway up were the sales and fitting rooms of Dunne, the great tailor, where, it was believed by the city staff, the city editor bought his suits at half price by accepting, with proper alterations, the suit of a customer who had died before it had been completed. In any case, the city editor was the only presentably dressed person in the entire establishment, and the legend persisted that this was why he had been tapped for the job, rather than because of any comprehension of news values.

A partnership of two young lawyers, Lurie & Alper, rented offices just below the city room, and various departments and personalities of the *Transcript* were scattered in closetlike odd spaces throughout the building. I recall looking out a back window on one occasion and seeing a kind of delivery basket traveling from one wing of the building to a window somewhere in Dunne's, and I was informed that this was a transaction between the needleworkers in the rear and the fitting rooms up front. Over everything, especially the windows, lay a heavy deposit of grime, so that

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one had the impression of a permanent overcast outside.

I doubt that the entire furnishings of the news and editorial areas, including the typewriters, would have brought $250 from any kind of purchaser. The desks, as battered as the swivel chairs that went with them, many of the latter with the back support broken off, were fit for firewood and no more. Most of the desks had a folding top which disappeared when the occupant pressed a button, an action which at the same time caused a typewriter to emerge from a concealed well. The trouble with these was that the locking catch was worn, and when the typewriter was up, a vigorous stroke on the keyboard would cause the typewriter to sink suddenly from view, while the desk top would swing up and out and fetch the unwary typist a smashing blow on the head. There were two or three such desks where no staff man would sit, but visitors who wanted to dash off a note or announcement were always gestured to them with every air of hospitality.

Just off the city room, in the hall beside the elevator, was the toilet which served the news staff and "editors," strictly a one-at-a-time accommodation, filthy and malodorous. Harvard men were relatively few among the staff, but such was the overpowering proximity of the university in the *Transcript's* daily rounds that the toilet was always referred to as "the Harvard Club."

THE *Transcript* was celebrating its one hundredth anniversary when I went to work there. Its roster included upwards of a hundred persons under the heading Editors and Reporters, although on examination this category was found to include office boys, telephone operators, and a fair number of individuals entirely unknown to the active news staff. In this latter group was a man who had contributed for several decades an anonymous column of witticisms which appeared weekly — it may have been semiweekly — on the editorial page. It had a title of its own, "Facts and Fancies," and it was a thoroughly competent piece of work, but it is the simple truth that none of us had ever laid eyes on its author or heard his name; the editor who had taken him on in the first place was long dead and gone, and the "Facts and Fancies" man, who transacted his business with the cashier and never asked for a raise, was as near to a genuine nonentity as an active contributor to a daily metropolitan newspaper could be.

It was against this background of facts that the city room was thunderstruck one day to be handed a Hollywood story that a major studio — MGM, as I recall it — had acquired the script of what most certainly would be an "epic," and that said "epic" script had been written by the "Facts and Fancies" contributor — perhaps I should say "editor" — of the *Boston Evening Transcript*.

Evening-paper news was, in those days, an extremely high-speed affair, and for a time we were afraid that other papers would corral this new local celebrity, our own man after all, before we could. One of our most experienced reporters, Bigelow Thompson, was assigned to hunt him out and managed, aided by the police listing of Boston residents and a few shrewd conjectures from the counting room, to find him in a lodginghouse room off Huntington Avenue, where he had apparently spent most of his life. It fascinates me to recall that the "epic" in this case was a rip-roaring melodrama of Biblical days, full of martyrs, dancing girls, and legionaries, and that it was also a smashing success, earning handsomely for its proprietors and adding kudos to its already famous principals. In the hullabaloo the *Transcript's* man seemed to drop even further into obscurity. I have no recollection of his name or of whether he ever repeated his success as a scenarist, but it is my impression that he continued to supply the "Facts and Fancies" column — a man who knew a good thing when he had it.

Any establishment of such great age has its complement of veteran employees, and at the *Transcript* some of them were spectacularly so. There was one aged spinster, an improbable sort in any company, who was pointed out to me as the "editor" of some equally improbable department. I asked how in the world such a woman and such a job had ever got together. The answer was: "Her father used to do it." Changes came hard. It was characteristic of the paper that its column of notes on radio programs was one of the first and the best in print, at a time when other papers were still trying to find a happy formula for ignoring radio or putting it out of business. But for years after the radio receiver had become a self-contained unit in a cabinet, the cut at the head of the *Transcript's* radio column continued to show a set on the order of an early Neutrodyne, all dials and wires, with a towering "loudspeaker" horn of a type that had vanished with the Model T. The devising of a long-needed two-column head for freaky news stories on page one was regarded as so venturesome, typographically, that the head was named after the editor of the paper, H. T. Claus, who had laid out the specifications for it.

I had only one encounter with the *Transcript's* lawyer, an aged, bearded alarmist who seemed to live even further from the world of reality than some of our own eccentrics. It would have been fatal to any story to allow the *Transcript's* lawyer

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to read it for possible libel. He would have taken it under advisement for a few days or weeks, unmindful of deadlines or our competitors, and eventually handed it back with a complex warning that it was clearly actionable — as almost any news story is if its subject chooses to sue — and to be published only at intolerable financial risk.

Since his quirks were well known to the news staff, no one ever dreamed of trying out a story on the lawyer. Chance it yourself or throw it away. Whenever I had anything fancy of my own that called for advice, for it would have saddened me to have cost the *Transcript* a libel suit in its days of need, I tried it on Lurie & Alper on the floor below, who enjoyed seeing a tart story in the paper and who helped me just for the fun of it.

The case which brought me into the lawyer's office was pure idiocy all the way. A friend in charge of publicity for the Republican State Committee had given me a campaign song, of the most painful disabilities in all respects, which some local zealot had composed and donated to the committee in behalf of Mr. Hoover. The *Transcript* was, of course, Republican, but this did not deter it from going along with a small bogus story on page one, publishing the verses and conjuring its readers to sing or declaim them at every opportunity.

A day or two after the story appeared, the versifier threatened to sue the *Transcript* for breach of copyright. I was ordered to tell the lawyer the story and reassure him. Our interview began with a stern inquisition into who I was, my past, education, jobs, and such, as if I might be a Trojan horse, foully infiltrated into the *Transcript* ranks by rivals seeking to destroy the sheet. Above all, what could possibly have been my motives in turning in so trashy a jingle? He paid little or no attention to the facts surrounding the story, assuring me that the author could collect thousands from us (nothing more was ever heard from the latter). We parted in mutual disgust.

The *Transcript's* purchasing agent — although we inclined to think the title was self-bestowed, since no one would have entrusted this individual with such weighty responsibilities as the procurement of newsprint and ink — was a specialist in obtaining trade discounts for the staff, invariably on merchandise in which we had no conceivable interest. A notice that we could buy baseball equipment from Iver Johnson's for the next thirty days at a 10 per cent reduction might appear on the city room bulletin board, and the purchasing agent, pencil in hand, would come among us inviting orders. His must have been a frustrating life, for nobody ever seemed to need a first baseman's mitt or a pair of shin guards. We'd make the old ones do for another season, we told him. Even more disappointing was the office reaction to his hopeful inquiries about minor supplies such as pencils or copy paper. Etiquette called for morose, even critical responses, and a typical conversation with him was eagerly attended by all within earshot:

"How do you like that new pencil?"

"What new pencil?"

"Why, that new Eagle Mirado No. 174 that you are using."

"I hadn't noticed it."

"Well, don't you think it's better than Eberhard Faber's No. 482?"

"No."

"You don't?"

"I should say not."

"Oh."

The purchasing agent did come into his own each year just before Easter. Through some deal with a wholesale florist, he offered a small discount on lilies, and it was not unusual for a hundred or more orders to come in to him from various departments of the *Transcript*. The pots of lilies were ranged over the floor of the city room to be picked up by their owners, all under the vigilant supervision of the purchasing agent. The lilies engulfed the room, and the story ran that one year the traffic was so heavy and the congestion so demanding that the purchasing agent simply keeled over in a faint, right in the midst of his blossoms.

Even in its leanest years the *Transcript* refused patent medicine advertising. No great amount of this would have been forthcoming in any case, since the paper held no appeal as a mass market for anything, but nevertheless the blandest cure-alls were advised to make their expenditures elsewhere, with one great exception: Cheney's Asparagus Tonic.

Like the "Facts and Fancies" column, the relationship with Cheney's, an ancient drugstore on Union Street just off Dock Square, antedated the *Transcript* staff, and no doubt their fathers as well. Embarrassingly, no literature from Swamp Root, or Beef, Wine & Iron, or Fellows' Compound of Hypophosphites was a whit more exuberant than the claims laid down by Cheney for the wonderful Asparagus Tonic, but the copy never varied from year to year.

Cheney's advertisement appeared each spring, occupying one of the *Transcript's* broad seven-to-a-page columns. Its timing was in the good old spring-cleaning-and-renovation theory, which governed the use of many tonics, and an impressive display of Asparagus Tonic bottles in Cheney's store window coincided with the *Transcript* advertisement. As I recall the advertising copy, it was largely a duplicate of the label on Cheney's bottle: an astonishing list of ills large and small — virtually everything but fractures — which the tonic

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would alleviate or end altogether. It was indeed a sign of spring, and I think we all enjoyed its recurrence. The tonic is still available at Cheney's, and I dare say many *Transcript* readers continue to swear by it, although the offer on its label has been narrowed somewhat by the passing years and by the skepticism of a despotic bureaucracy in Washington.

THE *Transcript* had no rewrite men as such. A reporter who went out on a story either dictated it (with all punctuation) by telephone or rushed in and wrote it in the office. Everyone was a rewrite man in taking small stories from correspondents in the metropolitan area. On big out-of-town stories, the reporter sometimes had a Morse operator and messenger of his own, and in later years a teletype, and once in a great while the paper sent out two men, to spell each other, on some especially massive trial or hearing where practically verbatim coverage was expected. Ordinarily one *Transcript* reporter was enough, so it was held, even though he might find himself up against a team of three or four people from each of the other papers. Relations with the other papers were full of warm friendships. Most news and gleanings were shared, for the competitive result of a day's work was not how much exclusive news a man rounded up but how much of it he could get past his city editor and into the paper. The city desks around town were altogether dissimilar: at the *Globe*, dull and cautious; the *Traveler*, a countrified lunge in the direction of *The Front Page*. Hearst, a tough and amiable group of competent professionals.

The *Transcript* city desk was like none of these. On a story of any magnitude or tension it tended to stay out of the line of fire, to leave it all up to the reporter, and to remain more or less incommunicado. On a big two-man story that we were covering for several weeks, a trial, it developed one morning that the principal defense witness had just been arrested on a narcotics charge. We put a bulletin to this effect on the teletype and asked whether anything more was wanted on that circumstance or whether to go ahead with the customary full coverage of the trial. It was about twenty minutes before the session was to open, and we hung eagerly over the teletype awaiting the answer. Just as we were rushing off to the courtroom, the machine stuttered out a reply.

"City desk," so the message went, "wants to know dates you prefer for your vacations."

The same city editor had been, many years earlier, the *Transcript's* bicycle editor, from which post he was elevated to automobile editor as public interest in "the wheel" gave way to the wonders of the motorcar. He continued as automobile editor, more or less emeritus, and one of his perquisites as city editor was the annual junket to the opening of the New York Automobile Show, whence reams of publicity material would be wired to the *Transcript* under his by-line.

Now a pink-cheeked, graying, good-looking man whom everyone liked, the city editor came into the office one morning, Boston bag in hand, bound for New York on the three o'clock train. His was an enormously kindly, friendly personality, quite without the petty qualities of his predecessor, but abrupt, sensational, urgent news was not at all his métier. It disturbed for him what was otherwise a safe and agreeable day's work, full of sociability and all sorts of small diversions. To become caught up in one of those headlong intervals of extemporization that suddenly impose themselves on a news staff was far from his desire at all times.

On this day all went quietly until 1:55 P.M. (It should be mentioned that the *Transcript* was a ten-minute walk from South Station, and trains for New York left every hour on the hour throughout the day.) At this point the tapper in the city room began sounding a succession of alarms, and our man at police headquarters phoned in to tell us that the new stands at Fenway Park, under construction and almost completed, were on fire and that the flames had spread to two houses across the street. It seemed an excellent break for an evening paper in so solid a baseball town as Boston, but a look of anguish came over the city editor. For a moment he was stunned. Then he pulled himself together, put on his hat and coat in a leisurely way, and picked up his Boston bag. "I must be getting my train," he said cheerily, and left.

There was no assistant city editor or number two to take over, for no one had ever troubled to define such niceties of organization. A characteristically fast and effective job of unorganized activity followed the city editor's exit. "I'll go out," said Karl Schriftgiesser. "Anything is better than sitting around here." An office boy took the city desk phone and assigned the incoming calls for the next hour. Our photographer Frank Colby decided to go along with Schriftgiesser. The make-up man was alerted. Various people started trying to reach the Red Sox business office, the contractor, nearby residents. At around 2:30 Schriftgiesser began dictating his story and Colby came in with some good pictures. Our two-man copy desk shuffled some sort of sequence into the smaller stories, and by three o'clock all was quiet once again, even before the city editor was pulling out of South Station.

The great mass effort of the *Transcript* staff came in the fall, when on each Saturday during the

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season we produced the Football Extra. This was a genuine tour de force; it would have been counted a distinguished piece of work anywhere, and it was undoubtedly the best thing of its kind in print. The *Transcript* was not a hard-drinking place; in fact I recall only two people in the news department who drank, needfully, in the office during the day. But the Football Extra was by way of being a real spree, an afternoon of gaiety, journalism, and alcohol. Best of all, in those Depression days, the Football Extra was a self-financing party for the participants: a man's supply of rum for the afternoon cost about $2 or $2.50, while each of us got $5 for our services. We looked forward to it throughout the week.

The *Transcript's* big Saturday edition, in which almost all its departments were included, closed at 1:15 P.M., and the first item in the afternoon's agenda was the arrival of Billy the Bootlegger, delivering the rum for which he had taken orders the previous day. Billy was a smalltime hoodlum, an occasional longshoreman, and he used this latter role to reassure us about the quality of the rum he sold us; the real thing, from Martinique, right off the ship. He wore a cap, blue jeans, and a Navy pea jacket. I blush to realize the extent to which Billy's getup reinforced his credibility with supposedly well-informed newspapermen, but if his rum was more probably from East Boston than from the West Indies, it was reasonably wholesome and neither crazed nor paralyzed his customers.

Everyone on the paper worked on the Football Extra; we were scattered all over the editorial rooms, wherever a typewriter could be set up. The sports staff was out covering the contests in which we were most interested, that is, the games of about half the Ivy League and four or five Good Schools. The paper had correspondents of its own at twenty or thirty other games and used A.P. stories for anything else. The end of the Harvard game, which was always covered by the sports editor, closed all the incoming stories, whether they were complete or not, so that the acute work period in the office began around 1:30 and ended, in a prodigious scramble, at about 4:00. In our handling of the copy, a man might be assigned three or four small games or one or two of the larger ones.

The stories reached us in bits and pieces, a hundred words or so at a time, delivered by office boys on the run. Our task was to edit and move along each fragment instantly to prevent any accumulation of arrears with the compositors. This was no great feat during the first half of the afternoon, but as the Harvard game moved into its final quarter and Billy's rum began to assert itself, the pace picked up considerably. By this time we were obliged to have a lead and head in type, representing the latest state of each game, and to replace these as changes in the game warranted. Whenever one of our games ended, we had, also, a final lead and head all ready to send up.

There was much visiting about and sociable drinking during the early part of the afternoon. Tension began with the succession of warnings on playing time remaining in the Harvard game. Our hope was to have our own games complete and with proper heads and leads, and the more information beyond the mere score that could be packed into a lead, the better. Yet nothing could be jumped, and it would have been thought disgraceful to have even a small error in a final score by reason of some hopeful gamble in the closing moments. Almost all the games were played within the same period, but a laggard correspondent might suddenly turn in, after a long silence, a block of copy that called for complete alteration of head, lead, and emphasis, with only a minute or two to do it in. It was, all in all, a stunt, and a good one. We were proud of the result: a solid page one of the best possible football coverage, with any amount more of it inside, and on the street not a quarter hour after the end of the Harvard game.

Whatever became of the Football Extra edition, once we had seized our own copies and made our way down the long stairs to Washington Street, was a mystery in all the six seasons I worked on it. Copies would not have reached the uptown hotels by 7:00 P.M. Newsboys with big pedestrian corners never seemed to have it. To look for it in the subway was absurd.

The *Transcript's* own newsboy-in-residence was himself a rather mysterious figure. Small, dark, at times seemingly wizened, or at others merely young and skinny, he might have been twenty, or fifteen, or forty. His station was in the recessed doorway of the counting room, where not even the near passer-by would notice him. Across the street strong-lunged boys cried the other papers, but there was only one side to Washington Street, so far as the *Transcript* was concerned, and that was our side. I doubt that one could have found another copy of the Football Extra in the entire length of the street.

Our newsboy's voice was never raised. When we passed him on our way home, as he brooded over his unsung and unsold stack of our wonderful Football Extra, we cursed him with all the bitterness of virtuosos deprived of their audience. If only that wretched newsboy would bestir himself. . . .

But he never did.

(To be continued)

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The Threat of African Tribalism

BY MARGARET C. HUBBARD

MARGARET CARSON HUBBARD *made her first visit to Northern Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa in 1922, when she set about learning Nyanja, the lingua franca of Central Africa. In 1935 she made the long circuit from the Cape to Cairo, and since World War II she has made four return visits to South Africa, to the Congo and East Africa, to Ghana and the Federation.*

BEFORE World War II few Africans had any conception of Africa as a whole or of themselves as Africans. They thought of themselves instead as Kikuyu, Buganda Bahutu, or men of any other of the seven-hundred-odd tribes between the Cape of Good Hope and the Sahara. Then, as a result of wartime travel and the development of airways and radio, the various tribes gradually became aware of themselves as Africans. Such leaders as President Nkrumah of Ghana found an audience for Pan-Africanism, which he describes as a mass movement of "Africa for the Africans." Yet any unity south of the Sahara remains the dream of a few men. The long memory of tribal conquerors and conquered, the customs, traditions, superstitions, and ancestor worship that have been followed for centuries generate greater loyalty to a tribe than to a new nation.

The tribe remains a powerful unit which resists the best leaders' determination to replace old loyalties with new. European administrators stopped tribal wars in the nineteenth century, but as colonialism recedes before *uhuru*, *gwacha*, independence, or any other name given "Africa for the Africans," men feel free to take up their spears to settle old scores. And these feuds are a tempting tool to politicians.

Tribal jealousies postponed Nigeria's independence, and they are the stumbling block to responsible government in Uganda. Next year, should Ruanda-Urundi become independent on schedule, we may hear of the Watusi-Bahutu feud. Last January, the conflict in that trust territory was severe enough to bring a four-man UN investigating team to the scene. When I reached Uganda, refugees were pouring over the border in hordes. After a six weeks' survey, the UN team recommended that steps be taken immediately to end the "atmosphere of agitation." But how? As the Congo well illustrates, the crux of the continent's dilemma is not just Africa for the Africans, but what Africa, for which Africans?

Unless one is on the spot, it is difficult to appreciate that Africans by the thousands dread the day when old feuds will be unrestrained by the governing Europeans. Those whose homes have been burned down, whose families have been threatened or killed, whose shops have been boycotted by political extremists have had a taste of what can happen, and none knows better than the Africans the passions unleashed by tribalism and the dangers they face when old loyalties are used for political ends.

During my recent stay in Africa, I talked to

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provincial and territorial leaders of the United National Independence Party (U.N.I.P.), led by Mr. Kenneth Kaunda and dedicated to smashing the Federation, which was formed only seven years ago. I listened to their hymn of hate against "imperialist oppressors"; to their scorn for various development schemes, whose only purpose is to give greater opportunity to Africans, though they tossed them off as projects "to give jobs to white boys" (the supervisors); to their contempt for tribes who have more faith in the Crown's good intentions than in theirs. I asked how they would finance the republic they want and was promptly told that the United States and Great Britain would have to supply the money — or else. "Is that a threat?" was my next question, and they laughed knowingly. Then they ranted — there is no other word — about a string of violent incidents in which, they asserted, innocent Africans were killed by "imperialist oppressors." To check their accuracy, I went over a completely impartial report of one of the incidents and found that what began as a tribal feud over fishing rights was used by U.N.I.P. and turned into an antiadministration political fight in which people were injured.

So, we should not be surprised when tribal jealousies flare into fights or when politicians use them to promote their own ambitions. After all, their own grandfathers and great-grandfathers thought nothing of selling the troublemakers of their day to the slavers, and some of today's politicians are equally ruthless. Tribal emotions are easily aroused, and honest nationalists know that they must reckon with this volcanic force rumbling under the calmest political surfaces. All too easily, it could make a shambles of their new dream of nationhood.

The Masai of Tanganyika, for example, who were split between Kenya and Tanganyika, have petitioned the United Nations to guarantee their boundaries and protect their "way of life and freedom" when British power goes and *uhuru* ("freedom") comes to the Bantu. And, as a plea for a way of life, this document, now submerged in UN files, is a classic example of a tribe opposed to being absorbed in a national unit.

They begin their petition by stating, quite simply, that they are a pastoral people who love their cattle above all and would die without them. Then they emphasize their differences from their Bantu neighbors, with whom they have nothing in common but the color of their skin.

"It is the old story of Cain and Abel," a missionary among them told me, "the conflict between a pastoral and an agricultural people. The Masai fear for their pastures. The agricultural Bantu want more land to cultivate, though everyone knows they destroy the land with their shifting, wasteful cultivation."

As I read the petition, I watched three Moran, the young Masai warriors. With their capes blowing, their spears in hand, and smeared with the clay of their reddish earth, they looked like autumn leaves flying before the wind. Lithe, lean, and long-muscled, the Masai bear little resemblance to the Bantu tribes they conquered. They are a Nilo-Hamitic people and proud of all differences of custom, way of life, and physique between them and the Bantu.

To silence crying babies, Bantu mothers still whisper, "Hush! The Masai may find us if you cry." The Bantu have not forgotten the days of hiding in caves when the Moran took up their spears and raided the countryside for cattle and women.

Tanganyika is larger than Texas, and in its 360,000 square miles, the 60,000 Masai live on 23,000, one third of it too arid or infested with tsetse flies to be habitable. A veterinary who works among them reckons they need fifteen acres for each of their 700,000 head of cattle. In their heyday before the white man settled in East Africa, they grazed their cattle at will over twice as much land. Later, the Masai agreed to a treaty restricting the tribe to reserves. Now they fear that Bantu tribes in an independent Tanganyika will move into their few green places.

Given proper water development, the veterinary told me, the Masai could double their herds and the numbers they send to market. The quest for water is the basic dynamic of their lives, and few people, he insisted, know more about raising cattle in arid country or better understand the relationship between cattle, grazing land, and water oases. In effect, he was saying that the Masai are a wasted asset in a protein-starved land, for they have received little government aid compared with that given other tribes. One reason, no doubt, is that they have not demanded it, but have lived as best they could in their nomadic way, depending on their own skills to survive.

The old ways die hard, and in their arrogance the Masai have refused to barter their way of life for bicycles and wrist watches. But in recent years they have awakened to the advantages of education and are even ready to sell their beloved cattle to pay for it. I was struck speechless when a woman in a fly-shrouded Masai village, who was plastering her house with cattle dung, told me that her daughter was in school. My imagination balked at bridging the gulf between that thorn-fenced group of hovels in lion country and a clean schoolroom. Yet it happens. They clamor for

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drugs, too — first for drugs to protect their cattle from Africa's host of cattle diseases, and then for antibiotics against pneumonia, the scourge of their open, windy steppes. Their cattle come first.

So, they explain in their petition to the United Nations, though *uhuru* brings hope to the Bantu, for the Masai it brings the prospect of slow but certain death, because the Bantu tribes already are nibbling at their green places; because some politicians already have promised to turn over to Bantu tribes the best of Masailand when independence is realized; because then Parliament will be filled with Bantu subject to the pressures of the land-hungry. Quite candidly, the petition then points out that the memory of old conquests will tell against the Masai, and some Bantu, at least, will see an opportunity to settle old scores.

To test the validity of Masai fears, I talked with George Kahama, Minister of Social Services, and Amir Jemal, Minister of Urban and Local Government, both of them dedicated to the dreams of Prime Minister Nyerere's party. "All the land belongs to Tanganyika. We want no tribal feeling, and all land must be used for the good of Tanganyika," they told me, adding that they have no intention of ousting anyone, except for good reason. "Good reason," of course, leaves loopholes for the very future the Masai fear. Members of Parliament would be less than human if they did not yield to the demands of the greatest number of voters, the land-hungry Bantu.

Should that happen, the petition states, the Moran will leap to their spears, for they will die fighting rather than slowly, in the dry places, with their cattle. Cool heads in the Masai council want to avoid the trouble and bloodshed which will follow any move to appropriate their land, but they know better than anyone the contempt of the Masai for the tribes they once conquered and the joy with which the Moran would jump into the war dance. Should that day come, it must be remembered, there will be no European power with authority to stop tribal wars. And Tanganyika has but one battalion of African troops — a rather shaky battalion at that I was told.

The answer to the Masai problem is so symptomatic of the whole continent that it bears consideration. They have petitioned the United Nations that they be an independent state, a protected area under Great Britain, or a trust territory administered for the United Nations by the Tanganyika government. In any case, they wish to unite the Masai in both Tanganyika and Kenya and have organized a Masai United Front to protect their interests and defend the 1911 treaty with Great Britain which granted them the land they occupy.

That Masailand become a trust territory seems both the soundest and most diplomatic of the three proposals. It would protect the Masai and their treaty rights and preserve peace so long as the United Nations carries weight in the world. It would throw the responsibility on an African government, thus enhancing its prestige. Above all, it would give Africans an opportunity to prove they can respect minorities and grant to others the same freedom to manage their own affairs which they themselves demand. The widespread doubt about this ability among Africans and whites in Africa needs proving, one way or another.

True to character, the Masai end their petition on an independent note and proudly state that they will not need much help. All they ask for, they say, is a commissioner to handle the complexities of affairs and business, a veterinary to help them care for their cattle, a doctor to care for their own health, and an engineer to advise them on water conservation and building dams, and to train them to maintain machinery. Then, they conclude, it would not be long before they could pay all expenses. To strive to do so, they are ready to double their taxes or pay any amount to save their way of life.

"Are you never tempted to wash your hands of it all and leave them to fight it out?" I asked the British Resident in Uganda, who is groping for a way to end tribal jealousies in that country.

"But we're responsible!" he answered, in real anguish.

Where is the responsibility? The African wants to shoulder it, ready or not. We bear the guilt of two world wars and the atomic bomb, which makes us somewhat vulnerable when we criticize African feuds. Yet, can we stand aside and watch African fight African and undo the work of decades? Must force decide boundaries? Or can the United Nations be trusted to patrol boundaries in Africa, as it does between Israel and the United Arab Republic? These questions will haunt us all.

It is very well to say that tribalism must not disrupt Tanganyika, or Africa, but the fact remains that tribe is up against tribe in the Congo, in Ruanda-Urundi, in Uganda. The Somali have their eyes on Kenya's Northern Province. A desperate struggle for succession is expected in Ethiopia, and the Suk in Uganda, like the Masai, are ready to challenge Bantu rule. In Kenya, conflict is feared between Jalua and Kikuyu. Thus, tribalism compounds confusion for Africans in town and countryside, for African politicians, and for administrations determined to keep the peace.

It seems likely then that, as the European powers move out, the United Nations will be receiving more calls for help such as the one sent by the Masai. The rest of the world, meanwhile, pays the piper and tries to call a peaceful tune.

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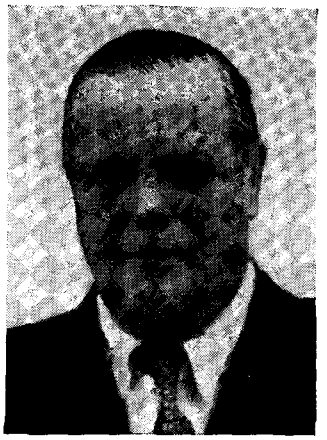

The Irrepressible RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

Anonymous

The son of Britain's famous Prime Minister, Randolph Churchill has refused to remain in the shadows. Provocative as a reporter and speaker, and a man of inexhaustible energy, Churchill the younger does not suffer criticism lightly: he has recently been awarded 1500 pounds damages in a libel suit at the Old Bailey, and as this goes to press is involved in a second suit.

No one can set the adrenalin flowing simply by the rumor of his approach as Randolph Churchill can. At the news that he has arrived at a party, at a press conference, at a railway station, hearts pump more madly, temperatures rise, lips tighten, voices sharpen. It is like the day war was declared.

Why is it that Randolph (after his grandfather, the fiery Lord Randolph) Frederick Edward (after his godfather, the vitriolic Lord Birkenhead) Spencer Churchill (after his ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough) is personally disliked by more people who have never met him than any other public figure in Britain today? And why is it that he should also manage to be personally disliked by a great many who have?

Both groups agree that he presents the same unforgettable unnerving image — a sort of scarlet Michelin-tire man, dangerously overinflated with hot air, bursting with ruderies, strained around the seams with egoism, self-sealing against the tin tacks of opposition and criticism.

But the first group is unlikely ever to alter its picture of Randolph Churchill as a forty-nine-year-old ogre on the prowl.

The second group tries hard to preserve its original hostility. But when its members do get close to the monster, many cannot help succumbing, at least in fits and starts, to the charm of the other Randolph.

Charm would seem to be the last, least likely secret weapon of Randolph Churchill. He himself is as unconscious of it as his enemies are. He assumes that the world will take sides for or against him simply on the basis of the correctness of his opinions. He finds it hard to understand that people would be so childish as to oppose him just because he has called them, say, "jumped-up Communists." Is the phrase accurate or not? he demands. If not, where is the evidence to disprove it? If it is so unfair, why do they not issue a writ for defamation?

This is why he has the shocking habit of denouncing and rebuking men and women in public at parties and dinners. He gives them all credit for thinking before they speak and immediately interrupts and contradicts them for the sake of his version of the truth. It never occurs to him that anyone can be defenseless in an argument.

This is also why he upbraids waiters, browbeats porters, contradicts taxi drivers. He cannot imagine that this could ever appear to be bullying. After all, he also upbraids millionaires, browbeats press lords, contradicts Cabinet ministers.

Randolph Churchill thinks on his feet. As an arguer he is in the light heavyweight class, nimble and yet powerful. The sound of his own voice never rings embarrassingly in his ears. Indeed, it is to him the most cheerful and comforting noise in the world. It shows that someone is talking sense.

Photograph courtesy of Wide World Photos.

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He is very much of an actor, or rather a theatrical old-style advocate. Much of his anger and indignation is simulated for effect. Not that he does not feel strongly and deeply about the subjects of his arias. But while his brain is coolly sorting out arguments and quietly sifting evidence, he realizes that nothing unnerves an opponent more than a display of furious emotion. This is why, after denouncing a group of opponents as "blanks" in an Old Testament falsetto, he will pause and say in normal conversational tones. "No, I take that back. Not blanks. In fact, honorable, intelligent, sane chaps. But on this particular issue" — voice rising in fury again — "on this particular issue, *absolute blanks!*"

Randolph Churchill has never had any kind of stage fright in his life. His stomach never sinks, except through dieting. He is willing to step forward at a press conference or before a television camera or at a crowded party with the same boundless self-confidence that most people could display only in front of the bathroom mirror. This is why he is so brilliant in the witness box; if he had produced nothing else in his life but his answers in court during his libel action against *The People*, he would deserve to be remembered as the wittiest witness since Whistler.

COMMENTATOR OR CREATOR?

The secret of this lies partly in his careful rehearsal and repetition of his opinions. His strongest condemnation of any public figure is to say he "hasn't done his prep." He rarely plunges out of his depths, and in private he is almost embarrassingly insistent on his deficiencies as a writer or a thinker.

The trouble is that almost no place where Randolph Churchill appears *is* private. It is only down on the farm, at the registered office of Country Bumpkins Ltd. in Suffolk, where his windows frame a Constable landscape, that a mild, gay, relaxed persona can peep out from behind the mask of the professional angry middle-aged manic. Many an unfriendly journalist has been lured there, only to leave a converted ally. (Also, many an old friend has fled on a Saturday afternoon vowing never to return.)

Journalists, as a group, are hostile to Randolph Churchill. They are made uneasy by the ambiguity of his position in the profession. Is he a news commentator or a news creator? Is he an opponent or a pet of the newspaper proprietors? They complain that he is not a real pro.

Yet, though he has a small private income, modest by White's Club standards, he has earned his living for more than twenty years by journalism. And he cannot resist biting the hand that feeds him; there is scarcely a press lord in Fleet Street who has not a finger or two missing to prove it.

Churchill's personality seems fueled by an apparently endless flow of truculence. He dares not dodge a fight or ignore a challenge, just in case it might be remotely thought to seem pusillanimous. The only son of a father who has bubbled over with a natural, unthinking courage from his earliest days and courted danger like a lover, Randolph Churchill has always known that many an unfriendly eye would be watching for any weakening of the standard, any dilution of the fighting blood. Compulsive pugnacity was the quickest escape route from Sir Winston's giant shadow. This bottled aggression may explain his bitter vendetta against Sir Anthony Eden, which has often embarrassed even some of his most sympathetic partisans. It could be analyzed as an unconscious rivalry directed against pretenders to his father's throne.

But it must also be remembered that, even in the thirties, Randolph regarded Eden as a vain man kept afloat by a certain anemic charm. Before, during, and after Eden's premiership, he never spared Eden. His admiration for other lieutenants of Sir Winston — a Macmillan, or a Sandys, or even a Soames — is often gushingly effusive.

Though probably not physically daring by nature (he tends to jump at sudden noises and rear at an angry gesture), he forced himself not only into the front lines but behind the enemy lines during the war. He was parachuted into Yugoslavia to fight with the partisans. He took part in the long-range desert raids into the German camps in North Africa. He was wounded as a war correspondent in Korea.

Randolph Churchill's war record cannot be ignored by even his bitterest enemies, though they are likely to suggest, unfairly, that sometimes he appeared to be almost as much of a nuisance to the Allied High Command as he was to the German High Command. Even in war — perhaps especially in war — it was hard for Randolph Churchill to believe that there could be generals so shortsighted as to turn down an opportunity to listen to his advice.

Politically, Randolph Churchill is a Tory, because he believes that the Tories are more intelligent, mature, efficient, and gentlemanly than the Socialists — and besides, in one of his favorite phrases, he has "known them all my life." By "Tories," he means the top Tories. He passionately believes that it is the duty of the undeserving rich to support the deserving poor, of whom he will often elect himself the articulate representative.

The central tenet of his political philosophy is

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that the class with power should be kept in power, but only as long as it proves itself morally superior to any alternative.

BOTTOMLESS WELL OF ANECDOTES

His conversation has far more liveliness and vivacity and imaginative wit than his writing. He is probably best as a monologuist, and he can spout for hours from a bottomless well of anecdotes, quotations, epigrams, rumors, and theories. His quotations are usually from middlebrow authors — Kipling, Saki, Belloc, Nash, Betjeman — or from solid sonorous classics — Gibbon, Macaulay, Walpole. He has a photographic memory for the authors who impressed him in his youth.

He is fond of the rumor as a genre. When he reaches out by telephone to his friends at three A.M., he always begins cheerily: "Well, what's going on?" It is inconceivable to him that there is a time of day or night when people are not plotting and planning and making fools of themselves.

Randolph Churchill might have been the original man about whom the child asked, "Mummy, what is that gentleman *for?*" Nobody, least of all Randolph Churchill, has yet discovered the answer. When he left Oxford, it seemed to him impossible that he would not be in the House of Commons before he was twenty-five. He sat for Preston in the political truce during the war, but he has never won any election he has sought.

As a writer, except when moved to passion or fury, his prose can be dull and ponderous in an empty Augustan manner, though it often has subtleties which are easily overlooked and the structure of the argument is strong and formidable. As a journalist, he is at his best when he is taking us on a guided tour of leading Tory minds. As a news reporter, he has only rarely been successful, because he combines the instincts of a press lord with the equipment of a gossip columnist.

What, then, is he for? Perhaps he is here to express those frustrated furies we all feel but are too self-conscious to express — fury at bad railway food, at grammatical howlers in the London *Times*, at clumsy waiters, at monopoly in Fleet Street, at stupidity in parliamentary speeches, and a hundred other assorted provocations.

He believes that power is least corrupting, and democracy best preserved, when the power is shared among competing blocs. It is his task to see that blocs do compete and quarrel. Perhaps, most of all, he is here simply to keep us on our toes.

LOPING WEST AT TWENTY-ONE

BY JEANNETTE NICHOLS

Greyhound and four and a half days
to get to L.A. What we had to say of
so-long was said and we were off at twenty-one

hardly done with ruling notebooks,
but off to (speak softly) California.
We learned a form of Greyhound sleep

at knees and heels with night, you
too tall for ease, and all short snores
teasing my slumber. But we went

greyhound swimming through four nights
of rolling west and lived for the dark
coffee stops and lopping miles.

Went to California in a hush to live
and match our memories
between those bookend seas

that held our worlds apart. You planted
what you had of heart in that Pacific
dust and I hiked my lust home east

to learn the least things overlooked
in this New England town I took
for dull and lagging every-day;

and later watched the greyhounds lope west
again remembering the year we were twenty-one
(was it only one?) running to catch life.

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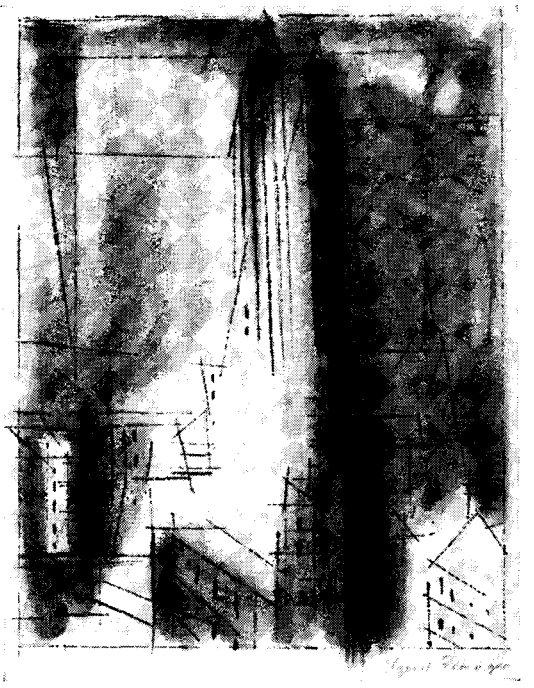
J. P. DONLEAVY

A New Yorker who studied at Trinity College, Dublin, J. P. DONLEAVY *is the author of* THE GINGER MAN, *a first novel which attracted considerable attention here and in England. The play which was dramatized by the author from his book was produced in London and Dublin and in both places drew endorsements and equally strong condemnations. The narrative which follows is drawn from the opening chapters of Mr. Donleavy's new novel.*



A FAIRY TALE OF NEW YORK

THREE o'clock in February. All the sky was blue and high. Banners and bunting and people bunched up between. Greetings and sadness.

Great black box up from the deep hold, swinging in the air high over the side of the ship. Some of the stevedores taking off their caps and hoods. With quiet whisperings, swiveling it softly on a trolley and pushing it into a shed.

Cornelius Christian standing under the letter *C*. The customs man comes over.

"I'm sorry sir about this. I know it isn't a time you want to be annoyed by a lot of questions but if you could just come with me over to the office I'll try to get this over as quickly as possible. It's just a formality."

Walking across the pier through the rumbling carts, perfumes, furs and tweeds, the clanging chains, and into the little warm hut with typewriters pecking. Tall dark customs man, his fist with a pencil on a piece of paper.

"I understand this happened aboard ship."

"Yes."

"And you're an American and your wife was foreign."

"Yes."

"And you intend burial here."

"Yes."

"It's just that we've got to make sure of these things because it can save a lot of trouble later. Don't want to burden you with anything unnecessary. Do you have any children traveling."

"Just my wife and myself."

"I understand. And are all your other possessions your own property, all personal effects. No fine art, antiques. You're not importing anything."

"No."

"Just sign here. Won't be anything else and if you have any trouble at all don't hesitate to get in touch with me right away. Here's my name and I'll straighten out any difficulty. Just Steve Kelly, customs'll get me. Vine funeral home phoned here just a while ago. I told him everything was all right and he says you can go see them at their office, or phone any time this afternoon or tonight. You take it easy."

"Thanks very much."

Customs man giving Christian a pat on the back.

"And say, Mr. Christian, see the stevedore, guy with the fur jacket. Just tell him Steve said you'd help me with my stuff. OK? Don't worry about anything."

"Thanks."

Out through the grinding winches, clicking high heels, the stacks of gay baggage and colored labels. The great tall side of ship. And coming out to it as it sat on the sea in Cork Harbor. A stiff cold vessel. All of us bundled up as the tender tugged us out on the choppy water. And left the pink

Lithograph by Lyonel Feininger. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

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houses on the shore twirling early morning turf smoke in the sky. Black rivets on the ship's side. And I climbed up behind her. On the stairway swaying over the water. And now through this jumble and people gathering each other in their arms. This stevedore with fur jacket, a hook tucked under his arm. Hard muscles across his jaw.

"Excuse me, Steve said you'd help me with my stuff."

"Oh yeah, sure. Sure thing. Got much?"

"Three small trunks, two bags."

"OK. You just follow me all the way. I'll put the stuff down the escalator. Meet me the bottom of the stairs. You want a taxi."

"Please."

Under the roof of girders and signs. No tipping. Escalator rumbling down with trunks and crates. Crashing and crushing. The treatment they give things would break open her box. And they shout, This way folks. Five bucks, Grand Central. Three fifty, Penn Station. The stevedore has scars on his face, keeps his hands on his hips. "Mr. Christian, this guy will take you wherever you want to go. Stuff's on."

"Here."

"No no. I don't want any money. I don't take money for a favor. You'll do the same for somebody. That way it goes round the world."

"Thanks."

"Forget it."

CORNELIUS Christian opening the door into this gleaming cab. Horns honk everywhere. This driver with a green cap turns around.

"Where to, bud."

"I don't know. Have to think of somewhere."

"Look, I haven't got all day. I want to catch another boat coming in."

"Do you know where I can get a room."

"I'm no directory bud."

"Anything."

"Place is full of hotels."

"Do you know anywhere I can get a room."

"Boardinghouse for a guy like you? Just sort of dumps I know. This is some time to start looking. Everybody want me to find a room I'd be starving. As it is I make peanuts. OK. I know a place West Side near the museum."

Taxi twisting away. With smiles and arms laden with coats others get into cabs. The trip is over. Some made friends. And we go up a hill to the roaring highway.

"It's none of my business but what's a guy like you doing coming all the way over here with nowhere to go. You don't sound like a guy got no friends, don't look it neither. OK. Takes all sorts of people to make a world. Keep telling my wife that, she doesn't believe me. Thinks everybody's like her. Across there long?"

"Went to college."

"Good education over there. Don't you feel lonely?"

"No, don't mind being alone."

"That right. Got a right to feel that way if you want. But look at this, how can you feel alone. Everything looking like it's going to explode. And I got a face looks like a monkey. Know why. Because I used to own a pet shop till a relative got the big idea to make a lot of money. So what happens, I lose the whole thing. Now I'm driving a hack. Kick in your teeth and every guy after a fast buck. What a life. Keep going, keep going till you can't stop."

Christian folding white gloved hands in his lap. Cars stream along the highway. The wail of a police car zooming by.

"Look at that, some guy murdered his mother for a dime. Guy like me got to drink milk all day, live like a baby. I tell you, it's a crime. Sweat our guts out. Something awful. Goddam place jammed with foreigners. Think they'd stay in Europe instead of coming over here and crowding us out. You foreign?"

"No."

"You could pass for foreign. It's OK with me mister if you're foreign. My mother came from Minsk."

Clouds come gray and east. Ice down there on the edge of the river. Smoky red weak sun.

Taxi turns down off the highway. Between the pillars holding up the street above. Serve beer in there. Bar stools and sawdust. Stevedores with hooks. They say keep your mouth shut and you won't get hurt. Safe in a crowd. Close in there by the elbows, next to the sleeves where all around me are just hands to shake and squeeze.

"OK mister here we are. Give me five bucks."

Red graystone. An iron fence. Where the rich lived years ago. Tall steps up. First five dollars gone.

"Mister ring the bell downstairs and I'll take your bags, never get rich this way but you look lonely. Mrs. Grotz'll take care of you. She's crazy, but who isn't."

Mrs. Grotz, cross-eyed, wrapped in a black coat and a collar of silver fox, standing in the door.

"What's your business mister?"

"He's all right, Ma, just back from college over in Europe. Just ain't got no friends."

"Everyone ought to have friends."

"How do you know he wants them."

"Friendship means a lot, you crazy cab driver."

"My wife thinks I'm crazy too, but my kids think I'm God."

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"Go home you crazy cab driver. Follow me mister, I got a nice room."

Carrying the bags behind this large bottom shifting up the stairs. In the onion smell. And scent of dust.

"Stairs for me is work mister. Got to do everything myself. Since my husband. He drop dead right in his underwear. Right while I was watching. Such a shock. Go to turn off the lamp and drop dead right on his face. I'm nervous and shaking like this ever since. So all husbands drop dead sometime. You think they have manners and do it quiet in the hospital."

A room with red curtains high on the windows. Double bed like one I saw in Virginia where once I was walking down a street and climbed in a train standing in the hot sun. Always wishing I could save the heat for the winter.

"Four-fifty dollars a night or twenty dollars a week. Look what I supply, radio, shelves, gas stove, hot water. Don't play the radio loud."

"Could I let you know in a day or two how long I'll be staying."

"Give you till Friday and you got to make up your mind. You got a funny voice, you English? Learn to speak at college?"

"Just a bit."

"Was that the accent you was born with?"

"I don't know."

"Give me four dollars and fifty cents."

New world. Opening up the suitcases on the bed. Turn on the oven. Out into the hall past another brown door. Everything in the dark. And cars go by in the street like boats and soft bubbles.

Find the switch for the light in this bathroom. Green towel crumpled on the floor. Lift the seat. All gentlemen are requested. When little you never lift the seat and Mommy tell you lift the seat. Pick up the towel. Go back. This door has a name on it under the cellophane. And now the only thing I can do is wait and wait and wait. It's got to go away. She could never pack things and her bag's a mess. I told her she was sloppy, why don't you fold things up. And I've got to go down there. To a funeral parlor. Come all the way here to a funeral parlor. Just wash my face. No one to be with her. And I was so full of dying myself. I hope I know how to get down there after all these years. How much is it going to cost. Just end up being buried among a lot of strangers.

Christian steps down into the street. Gray tweed on his back. White gloves on hands. Street full of shadows. And dark cars parked. And straight ahead the stale stiff fingers of trees. After so much ocean. And I don't know what to say to this man. He'll be in black or something. Do I have to give him a tip or a cigar. He might think I'm not sorry enough and can't concentrate on the death.

Gray tall windows of the museum. Down these steps to the subway. Chewing gum everywhere. Turnstile reminds me of horses. Coin goes in so neatly. Click through. Could step right under a train. Just let it roar right over me. What have you got to touch to get electrocuted. How would they know to take me and put me with Helen. It would have to be written down in my wallet. In case of death take me to the Vine funeral home and bury me with Helen. So slaughtered you could put me round her in the same casket. I just can't bear for you to be cold and you said last thing of all to put you in the ground. And you always wore a green shadow around your eyes. Came near me in your silk rustling dress you sounded hollow inside. Listening with your eyes. And the first day at sea I didn't want to see you spend the two dollars for a deck chair. Now I'd let you have it. I'd let you have anything now. Helen, you could have got two deck chairs or three and I'd have said nothing. It wasn't the money, I didn't want you to get cold because you looked so ill you'd freeze up there and no one knew how sick you were. And I pulled on the towel. Pulled it right out of your hands when you said you'd spend the two dollars. It wasn't the money, I'd tear up two dollars here right on this platform. God, it was the money. I've lost you.

Head bowed. A white knuckle rubbing under an eye. A man steps near.

"Are you all right, buddy?"

"Yes I'm all right. Just a lot of dust blown up in my eyes."

"OK, buddy, just wanted to make sure."

Roaring train in the tunnel. Sweeping into the station. Train with the tickling noise under the floor. Doors growl shut. Then up, out, crossing each avenue, when the lights turn red and the cars slide up and stop. And it's all so new around me and so old. When I was young and walking here I heard a car screech and hit a boy. Saw the white shirt on his shoulder. And I wondered if all the people would be gathering around and keep him warm and not like me running away.

Where the street slants down, further on, tall buildings and a river. Closer. There it is. Double-curtained doors, two evergreens on either side. Push through. God, what a place for you. Soft carpeted hall, luxurious in here. Warm green light flowing up the walls. So soft everything. This isn't bad. This door's open. It gleams and I'll knock. Man's black shoes and gartered black socks sticking out from a desk. They move and shine. His hand in front of me.

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"Good evening, you're Mr. Christian aren't you."

"Yes."

"I'm sorry that you've had to come. I'm Mr. Vine, please sit down."

"Thank you."

"Will you smoke. Cigarette. Cigar."

"No thanks."

"Go ahead, make yourself comfortable. There are only a few little things here. Customs man who dealt with you telephoned after you left the pier. Very nice of him and I'll certainly do everything I can Mr. Christian. Only these to sign."

"Thanks."

"I'm not just an ordinary man in this business. It means a great deal to me and if there is any special help I can give anyone I'm really glad to do it. So understand that."

"That's nice of you."

"We can only do our best Mr. Christian. We try to understand sorrow. I've arranged burial at Greenlawn. Do you know New York?"

"Yes, I was born here."

"Then you may know Greenlawn. One of the most beautiful cemeteries in the world and it's always a pleasure to visit. My wife's buried there as well and I know it's a place of great peace. We realize sorrow Mr. Christian. I'll take care of all the immediate details for you and you can have a chat with them later on. All under my personal direction. Arranged as soon as you wish."

"Could it be arranged for tomorrow morning."

"Yes. Will it give mourners time? The notice will only be in tomorrow's *Daily News*, only give anybody couple of hours to get here."

"I'll be the only mourner."

"I see."

"No one knew we were coming to New York."

"I can put you in our small suite there across the hall."

"Just for a few minutes. I want to keep it very short."

"I understand. In the way of flowers?"

"I'd like something simple. Perhaps a wreath with My Helen."

"Of course. Something simple. I'll see to it myself. We try to make friends with sorrow Mr. Christian. That way we come to know it. You'd like us to use glass. For permanence."

"That's all right."

"And where are you located."

"Near the Museum of Natural History."

"I'm pleased you're near there. There's much to reflect upon in that building. We'll send our car for you."

"Is that anything extra?"

"Included Mr. Christian. Shall I make it nine thirty, ten, whenever you wish."

"Nine thirty is fine."

"Mr. Christian, would you like now to have a little drink before you go. Some Scotch."

"Well I would. Are you Irish, Mr. Vine."

"My mother was. My father was German."

Mr. Vine's little snap of the head and blink of the eyes, crossing his soft canary carpet. Puts a neat white hand under an illuminated picture. Sunlight filtering through mountain pines and brass name beneath says In The Winter Sun. Panels drawing apart. Shelves of bottles, glasses, and the small white door of a refrigerator. He must drink like a fish. Pick him up like a corpse every night.

"Soda, Mr. Christian."

"Please."

"Now, the way you said that. Just one word. I can tell by your voice that you're an educated man Mr. Christian. I also like your name. I never had very much in the way of education. I was a wildcatter in Texas and then became the manager of an oil field. Wouldn't think of it to look at me, would you. I left school when I was nine years old. I've always wanted to be in this business but I was thirty before I got a chance to do a high school course. Did it in the navy, then went to morticians' school when I came out. It makes you feel closer to people. It's dignified. And art. When you see what you can do for someone who comes to you helpless. To recreate them just as they were in life. Makes you able to soften things. You're a man I can talk to, a person who's got a proper mental attitude. I can always tell. There are some of them who make you sick. Only thing I don't like about the business are the phonies and I get my share of them. Here, have another, do you good."

"Thanks."

"Some people think I'm outspoken but I've given a lot of satisfaction and people put their whole families in my hands, even in a big city like this. I opened up another branch in the West Fifties. But I like it best here where I began. My two little girls are growing up into big women now. You meet people from all walks of life. I'm a bit of a philosopher and I feel anything you've got to learn you'll learn just through what you have to do with people, in that way I never miss an education. It's a fact, I never graduated. It's especially sad when I bury those who did. But everything is how a person conducts themselves. That's how I know all about you, customs man said over the phone you were a real gentleman. Would you like now for me to show you the establishment. If you don't it's all right."

"I don't mind."

"You'd like to feel that she was somewhere where she's really at home. Come along, we're

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empty now, there's just two at my other branch although it's a busy time of the year."

Mr. Vine rising. Gently bent forward. Flicks his head and bends one shoulder up to his ear. Frown around his eyes and hair sticks straight up on his head. Holding door ajar. Smiling with his tilted face.

"I never want to have an establishment of mine get so big you lose the personal touch. It must be warm and intimate to make people feel at home. I call the other branch a home, bit of an expense to change here because parlor is in the neon sign. I feel parlor is a word that lets you down. Something poor people have. I like the word home. I don't gloom at people, I smile. Death is a reunion. And it's a pause in the life of others."

A low corridor. Mr. Vine touches Mr. Christian slowly through the soft lights, soft step by soft step.

"These are the various suites. These two have their own private rest rooms. Which has been of great success. I wouldn't say it to most people but certain functions get stimulated at the passing of a cherished one. You've noticed how I've used green light and how it glows from the walls, it's a special kind of glass that makes it do that. Only kind in New York. You don't mind me showing you around."

"No it's all right."

"In a few years I'm opening a branch out in the country. For some people the country signifies peace. You saw that picture, the forest, In The Winter Sun. Looking at that gave me the idea. It's not conducive to peace to come in off the street. And you hear that elevated train out there. Thinking of tearing it down. Won't be too soon for me. Shake the teeth out of your head. And in here is our chapel. I thought I'd make it round just like the world and again green is my motif. And out here again there's the door to our workrooms. We call it the studio."

"It's all very nice."

"That makes me feel good. I'm pleased. And I hope you'll be satisfied you dealed with me. I always want people to feel that. You can trust me and know I've got reverence for my work. To love your work is happiness. It means I meet someone like you too. I'm never wrong about people. I know the real tears of death and they don't go down the cheeks. And this is my largest room, the first one I ever used. One or two personages been here. Mr. Selk the manufacturer. And we light a candle behind this green glass when someone is reposing. I think it gives, or rather, let me say, lends a sacredness to the occasion."

"Yes it does."

"You go home now. Put all bother out of your head. Get a good night's sleep. And I'm here, remember that, for any kind of request. Our car will be there in the morning. Good night, Mr. Christian."

Mr. Vine and Christian shook hands. Vine gave Christian a catalogue. Pushed open the door to the cold electric light of the street. A last smile, a wave.

The windy canyon of Park Avenue. Crossing a winter city. Cold heels on the pavement. Doormen rubbing hands, clicking feet, looking up, looking down the street. Beginning to snow. Like the first winter I got to Dublin. When the skies were gray for months. And I bought thick woolen blankets at the shop and they smelled like sheep.

Christian, hands plunged in pockets, takes a lonely subway West and North. Back by the shadows of the museum. And along by the stone mansions. Where I live tonight.

Music coming from the door with the name under the cellophane. Dim light in the hall, a smell of wax in the air. Dust in the nose. Door slamming. Voice yelling Pipe down.

Must go in through this door and sleep. Pull aside the thick red curtain so tomorrow the light will wake me up. Snow streams down under the street lamp. Someone else's house is more your own if it's filled with strangers. Helen, I wouldn't have brought you to a room like this. Makes me feel I'm casting some poverty on you because this isn't the type of place you would ever be. Yours were bathrooms shining with gleaming rails and hot towels. All this plastic junk. Couldn't have been in the studio while Vine and I were talking. Couldn't talk like that. But that's the way we talked. Like pies peaches or eggs. Helen's not a pie, peaches, or eggs. She's mine. Taking her away. Gone already. Where is she nearest to me. Asleep on top of my brain. Came with me all over the ship when I couldn't stand them staring at me everywhere I went and whispering. Our table out in the center of the dining room. They were all thinking of the day when they had the gala occasion with the paper hats and balloons and Helen just sat there at the table and wept, pink handkerchief tucked up your sleeve and pearls like tiny drops from your face and none of them ever saw you again.

They even came up to my cabin door after you were dead to listen to hear if I was crying. And the steward who said they wouldn't do your washing. He stuck his brown face in the door and closed it quietly when he saw me prostrate on the bunk. And he slammed the door in your face. Both of us utterly helpless, could do nothing could say nothing. I held the three dollars in my

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fist and watched his brown hand come up from his side and pull them out and leave quietly closing the door. The waiter who filled our plates with things we didn't want and came over the second day and said your wife don't eat no more and I said no. And lunchtime he came back saying he was sorry he didn't know, the wine waiter just told him and he got me a plate covered in smoked salmon. He kept as far away as he could until the last meal when hovering for his tip he asked me if I was a refugee. Went out, looked down on the strange flat shore. And in that cabin, Helen, where you left your soul and I've got to lie a night here between these sleepless sheets without you.

Sound of snow-shoveling in the street. Ship's whistle from the river. Tingling and banging in the pipes along the wall. Outside the wind blows hard and shivers the window. Knocks on the door.

"Mr. Christian there's a man for you downstairs."

"Please tell him I'm coming right away."

Christian looking into the street below. A man in dark coat, green shirt, black tie. No hat over his half-bald head and gray wisps of hair. A black long car. Come for me. Can't keep him waiting. Can't stop them putting you in the ground under the snow.

Mrs. Grotz at the door, hunched, breath steaming in the cold air, her hands rubbing. Watching Christian pass and meet the chauffeur halfway down the steps. A solemn soft voice and placing a black cap on his head.

"You Mr. Christian. I'm from Vine funeral home."

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

Grotz edging her slippered feet out into the snow. Straining ears to listen. Her mouth open, eyes wide. "Hey what's the matter. Who's hurt. Some trouble. You from a funeral."

Christian stopping turning. Pulling gloves tighter on his hands. Looks up the steps at Mrs. Grotz.

"It's my wife."

"What's a matter, you got a wife? Where's your wife? What's a matter your wife."

"She's dead."

"Mister. Oh mister."

The park ahead, little rolling hill in velvet snow. So white and Christmas. Birds taking white baths. Plows pushing it up, conveyer belts pouring it into trucks. I've no black tie. But a green one will suit Mr. Vine. People we pass look at this expensive car.

"You comfortable, Mr. Christian?"

"Yes thanks."

"They're shoveling salt. Then when the snow melts the guy's tires in front shoot it up on your windshield. Some problem. They know it's going to snow every year, you'd think they'd do something."

"Yes."

A morning sun shining in slits along the crosstown streets and in shadows across the park. These tall hotels. All so slender women walk in. Where the lights glow. And everybody's scared of everybody. And maybe Vine and his personal touch.

Vine Funeral Parlor, green neon sign. Sanitation department truck stopped outside. Bedraggled men filling it with snow. Mr. Vine waves his arm. Seems red in the face.

"Good morning, Mr. Christian. Had to tell these men to get this garbage truck out of here. Come this way, Mr. Christian."

Vine pushing open the door, taking Christian's coat. A firm handshake, nodding his head and twitching. Shaking water out of his ears after swimming. Now he beckons the way.

"It's my favorite music I've chosen, Mr. Christian. She's very beautiful. She's waiting for you. And just press the button when you want me. All right?"

"Yes."

The room dark. Curtains drawn across the window to the street. And the green light flickering behind the glass. Casket gleaming and black. On a pedestal, the wreath illumined in green. My Helen written with the tiny white heads of lilies of the valley. A table with a Bible. Chairs along the wall for mourners. Even has my flowers lit up. He must rake in the money. I'm glad the casket's black. I'd die if it were green. Now go and kneel. So soft and I can't look at you. See just the tips of your knuckles. You don't have to shake Vine's hand, he almost broke mine. If you'd move. Encased in glass and you can't get up. Forgive me because I haven't got the courage to see you. Because I'd see you dead forever. What happens to all the flesh and blood. No child. You leave nothing except the pain of missing you. And I didn't want the expense because a baby costs money. I wouldn't part with a penny. Only reason I had. I knew you were begging me and I'd always say Let's wait. And we waited. Your casket's so smooth. Funny I put my hand along the bottom to see if it's stuck with chewing gum. Vine would never allow that. And although he must be half crazy he's given me comfort because I don't feel you're laughed at or joked over dead. Got to keep my head down or I'll look by accident. Thought I would cry and I can't. Helen, I wish we were different from everybody else. Scream for some sort of thing that makes us you and me. Neither of us

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nothing. And on the ship you said you wanted to lie down in the cabin. Those first Americans you met just tired you out. And I was so proud of bringing you back to my country. I wanted you to like them. And even after you'd gone, I didn't want anyone to come and touch me on the arm and back with a pat or two and say I'm sorry about it, about your wife, have courage or something, but I did want them. I wanted someone to show something. Anything. But not a soul on that damn ship came near me except for money. And each second you get further away from me. Dig the hole with the straight sides and before it gets dark they've got you covered up. And all the times I wished you were dead. So I could be free. But they were black thoughts of anger. But I thought them. Must get up. Look out the window.

SILENTLY crossing the room. Parting the thick curtains to the late morning light of the street. And people hunching by in the cold. Over there Murray's best for bargains. Vine said press the button when you're ready. Does he take ordinary lipstick and put it on the lips. Or take it out of a pot they use on everyone. And all sorts of lips. And make them the kind that gleam and don't have cracks, and are red and now overripe. Vine had a green handkerchief in his pocket. What has he got against the color green. Most of his life must be whispering, nodding, hand rubbing, and the five words, we'll take care of everything.

Christian turning from the window. Mr. Vine leaning over the casket wiping the glass.

"Must be a little condensation on the inside Mr. Christian. But I hate anything to mar such a lovely face. Woman's lips are one of the most beautiful parts of her body. I can always tell a woman who looks at a man's lips when he talks instead of his eyes. Are you all right."

"Yes. Do you think we could leave now."

"Yes, a few minutes. Our large reposing room is busy this morning. We never know in this business."

"Mr. Vine I think maybe you're telling me too much about your business. I don't want to say anything but it's getting me down."

"What's the matter."

"I don't want to know about the business. It's getting me down."

"Don't get sore. I forget sometimes. I try to make everyone feel at home and not treat the funeral business as something strange. People ought to know about it. My own funeral is already arranged. But don't get sore. When it happened to me and it was my wife I found I wanted some sort of distraction and because I arranged the services myself it made me feel better. And I thought you wanted to take an interest."

"This isn't distraction."

"Take it easy son. You're not alone in this, remember that. If I shot my mouth off, I'm sorry. I don't want to do that with nobody. But getting sore isn't going to bring her back. Beauty is the only thing you can remember. Try to remember beauty. Come on, I like you, be a sport."

"My wife's dead."

"I know that."

"Well, what the hell do you mean, sport."

"If I understand you correctly Mr. Christian, you'd rather I didn't conduct this any further. I can put you in the hands of an assistant if you prefer."

"All right, all right. I'm not the kind of person who wants to start trouble. Leave everything as it is. I'm just worried about money and what I'm going to do."

"Look. Listen to me. I want to tell you straight. I don't cut cash out of nobody. I don't conduct this business on those lines. You've got as long as you want and longer. Understand me. And if that isn't long enough I'll think of something. If you hadn't come here alone from another country I wouldn't take all this trouble but you seem to be a nice guy. I even thought you were a type for this profession and that's a compliment as far as I'm concerned. You're a gentleman. And when it's over, if you want to come back and see me, I'd like that. There's a place for you here, remember that. And if you make that decision, I'd like that. Shall we close it now, Mr. Christian. You're ready?"

"All right."

"You can wait with the chauffeur."

"OK."

"We'll take care of you. Christian, remember this isn't death. All this is life."

Walking out of the hall. Through the curtained doors. Putting up coat collars. The chauffeur smoking a cigarette. One of his gray wisps of hair hangs and goes into his ear. Christian coughs. Chauffeur getting out to open the door. A flash of yellow socks with white stripes.

The car pulls across the road. The hearse draws up in front of the Vine Funeral Parlor. Three men step out, rubbing their green-gloved hands, stamping their feet on the hard snow. Elevated train roaring by on its iron trestle at the end of the street. The garbage truck has taken away its pile of snow. Chauffeur blows a smoke ring. And he turns around.

"Would you like this blanket, Mr. Christian? Put it round your legs in case you get cold. Always

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a few degrees colder when you get out of the city."

"Thanks."

"They are coming out now, Mr. Christian."

Mr. Vine standing aside, holding back a door. Coffin on four shoulders. Like an elephant, four black legs. Vine twitches his head, bends his ear to his shoulder and rubs. Goes in again. Comes out in a black overcoat, papers in his hand, hatless, eyes bright. Crossing the street. Stepping gingerly with his gleaming black shoes over the ridges of snow. Leaning in the window to the chauffeur.

"To expedite the journey, John, we'll take the West Side Drive. Go up Park and cross-town on Fifty-seventh. You all right, Mr. Christian."

"Yes."

Vine pausing, a car sweeps by. He looks upon the rest of the world as something he will bury. His gravel-voiced military maneuvers. I guess we're going. No use fighting over it. He's only trying to be nice. First time anyone ever offered me a job.

Hearse pulling out. Vine signaling with his hand. And we follow. To the end of the street. Another elevated train. Wake Helen up. Window full of refrigerators there. Say they're giving them away for nothing, almost. Just step inside for bargains beyond belief. I feel like there's nothing around me in the world. Highway on the curve of the earth. Everybody knows why I'm in this car and Helen in hers.

The two black cars swiftly moved across Fifty-seventh Street. Past the opera house on the corner where people huddle up under the marquee waiting for the bus. The sky opens up where the city ends and the Hudson flows by. Up the ramp and flowing out into the stream of cars on the smooth white highway. Towering cold bridge high up over the Harlem River. Further and the red-tiled roofs of houses behind the leafless trees. Along here the rich live down to the water's edge.

Road curves up through the second woods. A lake behind in the valley, a swamp and golf course. Great chains hang from post to post. Tall iron gates. Monuments inside with stained-glass windows. Some with spires. Take you in here and lay you down. This cold day. Knuckles frozen. Breasts still. Where no love can taste. Tickle or tender.

Man in soft-gray uniform salutes. Mr. Vine steps out across the snow. Up the steps into a graystone building. Thin veins of ivy. Vine's coming to speak.

"There'll be a few minutes' delay. Just a formality. John, just pull the car up in front there and wait for us."

Chauffeur turning, ice crackling under the wheels.

"It's nothing, Mr. Christian. Just identification. They have to check everybody who's buried."

Coffin on the four shoulders disappearing under the canopy and into the squat building into the side of the hill. Be looking at her again. They give us no privacy. They'd shout back at me if I object. If you own a bird and it's flown away you run out to tell the whole world. And they tell you to shut up, you're disturbing the peace.

They come out. Shift and slide it in. Engines purr and we move. All these winding roads and trees. People under the stones. So white and white. Branches frozen silver. Paths crisscrossing everywhere. Tombs on the hills. Heads in sorrow. Lightning in a sky in summer. A bronze woman melted and cold on a door. Cowled face with a hand on her cheek. Hold away the world from the rich bones inside. A white marble man and woman stand up out of their rock. Look out over a sea. Where ships die. And men slip below the cold water. And where are you nearest.

No trees here. Four men stand by the tent. They've brushed away the snow. Fake grass over the mound of earth. Norman Vine comes back to this car.

"Mr. Christian. I thought since you've got no religious preference I might read something. And I've just told John to give a few dollars to the gravediggers if that's all right, it's the average tip."

"Yes."

"We'll go then."

Gently sloping hill. Snow lies for miles. Fades below the stiff dark trees. High gray sky. Know young girls you love. Take cigarettes from lips and kiss. A dance band plays. Grow up loving memories. Die leaving none. Except the Christmas Eves. When the whole year stops. These Polish hands who shovel on the dirt sit at poker tonight and drink wine. Downtown in the city. They take away a wife who clings to railings along the sidewalk and she screams and they lock her up. Can't see her any more because she's crazy. Love you as much as love can be. Cooking and washing. Mending and waiting. Each thread of body till it breaks.

"If you'll just stand there Mr. Christian, I'll read these few words I've got here."

Cornelius Christian next to Norman Vine. Who holds out his little paper. Nods his head to the diggers. Straps stiffening under the coffin. Mist in the air from his voice.

"We are gathered here as brothers and we pray for another soul. The birds, trees, and flowers are life and they are around us to give birth in spring. This interment is life and for us the living, a beauty to ennoble our lives, to give us a kiss to caress us in our living pain. We gather to see the soil give one of us peace, to all love and remember her forever. We now give her to her God."

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ARE AMERICANS WELL ADJUSTED?

BY CHARLES J. ROLO

Author and critic CHARLES J. ROLO *has contributed notable essays to the* ATLANTIC *on Aldous Huxley, Thomas Mann, Alberto Moravia, and Albert Camus. For the past year he has been working on a book tracing the cultural impact of Sigmund Freud, and in his research he has had to consider the question of whether or not Americans are well adjusted. In February Mr. Rolo will resume his duties as the magazine's book reviewer.*

MORE than half of all hospital beds in the United States are occupied by patients with mental disorders. Nine million Americans suffer from serious mental troubles, and the number is on the increase. Estimates of the direct and indirect cost of mental illness in this country range from $3 billion to as high as $12 billion a year. Meanwhile, there is a growing shortage of trained psychiatrists — there is not more than one for every 16,500 Americans. Such, in brief, was the disturbing picture which prompted Congress, in 1955, to pass an act authorizing an elaborate study of the nation's mental health.

The most arresting product, to date, of this unprecedented investigation is a 444-page document entitled *Americans View Their Mental Health* (Basic Books), which presents the findings of a nationwide interview survey conducted by the University of Michigan Survey Research Center. Three social scientists on the staff of the Research Center are the authors of the published report, Doctors Gerald Gurin, Joseph Veroff, and Sheila Feld.

As its title indicates, *Americans View Their Mental Health* is concerned with self-diagnosis, with people's own estimates of their well-being and their troubles. Such estimates are apt to be colored by defenses and failures of insight, but the authors are right in emphasizing their relevance to the study of mental health, since it is subjective evaluations which decide what the ordinary person does about his emotional difficulties. The sample selected — 2460 Americans over twenty-one, living in private dwellings — is intended to be "an accurately proportioned miniature of the '*normal*,' *stable adult population*" (my italics). It excludes, among others, all inmates of prisons and mental hospitals, and therefore does not represent the people who are most violently disturbed. Thus, the survey can be summed up as an attempt to discover how well or how badly adjusted normal Americans consider themselves to be, and what they do about their difficulties.

Before plunging into the findings of this remarkable document, it might be as well to register some general reservations about the school of sociology of which it is a product. Leading representatives of this school have defined their function in terms that conjure up a new imperialism, whose version of the white man's burden is the application of "scientific procedures" to areas of human affairs which, as Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld has put it, "have remained undeveloped in this respect." The troops and colonizers of the new imperialism are

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interviewers and "study groups of research technicians," its armament is the almighty computer, and its monuments are volumes of statistics. Its spokesmen report that the natives are friendly: only 8 per cent are unwilling to be interviewed.

One of the few areas which exponents of "empirical scientific" sociology consider properly developed is the study of public opinion. A few years ago, Bernard Berelson of the University of Chicago announced that this field had been completely rescued from the hands of scholarship and was now "part of science." It has become, he boasted, in the repellent jargon of the sociologizers, "technical and quantitative, a-theoretical, segmentalized and particularized, specialized and institutionalized, 'modernized' and 'group-ized.' " Any area of human behavior, Dr. Lazarsfeld has blandly asserted, could in the same way be made the object of a science of its own: "It would not be more difficult and not even more expensive to collect happiness ratings than to collect data on income, savings, and prices."

A good many laymen, and sociologists, for that matter, believe that missionaries of the statistical approach have arrogantly overstated the scientific character and possibilities of their work. The claim made by Dr. Kinsey and others that their findings are "an accumulation of scientific fact" is at best an exaggeration; the data collectors themselves concede that imponderables — the way a question is worded, the skill of an interviewer — influence their results. Plainly, the application of the quantitative method to the study of human beings has serious limitations, since feelings, beliefs, and states of mind are still beyond the reach of precise measurement. You cannot take the temperature of happiness or calculate its mass.

Empirical sociology prides itself on being atheoretical, but actually it often deals in theories, preferences, and assumptions under the counter. (Dr. Kinsey, after rejecting concepts of sexual normality as a barrier to scientific research, proceeded to write as though the sexual behavior of animals constituted a norm for human beings.) Perhaps the most annoying failing of the sociologizers is a form of pedantry which consists in proceeding as though nothing were trivial or obvious. A considerable part of their effort is devoted to establishing, with sometimes dubious statistics, what everybody knows to be true.

By and large, these remarks apply to the mental health survey, but with important qualifications. The authors have the grace not to keep flaunting the flag of science. And although they sometimes make much of the obvious or the predictable — notably their confirmation of another survey's unremarkable discovery that the rich use psychiatry more than the poor — a sizable number of their findings are news.

The mental health survey was confronted at the outset with a formidable problem — the lack of agreement among the various schools of psychiatry and psychology as to the concepts which best define mental health. The authors decided not to commit themselves to any particular doctrine, but attempted instead to straddle two widely accepted approaches: the approach which puts the emphasis on adjustment, and that which stresses "investment in life" and self-realization. Two sets of criteria — happiness or satisfaction (which are taken as signs of adjustment), and worries, problems, feelings of inadequacy (which are seen as tokens of involvement as well as of distress) — were applied to four areas of people's lives: general well-being, marriage, parenthood, and work.

This two-directional approach reveals a clear-cut contrast between people's evaluation of their happiness and their estimate of their worries, problems, and feelings of inadequacy. More than one in four of those who described themselves as "very happy" or "pretty happy" said they did a great deal of worrying; one in three of the "not too happy" worried little or not at all. It was found, too, that worry is apt to be linked to optimism: unhappy people who do not worry do not expect to be any happier in the future; happy people who worry a lot expect to be happier. All this points to the conclusion that, in our culture, happiness, so far from being identified with peace of mind, is generally associated with a strong commitment to life which brings with it worries, problems, and feelings of inadequacy.

Three themes run through the survey's findings. Superior education is consistently associated with more happiness — 43 per cent of the college-educated rated themselves "very happy," as against 23 per cent in the grade school group — but also with *more* worries, problems, and (except in the job area) feelings of inadequacy. Almost the same pattern is found among the young, at every educational level, the one difference being that they express less satisfaction with their work than older people. Third, women, though they do not differ significantly from men in their evaluation of their happiness, seem to experience considerably more stress: they are more worried, more aware of problems in their marriage, more likely to have felt a nervous breakdown impending.

These findings, the survey's sponsors observe, show that any evaluation of mental health depends decisively on the particular concept used. If freedom from worry and from feelings of inadequacy is

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the operative criterion, the older and less educated groups emerge as healthier; if mental health is identified with involvement and self-realization, the younger and the more educated make a better showing.

Of the total sample, 35 per cent described themselves as "very happy," 54 per cent as "pretty happy," and only 11 per cent as "not too happy." Here is a partial tabulation of the sources of their happiness (first two reasons mentioned): economic and material considerations, 29 per cent; children, 29 per cent; marriage, 17 per cent; personal relationships, 16 per cent; job, 14 per cent. Material difficulties were the leading source of unhappiness; they were mentioned by 27 per cent. The great majority attributed their unhappiness to sources outside the self; only 13 per cent blamed something in themselves.

The survey appears to contradict the widely accepted view that the Cold War and the hydrogen bomb are major factors in the prevalence of tension and insecurity. In reply to the question, What things worry you most?, only 4 per cent mentioned world problems and the fear of nuclear war. This figure, however, was obtained in 1957, when relations with Russia seemed to be improving. Today, the percentage of respondents worried about the world situation would no doubt be appreciably higher.

More than two thirds of the sample described their marriage as "very happy" or "above average," less than 3 per cent as "not too happy," and the rest as "just above average." This idyllic picture is contradicted by our high divorce rate, and, obliquely, by the respondents themselves: nearly half of those sufficiently troubled to seek professional help, or to feel they "could have used help," spoke of marriage as the problem area. Women are slightly more conservative than men in evaluating the success of their marriages, and they are distinctly more inclined to blame problems in marriage on their partners. This may mean that they have a greater emotional investment in marriage, which makes self-blame more threatening, or else that they feel the man has the more active role and is therefore more responsible when things go wrong.

Single people tend to be distinctly less happy than married ones, and bachelors, contrary to a richly embroidered legend, seem to be worse off as a group than spinsters: "Generally, single women apparently experience less discomfort than do single men; they report greater happiness, are more active in working through their problems . . . and appear in most ways stronger in meeting the challenges of their positions than men." This surprising finding is reinforced by the fact that the single women in the sample turned out to be rather older than the men, and might therefore be expected to report less happiness and more passivity.

The section on parenthood reflects, perhaps more clearly than any other area of the survey, the changes in the cultural climate produced by twentieth-century psychology. Doctrines of progressive education, the theories of Freud, the teachings of Doctors Spock and Gesell and of other authorities on the rearing of children have in their various ways placed heavy new responsibilities on parents and have tended to make them acutely self-conscious about their relations with their children. Even in the most favorably situated groups of respondents, those who reported no problems in raising their children, 30 per cent confess to feelings of inadequacy about the parent-child relationship, and 22 per cent blame themselves for lack of tolerance of the child's behavior.

Parents who suffered from frequent feelings of inadequacy mentioned discipline as a problem as often as they did "physical care and material provision." Although material provision has traditionally been the father's major responsibility, men spoke of relationship concerns as frequently as women; the women tend to feel guilty about loss of temper, the men about emotional neglect — not spending enough time with their children.

The questionnaire asked people to describe the changes that a child brings to a person's life, and on the basis of their answers their "satisfaction as a parent" was graded positive, neutral, or negative. Those graded positive showed a greater tendency to subscribe to the traditional view of parenthood; the negative group displayed most strongly the new orientation. The strain of trying to follow the new concepts presumably weighs more heavily on women than on men. This may explain an otherwise astonishing finding — fewer women express general satisfaction with parenthood than men (43 per cent versus 50), and more women take a dim view of parenthood than men (22 per cent versus 10).

One of the survey's major discoveries conflicts with the familiar thesis that increasing specialization and automation in industry have so alienated the worker from his job, have made it so mechanical and uninteresting that they have condemned him to severe frustration. The survey distinguishes between ego, or personal, satisfactions and extrinsic satisfactions — pay, security, working conditions — and, predictably, it finds that skilled, semiskilled, and unskilled workers score lower on ego satisfactions than those in the higher status occupations. What is significant is that they also score *lower* on ego dissatisfactions and report *fewer*

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work problems; they actually experience *less* frustration than the professional and managerial classes.

A plausible explanation is that men in the lower job categories expect little in the way of personal fulfillment from their work; their satisfaction depends, to a much greater degree than in the higher status groups, on the material benefits.

The group in which frustration is acute is clerical workers; 57 per cent of them — 10 per cent more than in any other occupational category — said they would sooner be doing some other kind of work. Sales people, too, give a rather dim account of themselves in the job area: they are no more satisfied than unskilled workers, and they suffer from work problems nearly twice as frequently. Farmers are remarkably contented. They come slightly below the professional and managerial classes in ego satisfaction, and they lead all other groups by a wide margin in respect to not wanting a different occupation.

The criteria used to measure adjustment were supplemented by a check list of twenty symptoms, and here the tendency of empirical sociology to deal in theory under the counter reveals itself rather amusingly. One obvious way to draw up such a list would be to consult a group of leading psychiatrists, but the planners of the survey preferred to consult another survey, presumably in order to remain uncontaminated by theory. They turned to two community studies and took from them a list of symptoms which "differentiate respondents diagnosed as having psychological difficulty from respondents diagnosed as not having such difficulty." Now, more than half of these symptoms (to which four were added) are physical — headaches, loss of appetite, loss of weight, upset stomach, trembling hands, sweating hands, aches and pains, and so on. Absent from the check list are several symptoms which most laymen as well as psychiatrists associate with emotional disturbance — fits of depression, recurring fears, acute feelings of guilt or inferiority, and the feeling that "life isn't worth living."

Thus, the survey has plumped for the view that the physical symptoms mentioned above are the most reliable indicators of trouble in the psyche, thereby committing itself to a theory which, though it has respectable backing, is certainly not accepted universally.

The major point that emerges from responses to the symptom check list is that bodily symptoms are more prevalent in the working class, psychological symptoms in the middle class. The survey's assumption that the bodily symptoms in question are indicators of psychological distress leads to the conclusion that the working class tends to somatize its emotional troubles, whereas the middle class experiences them more directly. In other words, clammy hands and upset stomach are apt to be the poor man's substitute for angst.

The second part of the survey investigates how Americans cope with their problems of adjustment. Fourteen per cent of the sample — a figure which purports to represent fifteen million normal adult Americans — reported that at some time in their lives they had used "professional help," a loosely defined category which includes clergymen, doctors, and lawyers as well as psychiatrists, psychologists, marriage counselors and clinics, and social service agencies that handle psychological problems. Of those who went for help, 42 per cent mentioned a marriage problem; 12 per cent, difficulties with a child; 9 per cent, problems with their relatives. Further analysis of these responses discloses that only 23 per cent acknowledged a "defect in the self." Twelve per cent explicitly described the problem for which help was sought as "nonpsychological."

The source of help most widely used was the clergyman; 42 per cent turned to him. Thirty-one per cent consulted practitioners, institutions, or agencies specializing in psychological problems; 29 per cent went to doctors; 6 per cent to lawyers; and 14 per cent to "other sources" (Alcoholics Anonymous, nurses, teachers).

Nine per cent of the sample said that at some point in their lives they "could have used" professional help. What prevented them from seeking it? One out of four said that he managed to work out the problem on his own; one out of five did not know where to turn; 14 per cent were inhibited by shame. Only 4 per cent mentioned expense as a deterrent — a surprisingly small number. The authors take this figure to mean that people in the lower income brackets are less attuned to the most expensive form of help, psychiatry, and so do not even get so far as considering it for themselves.

One of the major concerns in the second part of the survey was to determine to what extent Americans have accepted the psychiatric view that "mental health problems are illnesses rather than defects of character, and should be referred to specialized professional resources for treatment." The authors rightly emphasize that many people who accept modern psychiatry intellectually are far from ready, emotionally, to apply it to themselves. The survey therefore takes willingness to seek professional help, or to admit the need for it, as the test of whether a person has seen his problem "in mental health terms." Unfortunately, the loose definition of professional help used in the survey makes this test meaningless. What of the

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respondents who took problems defined as "nonpsychological" to nonpsychiatric doctors? To say that they are thinking in mental health terms is to play with the meaning of words as capriciously as Humpty Dumpty. And surely it is insulting to religion, as well as nonsensical from the standpoint of psychiatry, to suggest that all those who turned to clergymen were demonstrating a psychiatric orientation. Indeed, it would be reasonable to suppose that many chose clergymen precisely because they were skeptical of, or hostile to, psychiatry.

The only halfway reliable test of whether a person views his distress in mental health terms is his willingness to consult a mental health specialist, and that means some kind of psychiatrist or psychologist. From this standpoint, the survey's findings indicate that, of the people sufficiently seriously disturbed to seek help or to admit the need for it, slightly more than 30 per cent appear to have accepted the psychiatric view of emotional distress.

To what extent this view prevails among those who did not feel the need for help cannot be gauged with any precision. It is, as might be expected, much more noticeable in the responses of the younger generation and of the more highly educated. But, looking at the sample as a whole, the authors observe: "People tend to externalize their problems, to locate them in 'concrete' material things or a job, to see them as reactions to external events, not as problems in personal or interpersonal malfunctioning."

What picture do "normal" Americans give of themselves in the survey, and what conclusions can be drawn from it? Nine out of ten describe themselves as happy. Yet they report a high incidence of mental distress (and when the sampling was done, the world situation was less oppressive than it is today). One in four has had problems which took him to professional help or made him feel he needed it; one in five has felt a nervous breakdown impending. A contradiction is apparent, and one might deduce from it that our culture makes people strongly disinclined to acknowledge even qualified unhappiness. Even so, when one views the entire balance sheet presented by the survey, Americans do not appear to be quite as anguished, frustrated, and disoriented as one might gather from some of our leading social critics.

In most countries, material considerations play a considerable part in people's estimate of their well-being and of their troubles, and one cannot conclude from the survey that Americans are more or less materialistic than they are alleged to be. Many continue to find religion their surest support against distress; they turn to the clergyman for help or fight unhappiness with prayer. It has often been said that Americans give far less of themselves to family life than Europeans, but the survey observes that "well over half the population finds its greatest happiness in the home."

The stereotypes which imply that place of residence is strongly related to adjustment — the driven, joyless city dweller; the easygoing small-town man, friendly and relaxed; the suburbanite made frantic by status seeking — get no support from the survey. The authors find that, in terms of the criteria they are applying, "a young educated male farmer is more like a young, educated, male New Yorker than either of these people is like his own father."

Although the theories of psychoanalysis and of modern psychology have been intensively popularized, the majority of Americans are still not inclined to view their day-to-day troubles in psychological terms. A good many of those who do feel the need for psychiatric help do not know how to go about getting it, and a number of them are deterred from seeking it by an outdated sense of shame. On the other hand, the impact of what might be called the Freudian Revolution is clearly apparent among the younger and the more highly educated, and it points forward to a problem. As the nation's educational level rises, and as the growing acceptance of psychiatry evidenced by the young becomes more general, the demand for psychiatric help, unless present training programs are substantially enlarged, is likely to become vastly greater than the supply.

Like the Kinsey reports, the mental health survey is a document in which there breathes the spirit of American liberalism. It was obvious that Dr. Kinsey, despite his pose of scientific detachment, dearly wanted us all to have a good sex life; and the authors of the present survey dearly want us to have a good psychological life. For all their sociological pedantry, they are holding up to us a new character ideal — psychological man. As Philip Rieff has observed, three character ideals have successively dominated Western civilization: the political man of classical antiquity; then religious man; and from the Enlightenment to the present, economic man. Now it seems to be the turn of psychological man, who lives by insight, counting his satisfactions and dissatisfactions, studying his worries, watching over his mental health. Since it was instigated by our Congress, the mental health survey can be called his first official monument.

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BURIED WITH MR. K'S STATISTICS

1950-1955 4.3% 1955-1958 6.7% 7-8% 0.5% 1950-1958 6.5-7.5% 2.9%

BY CLARENCE B. RANDALL

The former president of Inland Steel Company, CLARENCE B. RANDALL *has for some years served as special assistant to President Eisenhower in the area of foreign economic policy, and at intervals he has found time to write the books which have made him many friends in this country:* A CREED FOR FREE ENTERPRISE; *his autobiography,* OVER MY SHOULDER; *and* THE COMMUNIST CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN BUSINESS.

WE AMERICAN businessmen seem to have a special limitation in our thinking about the Soviet Union. With our minds concentrated on our earnings for the current quarter, we have not raised our eyes from the papers on our desks long enough to acquire the information needed to refute the latest brag coming out of the Kremlin. Most of us have known war, and we permit ourselves to talk glibly about weaponry, regardless of our competence, but we fall easily into serious error when we undertake to discuss the growing industrial potential of our new world competitor. The Russians know this and exploit our inadequacy.

Their new weapon in the Cold War is the economic statistic, and this abrupt change in tactics leads some knowledgeable people to suspect that the Soviet hard-core objective may not be military conquest, which they know they cannot achieve without complete self-destruction, but economic supremacy, which they honestly believe is within their power.

Certain it is that the Soviets have unexpectedly become data-proud. Having never before been given to publishing facts about themselves, they have suddenly, in the last three years, released information about their economy. Why this striking about-face?

There are three possible explanations: First, they are undoubtedly driven by necessity to develop better control data in order to manage the gigantic structure of central planning upon which they rely for production.

Second, not even a dictatorship can govern effectively in a vacuum. Even in Russia, public opinion has force, and the display of progress serves as an incentive for greater effort.

Third, proof that they are gaining rapidly in the economic race with the West is a powerful argument in their propaganda effort to win over the uncommitted nations. They hope to show that their way is best, that what they have done, others can do.

Here is a statistical table that is illustrative of the sort of comparisons they are employing today. It is devastatingly simple and is designed to show that the Communist pattern of production has steadily outstripped that of the United States, as measured by their relative percentage increases in gross national product from year to year.

These are the figures:

	SOVIETS	UNITED STATES
1950–1955	6–7%	4.3%
1955–1958	7–8	0.5
Total period, 1950–1958	6.5–7.5	2.9

To the uncritical mind, this is proof of the superiority of Communism over private enterprise. No trained economist would be deceived, but there are few such in the emerging countries.

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It would be folly, of course, for us to ignore the record or belittle Russia's economic achievements. What the Soviets have accomplished in a relatively short period of time is quite amazing; their enormous industrial progress is undeniable; and the challenge which they presently offer us in the field of world competition is formidable. We must never lose sight of it and must put forth our best effort as a nation if we are to hold our own. But we do not have to swallow mere propaganda.

The entire cult of Communism is based upon distortion of the truth. The Soviet use of statistics will therefore always present a problem. Even when basic data are accurate, comparisons are shot through with deficiencies, gaps, omissions, discrepancies, inconsistencies, and deliberate misrepresentation.

The most recent proof of this is to be found in a new book by the dean of contemporary Soviet economics, S. G. Strumilin. This distinguished academician apparently has such eminence in his own country that he dares to speak the truth. The data which he has just published confirm Western conclusions that the Soviets have had an increasing tendency toward multiple counting in computing their official index of industrial production. For example, they not only count the value of the automobile but the value of the steel from which it is made and the value of the iron ore from which the steel is produced. His deflation of the Soviet industrial growth rate reduces it to a level far closer to Western calculations than any Soviet estimate hitherto available.

To begin with, we know less than we should like to know about the competence of the statistical staffs or the accuracy of the methods employed in the collection and collation of data. With us, at every step in the production process the results are analyzed and reported upon by disinterested professional auditors who bear the responsibility of protecting the public interest and certifying as to the reliability of the facts reported. Not so in Russia. No counterpart of the certified public accountant will be found in the entire country. There, at each step in the production process the man reporting will inevitably use every means at his command to make his own performance look good, and those at the top have no purpose other than to make the nation look good.

The deliberate distortion of statistical comparisons to show Soviet production in a favorable light in relation to that in the United States is illustrated by the table just given. To include the year 1958, which was a cyclical downswing in the American economy, and exclude 1959, which was a big year for America, gives a false comparison of the rate of economic growth of the two countries.

The technical problems involved in making comparisons between the Soviet economy and our own would baffle the ablest statistical expert, even if he had ready access to all the facts, and even if they were trustworthy.

Take value realization, for example. Prices have a very different meaning in a totalitarian economy. In a free market the consumer determines the price for each commodity by registering his daily decisions as to whether to accept the offerings or withhold his purchasing power. The Soviets have administered prices. Ignoring the wants of the people, which would be reflected in free markets, central authority establishes the terms of the offerings, so that price ceases to have the meaning that it does in our economy. They do not even adhere to a single standard but have varying prices for the same article, depending upon the political purpose sought to be accomplished. They also have severe underpricing of both land and capital.

Production costs in Russia are figured on the Marxian theory, which recognizes no cost but that of labor. With few exceptions, capital is supplied without cost; there is no charge for rent on either plant or equipment; there is no payment of royalty in the extractive industries; costs for raw material, fuel, and power are distorted.

Converting their units of value into ours for purposes of comparison is all but impossible because of the different pricing systems and strict control over the terms of international monetary exchange. The ruble is not freely convertible in the world money market, and most of the Russian trading is conducted on a barter basis. This being true, who is to say what the true value of the ruble is compared to the dollar? Only when two economies can be measured against a common standard can there be an objective judgment as to their relative merits.

The fact that the Russian industrial development is still new, and the country still primitive, gives the Soviets a temporary advantage when comparing the present with the past. When a balloon is beginning its ascent toward the stratosphere, it rises rapidly for the first mile, but it slows down progressively as it goes on up. The high growth effectiveness of large new investment is well recognized among economists as a temporary phenomenon. Growth generating capacity takes on added burdens when a young economy grows older and is confronted with problems of maintenance, depreciation, and obsolescence. Higher costs set in when the richer, more easily won supplies of ores, fuels, and other natural resources become exhausted. Eventually pressures build up that compel a shift of emphasis away from the rapid growth sectors into light manufacturing, housing, and the production of items that make for better living. All of these factors will have im-

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portant bearing on the future growth rate of the Soviet Union.

It must be remembered, too, that the U.S.S.R., as a late-comer to industrial development, has had the advantage of being able to exploit the enormous backlog of twentieth-century technology, which has been readily available in the West. We have had no secrets, and it was right that this should be so, for the cross-fertilization of ideas created by the free interchange of technical information has been a most important factor in our success. Once this backlog has been exhausted, Russia will have to rely, as does the United States, upon current discoveries, and will be compelled to increase greatly its expenditures for research.

Finally, we must weigh the factors which material statistics can never reveal. First, there is quality in production. The Russians are more impressed with tons than they are with excellence. They do not build overload capacity into electrical generators. They omit the subtleties that make for perfection of performance and long life, in their haste to increase the number of units.

Second, the special character, direction, and path of the Soviet economic growth are altogether different from ours. Russia's intense preoccupation with missiles has created a striking unevenness between urban and rural sections, between precision in rockets and shoddiness in housing.

As to the actual catching up with the United States in the economic race, the Russians still have a long way to go. Predictions for 1960 show that we will have a gross national product of at least $500 billion against $225 billion for the U.S.S.R. Our population is 177 million, against their 214 million; our labor force, 72 million, as compared with their 109 million. Division of the product figure by that of the population gives $2820 per capita for each participant in our free economy, against $1050 for each Communist. This would seem to indicate some considerable deferment for the burial service over which Mr. K promised his countrymen that he would preside.

In 1959 the Russians had one million automobiles, while we had 59 million. When he was in this country last year, Mr. K explained this as being a planned and altogether desirable discrepancy. He said that if people had cars, the government would have to build roads, and that this was a frightful waste of the nation's resources. Much better, he thought, to build enormous complexes of multiple communal dwelling units close to the industrial plants, so that the workers could walk to their places of employment. The wisdom of this arrangement would be hard to explain to an American father of four children who owned his own small home and automobile.

We produced half again as much grain as Russia, twice the vegetables, and three times the eggs, while the Russians grew eight times as many potatoes. Those figures tell a great deal about the balance of their diet.

Their steel production was not far below ours and they exceeded us in coal, but they had one third of our oil, one tenth of our gas, and one third as much electricity.

All in all, the productive effort of the Soviets is clearly so formidable as to put us earnestly upon caution and to call for new understanding and fresh effort on the part of every American, but Soviet production is by no means the wave of the future. We can win — and on our terms — if we make up our minds to do so. The important thing is to keep our sleeves rolled up.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For fifteen years the ATLANTIC has held out a special incentive to short story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prize winners for 1960:

First prize of $750 awarded to
JAMES HURST
for "The Scarlet Ibis"
in the July issue

Second prize of $250 awarded to
JACK LUDWIG
for "Requiem for Bibul"
in the September issue

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I Invited Negroes to My Home

BY J. McREE ELROD

After teaching and working as associate librarian of a Korean university, J. McREE ELROD *returned to his homeland in the South, where he is a visiting professor in a Southern college. He here tells of the strident opposition he encountered when he invited Negroes to his home.*

WE LIVE in a frame house in a white neighborhood in Nashville, Tennessee. We have received a bomb threat for having invited Negroes to our home. How could this have happened to someone whose ancestors since the Revolution have been buried in Georgia? We are forced by the dangers which now face our three preschool children to think back over the events which brought us to this point.

I was born in Georgia, a state which I had never left for more than a few days until I came north to Nashville for graduate study. Here I courted and married. I received my first M.A. from Peabody College for Teachers, and when I decided to become a missionary I went for further study to Scarritt College for Christian Workers, where I earned my second master's degree. While at Scarritt I was sent, as part of my fieldwork, to Negro churches of my own denomination; it was thought that this would be good preparation for working in a new and different culture. There I found a rich Christian fellowship and a warmth of reception which were repeated in my five-year experience as a missionary in Korea. Now my family and I are again in Nashville, where I am a visiting professor in a local college.

We found an apartment in a house situated between an insurance company office and the home of a college teacher of sociology, so the project of inviting a group from the churches with which we had worked and which had kept in touch with us while we were in Korea did not seem to present a problem. A potluck picnic in our back yard was planned. However, between the time of the invitation and the day of the gathering, we moved to our present apartment, which is better suited to our needs. We questioned the neighbors who live on either side of us and found that they had no objection to our continuing with the planned visit of our Negro church members.

A group of almost twenty people, half of them children and the rest adults, arrived one Sunday afternoon in the summer, bringing Southern fried chicken, layer cakes, and other delicacies. The ladies wore stockings, high-heeled shoes, hats, and gloves with their summer frocks; the men were in business suits, and the young people in their Sunday outfits were as shiny as new buttons. The younger ones ate on the large front porch while the adults sat around in the living room, eating and talking with the two missionaries — one Negro, one white — and two prospective missionaries — both white — whom we had invited to meet the group. After an enjoyable afternoon, they drove away. Then the telephone calls began. Repeated calls disturbed both us and our landlady, who lives several blocks away. Reluctantly we agreed to have no more Negro groups in our home — "reluctantly" not because we had planned to have any more groups, but because we felt we should be free to have in our home whomever we wished so long as they were well mannered. My wife went with the children to her mother's for a couple of weeks to escape the turmoil. Following my wife's return, our landlady brought some furniture to our back entrance; the activity was noticed, and the rumor was spread that we had sneaked a Negro group in by the back door. In late August and early September, we left Nashville for a three-week vacation in Georgia. During our absence, our landlady used Negroes to help

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move some furniture into the upstairs apartment in this two-family house. Again the rumor of a Negro group spread.

One day our Negro missionary friend, who had just returned from his vacation, stopped by to invite us and our children to go with him and his family to the state fair. The children and I went, and when we returned at four o'clock, my wife was on the phone with our landlady, who throughout has been most kind and sympathetic. Our landlady was reporting a bomb threat she had received. I decided that we should make some effort to understand, and perhaps overcome, the resistance which threatened to turn itself into violence. I had never met most of our neighbors, but I began calling at each house on our block and the nearer houses on the neighboring block. Calls which we had received had reported that "everyone on the block" or "every homeowner in the neighborhood" was determined that we should move. In the fourteen houses of this block and the six houses of the next block that I visited that evening, I was kindly received in all but two, and only four people voiced objections to our having Negro visitors. In one house Negroes had been entertained in the past, and in another Negro professional colleagues had been invited for an evening in the near future. At one house, however, I was ordered from the yard and called a "Communist nigger-lovin' son of a bitch," and at another the man of the house, planting his hands on his porch posts, kicked me in the chest as I stood on his porch step.

Last night and today many of the neighbors whom I met on my visits — ladies of the neighborhood, young matrons, professional women, and gracious Southern gentlewomen — have called to meet and sympathize with my wife. Encouraged by this and convinced that all Christians by the very nature of Christianity are committed to be "nigger lovers," we have decided to remain. We shall continue to welcome into our home our brethren, be they American Negro, the many Orientals among my students, or those of our white neighbors still willing to come. We wish that we could say that this decision was made completely on the grounds of principle, but just as the money value of his property motivated the man who kicked me from his step, we are partially motivated by the expense of moving.

There are, however, two principles involved in this controversy. One is whether we shall be allowed to enjoy the free use of our home for work similar to that which we were sent to the other side of the world to perform; the other is whether a bitter and vocal minority will speak for the whole neighborhood. This latter question seems to us to be one facing much of the South today.

STILLNESS

BY F. D. DE CASTRO

Standing still — I never seem
To know when it comes, the trance,
I mean — I feel the stream hushed
Under its thin glass,
The horses, motionless, clinging to
The hill, a cloud balancing the sun
In a cotton hand.

I hold my breath. Then from the
Mouth of a tree explodes a flock of
Birds, flight and feather weaving
A brittle spell: Beaks
Spilling crystals lighter than dew
On spider webs. So bright my sight
I see the lilting

Notes leap, glint, hug and tease
The air, nimble as motes, do almost
Anything but disappear: with supple
Twists perform like
Aerialists. This miracle a canticle
To the stillness all around. And
Round the edges of

The sound of birds I feel a lit
Stillness deeper than that of horses,
Cloud and stream, a stillness bigger
Than love, brighter than
Light, or darker than the darkness
That moves above or under the ground —
Oh, a stillness more

Luminous than Death, and I feel
It breathing in myself, no longer
Standing still but walking away —
The sunset on my back —
My pious feet stepping on the ground,
Behind me leaving no marks, no quiet,
Or the slightest sound.

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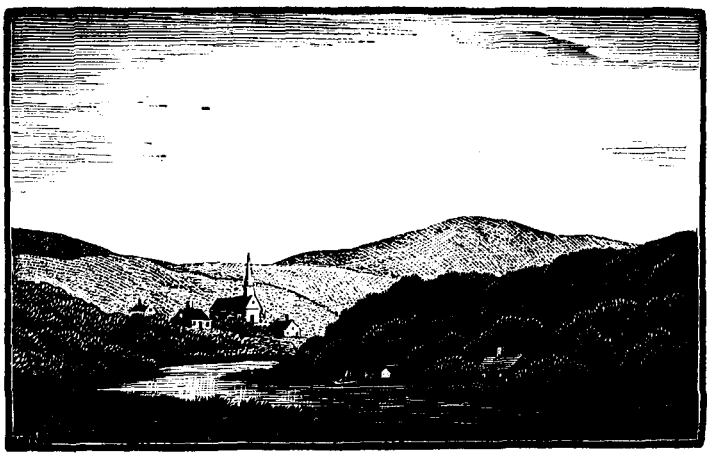

THE BURIAL OF A FRIEND

BY

GEORGE H. FREITAG

Twenty-one years ago, GEORGE H. FREITAG *first broke into print in the* ATLANTIC *with his story "Uncle Horace." Since then his work has appeared in our pages from time to time, and his "Stories of Childhood," which we published in December, 1959, evoked a warm response from our readers.*

MANY years ago I used to go with my mother to a place in the country known as my Uncle Frank's Farm. It was only thirty-seven miles from the outside fringes of the city of Canton, Ohio, and in another county, but the distance always seemed, when I thought about it in retrospect, to be a thousand miles and ten, over rivers and lakes and mountain ranges. This was really not so. The added mileage was put on by my imagination and my mother's assistance, for she helped to paint the envisioned and expanding horizons.

Now, near the old farm that belonged to my aunt and uncle and where my mother and I went to stay for a month or so during the school vacation there was an abandoned cemetery, and my cousin Judith, who was thirteen, used to take me by the hand down the long dusty road and under the leafy trees to where the high iron gate stood half open at the cemetery entrance, and there we moved on into the small burial ground where sweet William grew and snakes slithered along in the high grass. When Judith saw a snake coming along in the grass she wrapped her legs in her white skirt and squealed at the top of her lungs, while I, who would be nine years old in the fall, pretended to have the ability, if not the strength, to climb the nearest tree quickly.

Judith was getting to be very pretty; she had beautiful dark hair that fell loosely about her shoulders and her eyes were a blaze of startling blue and in a certain way she had dimples on the backs of her hands instead of knuckles and she had a soft lovely voice. Almost as soon as we could get through the high iron gate of the burial ground and had been frightened by a few harmless snakes and taken several deep breathings to inhale all the fragrance of such a place, we pretended we were from far away. We did not mean as far away as another planet, because in those days there was no talk of space travel, but far away in leagues, leagues away, and a league was far.

The view from the top of the hill on which the cemetery stood took in a great distance all around and we felt remote and untroubled on the hill of such a wonderful world of bigness. But one day, when we were running back and forth across the small mounds of earth where the dead had lain for more than a hundred years and been forgotten, a thunderstorm came up out of the side of the sky, like a curtain of fury.

The sky grew very black and bleak, and a wind came, and flashes of lightning shot zigzag across the whole world it seemed, and my cousin and I ran for the stark white frame abandoned church whose congregation, or most of it, lay outside under the small stones that had told their names but now forgot them. The wide door of the church was nailed shut, so we found a tall broken window of stained glass and we crawled through at precisely the place where the feet of a no longer re-

Wood engraving by Thomas W. Nason. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

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membered saint, possibly one of the tenderest ones, had once managed to take a sudden step, splashed in all the beautiful colors of stain.

Judith and I played inside a long while, one and then the other improvising a sermon, but Judith could sermonize better, she had more words that came frighteningly quick to her tongue, even acted out some of the things she told of and wept true tears that raced down her cheek to her yellow blouse. We sermonized to one great congregation of our imagination after another, and I told them of my mother and father and how my father sometimes drank wine made from berries picked in the woods; and Judith told of her mother who always wanted to be a great artist and who drew every kind of beautiful thing that the eye can feast on and the heart imagine. Then it began to rain and as suddenly the roof commenced to leak in a hundred places and we ran from place to place with our hands cupped together and drank sips of rain. We looked out of the window where we had crawled in and it faced toward my Uncle Frank's Farm, down in the pocket of the hills, but we could see no house. It was just as if there had never been a place at all and Judith cried and said, The rain has washed away my home and my mother and father, poor mother and poor father; and I cried also because if this were true, my own wonderful mother who was visiting there was gone too.

We could see the tombstones of the dead standing in a leaning position in just the way the weather moved, from northwest to southeast, and the names on the markers were smoothed down by the passing of the endless years. On the wall directly behind the decayed pulpit was a holy scripture in gold letters on the plaster and Judith and I read it over so many times that Judith said it would be terrible to read it even one more time. "It will wear out," she said, "and then throughout the remaining lifetime of the universe people will be deprived of such a golden statement of Biblical fact and so plunge the world itself deeper than ever into the recesses of stupidity." But don't ask me where she spoke from; the words came out as if from a cornucopia in truly a never-ending flow of wonder and in the church with the rain coming down they sounded sometimes like music out of a violin.

I do not know how long we stayed in the church or how devastating the storm was, probably an hour at the most, but in that time no one had passed by, no man on horseback or foot, no frantic mother out looking for her lost child, no excited aunt or uncle; it was just as if everyone in the world except my cousin and myself had been literally washed off the face of the earth and destroyed forever — as in a text.

But finally of course the sky commenced to clear and the storm passed. We could see it raining on the roofs and fields far away and we could hear it thunder far away and we knew that other people were waiting for their special storm to end just as we had and we wondered where they were and what kind of sad or happy thinking they did, whether they were afraid of lightning and if their mothers and fathers were good to them and whether they had good food on their tables and flypaper hanging down from the ceilings in the summertime. And when we were sure the storm had gone and that it would probably be many weeks before another rain should occur, we stuck our noses out between the stained legs of the nameless saint and whiffed the clean fresh air, and it was so new that if we took deep breaths of it without thinking it hurt our chests, and we laughed and yelled and couldn't wait to get outside again to walk among the sweet William and the old forgotten tombstones and the soft grassy places under the pine trees.

We crawled out of the saint and Judith tore her blouse on a protruding piece of glass and we giggled because everything was once more lovely and beautiful and tender and laughable, and down in the gentle pocket of hills where we knew it was all the time was the soft gray house my cousin lived in with a wisp of blue smoke coming out of the brick chimney; and there were the noisy chickens which we suddenly heard again and the careless grunting of the pigs and the sheltered sound of cattle as they stood beneath their special trees and switched their tails to keep the flies away and a screen door slamming and a sneeze, as if someone were catching a summer cold, coming from within the house.

We joined hands as we ran back and forth across the mounds of earth where the very dead lay in rot and peace, and we sang songs that we had learned in our respective schools, Judith in a much older, wiser school, singing not only different songs but in uselessly different registers, but it did not matter. We walked out of the yard of the dead, the leaves of all the trees dripping with the spent rain, the sun glistening on the old white church and poking into the opening at the window. We walked out through the iron gate and had gone two or three yards or so when Judith stopped. She unlocked her arms from around me and without looking at me she turned back and fastened the gate securely, and then shook it to see if it would come open. When it didn't, she turned and joined me, but all the way home we walked just a little apart, together but making two separate shadows, together but in a lonely kind of together, and somehow, without Judith's telling me or without my telling her, we knew we would never return and that if we did it would not be in the same way ever again!

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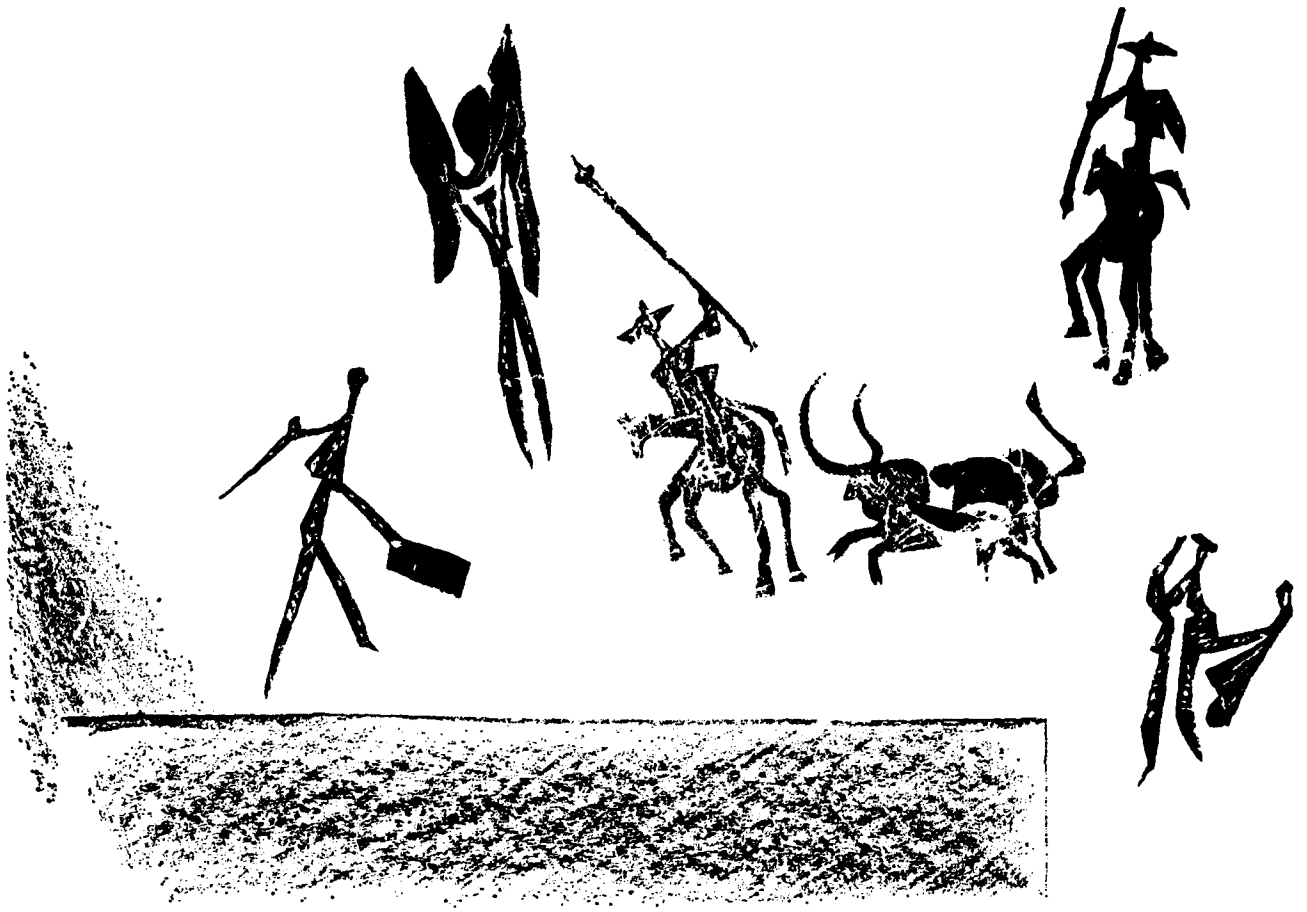
PERSPECTIVE OF

SPAIN



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AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

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SPAIN TODAY

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

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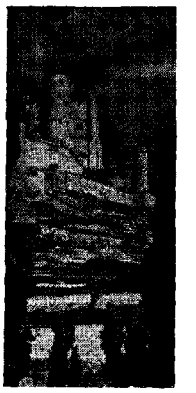
THE ATLANTIC



THE SPANIARD

BY JULIAN MARIÁS

JULIÁN MARIÁS *is the leading Spanish disciple of Ortega y Gasset, whom he aided in setting up the Institute of the Humanities from 1948 to 1950 in an abortive attempt to blow some fresh air into the atmosphere of academic life in Spain. Since then he has refused to hold any official teaching posts in his own country, though he does give private seminars in the humanities. He is well acquainted with the United States, having taught at Wellesley, Harvard, and Yale.*

THE average American's ideas about Spain are nebulous. He knows, more or less, that it is one of Europe's Latin countries, that it is a land of sunshine and bullfights, that it has or has had something to do with Arabs, that it went through a civil war and is now ruled by Franco. He associates Spain with a few famous names, like Cervantes, Velázquez, Goya, and perhaps even Picasso, Lorca, and Ortega y Gasset. He has a vague geographic awareness of the existence of certain Spanish provinces like Andalusia, Catalonia, the Basque country — somewhere up there in the north — and Castile, which has for many a primarily soapy connotation. He has heard of a few cities, like Madrid, Barcelona, Toledo, Seville, Granada, Guernica, but he is none too sure which of them are seaports.

On the other hand, there exists in the United States a minority which is incredibly well informed about Spain, which reads and speaks her language, is acquainted with her geography, history, and literature, and which above all feels a cordial, and at times profound, enthusiasm for things Spanish. They are the *hispanistas*. They include many thousands of students taking courses in Spanish language, literature, and culture in hundreds of colleges and universities all over the United States. Most of them are not majoring in Spanish studies, and in many cases their choice has not been dictated by any specific economic ends, since in Latin America business negotiations are almost always carried on in English. But these connoisseurs of Spain are not in a position to familiarize the average American with the character and the meaning of the Spanish nation.

Many ideas about Spain are, in one way or another, related to the Civil War, whose consequences persist, and constitute, twenty years later, the basis of Spanish life. The Civil War was followed by Americans with an extraordinarily passionate interest. There was, of course, an element of political prejudice in this, but there was something even more important: for many young Americans the Spanish Civil War was their first personal contact with history; it was their historical coming of age. Notwithstanding the political bias, the American view of the Spanish Civil War was basically positive and subject to a certain idealization, the emphasis being placed on the "struggle of a people to defend its liberties" or on the "saviors of civilization against Communism," with an accompanying feeling of hostility directed at the opposite camp, but not at the country as a whole. Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* — admirable in so many respects, despite the reservations that one may have about it — explains what I am trying to say; all you have to do is to compare it with other foreign books about the same struggle. A Spaniard, imbued with a passion that is not political, can

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only react to this American attitude with sympathy and a certain gratitude.

Now, while interest and enthusiasm are means for understanding something, idealization is dangerous; it tends to adjust reality to a preconceived idea and to lose sight of whatever cannot be fitted to it. If one thinks in terms of doctrines, of ideological positions, of economic structures, one runs the risk of overlooking the very substance of life, the motives — often obscure, and not always logical — of human behavior. The Spanish people are not utilitarian. By this I mean not that they are particularly generous or disinterested but that they place their passion, their caprice, or their inclinations before their immediate comfort or convenience. People abroad tend to think that the Spaniards took sides in the Civil War as suited them economically. This was not so. In many cases they embraced a cause that ran counter to their personal well-being, out of enthusiasm for or hostility to a particular way of life.

I believe that one of the most influential factors in the evolution of the war was the proletarianizing of style and customs which Marxist and syndicalist groups made an attempt to impose in the Republican zone. For example, in Spain the habitual form of greeting has always been "*Buenos días*"; the form of leave-taking, "*Adiós*"; one calls one's wife "*mi mujer*"; one shakes hands with or raises one's hat to a friend; ties are usually worn; and strangers or people that one hardly knows are addressed in the third person, as "*usted*."

After the outbreak of the Civil War in 1936, the uniform greeting of "*Salud*" was imposed, under very strong pressure, for both meeting and parting; one had to refer to one's wife as "*mi compañera*" ("my companion"), give the clenched-fist salute (in the other zone it was the stiff, upraised arm), and address one's comrades by the second person, "*tú*." People who wore hats earned nasty looks, and old men who had worn them for fifty years and who were afraid of catching cold had to put on caps or berets. The tie was suspect. In the Nationalist zone, when you picked up the telephone, instead of the usual "*Diga*" ("Hello"), you had to say "*Arriba España*" ("Long live Spain"), and you expected an "*Arriba*" in reply.

It may be thought that none of this was of particular importance. I believe, however, that it was decisive, because it introduced a basic inconvenience in life, particularly in the Republican zone. People who did not belong to the working class felt themselves deprived of their normal ways of dressing, talking, and behaving. This is something unbearable. One can admit a transformation of institutions, of the political regime, of the economic order; one cannot endure feeling oneself alienated, violently ejected and flung into the street, from that being-at-home feeling that daily life consists of. Numerous liberals and democrats, including many who were politically very far to the left and who held advanced social ideas, were converted into the officers, technicians, functionaries, and diplomats of the Nationalist government in Burgos, because in Madrid they had felt themselves ejected from their habitual mode of life.

Facts like this explain whole chunks of history which otherwise are incomprehensible. People are at times surprised by a certain "apathy" in the Spaniards of today, by an inertia which has lasted a long time. But they should realize just how onerous are the accumulated deceptions and disillusionments which weigh on the soul of each Spaniard and which, to a considerable degree, obstruct his vision of the future. Second, people should appreciate the almost irresistible power exerted today by instruments of state control, a power derived from the grim conjunction of force and organization. And third, they should make due allowance for the psychological make-up of the Spaniard, which they usually overlook.

THE Spaniard has always been, and still is, one of the readiest of men to stake his life for something. Spain's entire history attests it. But he has a certain indolence in staking anything less than his life. Everyday life consists of constantly staking certain things which are of lesser importance than life, but which, by being risked, make for a certain movement, for transformations, for freedom. The Spaniard is prepared to stake his life on a single throw, but not in small installments — that is, by risking the loss of portions of it, like a job, an advantage, a privilege, a good name, or a certain security.

I would say that the Spaniard's personal make-up is like that of the peach. This is a delicate fruit which spoils easily but which has a thick, tough stone that is unbreakable and incorruptible. The Spaniard can go to seed, he can be demoralized, he can debase himself, but he always knows that he retains deep down within him, like a central stone, a core that is healthy and intact. He knows that one day, when the time is right, he will lay hold of this core and will bear himself like a man, that he will wager his life in a clean and upright fashion. In certain countries a man can corrupt himself to the very roots of his being, and when he realizes that he has attained a condition irremediably tainted, he cannot endure it and he shoots himself. In Spain this does not happen, and in the hour of reckoning the Spaniard feels calm, not desperate, because he knows that simply by plac-

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ing his hand on his chest he can feel this inner core intact, like a gold coin which is still his to spend.

This is, up to a certain point, admirable, and it seems to me one of the great virtues of our ancient race, which despite its efforts has never succeeded in destroying itself or in decaying completely. But like everything human, it is ambiguous: it gives the Spaniard a certain leeway in corrupting himself, since he knows that he can never do so completely; just as the expectation of forgiveness gives one a certain tranquillity in sinning. The Spaniard debases himself up to a certain point, perhaps unnecessarily, relying on his ability to retrieve himself in due course, in the expectation of the day when all will be righted and he will be able once more to look at himself in the mirror without blushing.

Solidly implanted on this inner redoubt of his person, the Spaniard goes on leading his private life. And this life has intensity and flavor, though it is not always a good one. I once said in a lecture delivered in Madrid, "When I return to Spain, after my frequent absences, short or long, everything makes a good impression on me — the sky, the countryside, the cities, the people — everything, until I open a newspaper." The great richness of Spanish life is in human intercourse, in the warmth, in the ease, in the frequency and intensity it has: in free, spontaneous, lively conversation, which bubbles up everywhere; in the use and enjoyment of time, in the intensity of work, and also in the art of knowing how to "lose" one's time.

I should like to persuade Americans that losing time is an excellent investment, that it has a utilitarian justification as one of the most productive activities. The Spaniard has always harbored a certain shame about his duties, though that is less true now than it was in the past. Today the Spaniards, including those of highest social rank, work a great deal. But even so, one still finds that it is considered somewhat inelegant to be too busy, and chores are concealed a little. It is rare that a Spaniard, unless he is very inflexible, will refuse to see you for a little time of talk. After losing a couple of hours, he goes to bed later than usual, cutting down on his sleep. He may have missed an entertainment or some sport. But he finds a compensation. After a good period of friendly conversation, he produces more. Toned up by human contact, excited by the witty remarks of others, his ideas flow more quickly, his thoughts are better articulated, his attention is more alert, he misses fewer details; the intellectual cooking takes place at a much higher pressure, and consequently in a shorter time. To lose time in a generous, friendly, and intelligent fashion is one of the best ways to save it.

Spaniards and Americans have much in common — above all, cordiality and a capacity for person-to-person dealings. But one day, as I was thinking about the United States, I suddenly realized what it was that is the deepest difference between them: the distance to which life is projected. The Spaniard projects his life over minimum and maximum distances — that is, extreme ones — and his foresight for medium distance is wanting. He decides this very moment what he is going to do this afternoon, making up his mind while the thing is white-hot, when it really appeals to him, when he really wants to do it, or thinks he does. He does not have the vaguest idea what he will be doing next week, and if one proposes an appointment for next Wednesday he will hesitate and will suggest telephoning again on Tuesday to confirm it. Rather than set up a plan of action that has to last two or three years, he prefers to live right now. On the other hand, he has probably accepted a position, a career, for his whole life, one that he will not change even though he becomes tired of it and bored or realizes that he has missed his calling and that his work is comparatively unremunerative. By the same token he will feel himself bound to many things that perhaps he does not really want.

The American is exactly the opposite; he projects to medium distances. He knows in detail what he is going to do next week and, a little more vaguely, what he is going to do during the next two years, but he does not plan for tomorrow, for this afternoon; he has already determined somewhat in advance what he is going to do, and there is no room for improvisation, for this bothers and displeases him. And if an American felt himself irrevocably tied to a predetermined future for the next thirty years, the prospect would seem like a millstone around his neck.

This explains why American society is prosperous and stable, and Spanish, restless and disordered. But for this reason, too, life in Spain is particularly solid and resistant, while in America it is subject to surprising breakdowns and maladjustments and on occasion lacks a savor and an attractiveness which it has in Spain.

It may well be wondered how this is possible, for does not life, to possess intensity, flavor, and veracity, require freedom as its indispensable condition? No one is more convinced than I that human life is intrinsically free. But all this is more complex than it seems. For having freedom is not the same as being free. It will be said, and quite rightly, that one cannot be free without having freedom. But I would add that without having

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freedom one cannot be completely free, but that one always has some freedom, at least as much as one is prepared to take; for freedom is something which is created, and created to the best of one's ability. In Spain it is thus created by a dedicated few. In Spain, I venture to assert, there exist and work and write some of the freest souls in Europe.

I do not say that they live comfortably or securely; I only say that they are free, along with the thirty million Spaniards for whom there has been no alternative but to make the most of their lives in the country which is their homeland and their destiny. Viewed in its historical perspective, the emigration, which has been painful and meritorious, is at the same time a privilege, a luxury granted to a tiny minority and beyond the reach of the masses, and one of the duties we have toward the masses is not to abandon them.

Not a few Spaniards have repeated with discouragement, "Here there's just nothing to be done." I usually ask those who speak thus if they have really made the effort, and I assert that this is the inescapable condition for having the right to say it. Many prefer not to put it to the test, but to leave the country, almost always in the direction of Latin America, in search of what they hope will be more favorable conditions.

Although it is not my intention to speak here of those Spaniards who have remained *émigrés*, since my subject is the situation inside of Spain, I should add one word in this regard: the intellectual *émigrés* worthy of the name — which is to say, those who are not simply political — have long maintained close relations with those residing in Spain. They read each other's work, often carry on extensive correspondences, and hold each other in reciprocal esteem. This applies not only to those in Spain who may be considered dissidents but also to many who, though they gave their unequivocal adherence to the Nationalist cause, have preserved their qualifications as men of thought and letters. At least among the intellectuals, the Civil War has been transcended.

The fact that within Spain there are dedicated writers and not simply pen pushers, writing more or less to orders from above, should give pause to those who tend to view the situation in simple black-and-white terms. To be sure, there are not many of them, and disappointments lie in wait for them at every street corner, but they exist and they reflect the country's real life — not just an intellectual and literary life — which forms the substratum into which the other sinks its roots.

Tropical lands are sometimes called "lands without winter." There are overly ingenuous Americans who have been persuaded that Spain is a land without a future. Others, with an ax to grind, attempt to convince them that Spain's future is her past, and in thinking of her their minds go back to 1936. From that date, which cannot return, we know what emerged. As we enter the 1960s, it is important that we should look ahead and distinguish. One must distinguish between the living and the dead, between the false and the genuine, between what is real and what, as Quevedo used to say, seeming to exist, is no more than a figure of speech. Historically, one must wager on one thing or another. And when one wields a leadership such as that which, no doubt reluctantly, has fallen to the United States in the present-day world, one has no right to back the wrong horse.

Spain's vitality is revealed to whosoever, with a certain experience of foreign countries, puts his hand on her heart. Her latent possibilities seem to me very great, but they are in grave risk of withering on the vine or of going to waste. Credit is not simply a thing of economics; countries must also be granted *historical* credit. If this is done properly, it can prove to be a marvelous investment, fruitful as only disinterested investments can be; but if done wrongly, more than mere money is lost — the possibilities of history are thrown away.

Whether the future of our world is going to be fruitful and meaningful or whether stupidity and violence are going to rule depends on many things. One of the most important of these is the relationship of the United States with the rest of the world, and most particularly with the Western countries.

In Europe the United States is accused of naïveté, of an incapacity for ruling a very complicated world. I believe that American foreign policy has committed some grievous mistakes, although not as many as is said, and the mistakes made, furthermore, have so far been reparable. But it also seems to me fair to point out an extraordinary achievement, of a far higher order of magnitude, which is not political and which has not primarily affected the various Administrations, but which has to do with something deeper and more important — American society. This achievement is twofold: a generosity of which there is, quite simply, no other example in history, and the conviction that for things to go well in the United States they must also go well in other countries, which seems to me a decisive innovation in world affairs. The day that these American principles attain full efficacy in the public life of the United States, I shall feel confident that the hope of a higher historical destiny, which certain Spaniards still cherish in their dreams, will not be stifled, and that we shall not be forced, as the century wanes, to speak once again, with a sigh of melancholic regret, of "the Spain that might have been."

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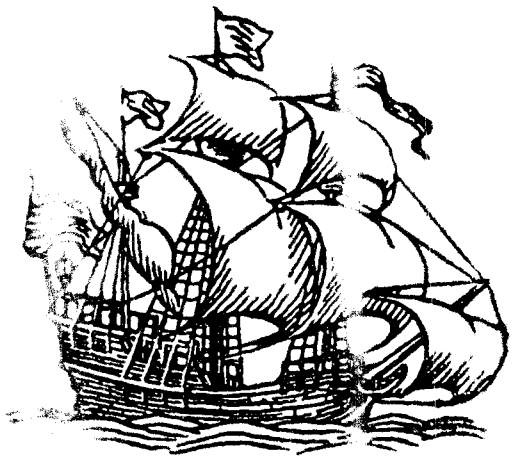
Empire: The Golden Years



BY AMÉRICO CASTRO

A Spanish critic and historian who was born in Rio de Janeiro in 1885 and was educated at the universities of Granada and Madrid, AMÉRICO CASTRO *left Spain for exile in 1937 and since then has taught at American universities, for thirteen years at Princeton. In his books Professor Castro has been profoundly concerned with the living re-creation of the past.*

SPAIN, of all Occidental countries, is probably the hardest for the English-speaking people to understand — to understand in the sense of grasping the motives behind all that the Spaniards have done in the past and what they are doing now. Spain is today a nation with meager economic resources and without great significance in international politics. But as recently as the beginning of the nineteenth century, her dominions extended from St. Augustine, Florida, to Los Angeles and Monterey, California, and from there to Chile, including also the Greater Antilles and the Philippine Islands.

These elementary facts of history are not mentioned here to emphasize the importance of the Spanish dominions in the past but to open the door to familiarity with the Spanish way of life, which made possible that empire of fabulous dimensions. The Spaniard has always felt impelled to express the awareness of his own existence, as well as his feelings regarding both his own kind and God. The ultimate source of the energy that has brought these strange Europeans to both splendid and dreadful accomplishments is probably to be found in their aspiration to personal magnificence and glorification in this world as a step toward the conquest of the infinitely great and splendid life throughout eternity next to the very throne of God. The Spaniard shows a rather special concern with his own survival and immortality. Unamuno, for instance, cherished the hope of an eternal life after death in which he would continue to wear his peculiar clothing. In the popular language, the phrase *como Dios* ("just like God") is said of a thing that is exceptionally beautiful or perfect. (García Lorca used it quite spontaneously about his own poetry.) *Olé*, the exclamation that cheers both dancing girls and bullfighters, has in it the Arab word *Alá* ("Allah," "God").

No other European tongue has called its noblemen "great ones" (*grandes*) — the "great ones of Spain," who were so by definition. Even in English we call these Spaniards, in a kind of bastardized Spanish, "grandees." Connected with this is the fact that the adjective *grandioso* ("grandiose") was exported from Spain to the other European languages. And the sentiments expressed by these words are not dead. Around 1940 it looked as if Germany might win World War II, and many Spanish fascists enjoyed the quite sincere illusion that Spain was about to become an empire, on a par with Hitler's and Mussolini's. It is easy enough to pass off such naïve notions as stupid. What is really required, though, is an explanation of the motivation behind them, as well as their historical meaning.

The truth is that the imperial grandeur of the Spaniards existed in their will and fantasy before it took shape in the series of great deeds that began toward the end of the fifteenth century. This spe-

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cial form of existence had gradually achieved a structure in the course of the struggle against the Moors, begun in the eighth century and not finished until 1492. Moreover, from the tenth century on, the peoples of the northwestern part of the peninsula felt themselves to be a great center of attraction, thanks to the influx of pilgrims from all over Europe to the shrine of St. James, Santiago de Compostela, almost as famous as the shrines of Rome and Jerusalem. This led some of the Kings of Spain to assume the title of Emperor.

And if we look at certain poems of the Middle Ages, we find even then the longing for expansion through the conquest of lands beyond the seas. In the fourteenth century, Catalonians founded the duchies of Athens and Neopatras and initiated military enterprises that would eventually allow the house of Aragon to establish its authority in Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia. From this it is evident that the imperial spirit was not born with the discovery and colonization of America, but that these events were the plausible consequences of a deeply rooted drive toward self-magnification, self-enlargement — a drive, a sense of purpose, that has never died out entirely. In the fratricidal struggle of 1936 to 1939, fascists spoke grandly of empire, and many on the Republican side died just as grandly in the conviction that they were fighting for the good of all humanity. All were Spaniards.

To understand them, one must remember that Spain was indeed the mistress of an empire more vast than ancient Rome's or modern Britain's. It seems incredible that a nation with so few inhabitants and but a rudimentary technology was able to maintain effective sovereignty over domains so far away for almost three hundred years. And even as late as 1807, the British failed in an effort to take possession of Buenos Aires. In virtually all the formerly Spanish dominions, the language and traditions of Spain have been preserved. In many cities we can still see religious and civic monuments of extraordinary beauty and grandeur, dating from the colonial period. These have no counterpart in the ancient colonies of England, France, or Holland. And what has been said of Spain is equally true of Portugal. During these three hundred years, centers of learning were established, there was a literature, and before and during the wars of independence (1810–1824), several personalities acquired international stature.

First editions of Newton reached Caracas, and I have also seen them in Mexico City and Morelia. In these and other cities, the number of books imported from the best literature of eighteenth-century Europe is surprising. The School of Engineering in Mexico, built by Spanish architects in the last years of Spanish sovereignty, surprised Alexander von Humboldt, visiting Mexico early in the nineteenth century, with the beauty of its architecture and the high level of its teaching. The work done in Spanish America in the natural sciences by the Spaniards Azara, Jorge Juan, and Mutis forms a part of universal culture.

In spite of all this, one frequently reads in the press of the United States, for reasons to be examined presently, that the Spanish conquistadors were barbarians who destroyed the Mexican and Peruvian civilizations. This is also the point of view of European historians like Spengler and Toynbee, to mention but two. In the United States the discovery of America is commemorated on October 12 and the day is called Columbus Day, but the Spaniards, who backed the Genoese's voyage and turned it into an event of enormous consequence, are largely forgotten.

In the other lands of the West there have been periods of greater or lesser culture, but, high or low, culture has always manifested itself in many forms — religion, philosophy, science, art, literature, commerce, industry, politics, warfare; whereas in the picture of Spain, certain cultural activities appear to be highly favored at the expense of others. Personal deeds, the expression of the beliefs and sensibility of the person (making war, preserving and spreading the Catholic faith, the fine arts, literature, the assimilation of foreign peoples, the cultivation of personal distinction), have taken up more space in the Spaniard's life than abstract thought, the sciences, industrial and commercial techniques, or inventions of a practical character.

The Spaniards began to react, in the sixteenth century, against the so-called Black Legend, against foreign criticism of Spain for her ignorance and lack of letters and for her cruelties in the Indies. Actually, however, such criticism appeared inside Spain long before it did in foreign countries. In the fifteenth century (1459) there were humanists who, while praising the mettle of their compatriots in warfare, censured them for not being interested in the liberal arts. Nebrija, the greatest of the humanists, studied ten years in Italy and then went to the University of Salamanca, which he called a "fortress of barbarism," to institute the study of Latin and Greek according to Renaissance methods. Thanks to Nebrija and others, a revival of classical studies was brought about both at Salamanca and at Alcalá in the first half of the sixteenth century.

Nor was the area of humanism the only one in which Spaniards disapproved of what was going on in their country. The celebrated Bartolomé

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de Las Casas and others posed the question of whether or not the conquest of the American lands was legitimate. Las Casas denounced the cruelties visited upon the Indians, exaggerating them to a high degree. Foreigners took up Las Casas's cry at once, not because they loved the Indians but because they hated and feared the power and wealth so suddenly acquired by the Spaniards. To such hatred and fear was added the natural animosity of the Protestant lands toward Spain, the self-declared bastion against the spread of the Reformation.

A line of hostility was thus created which actually ran around the world. Between 1580 and 1640, when Spain and Portugal formed a single realm, the Spanish Crown was continually under attack in its European, Asian, and American dominions. When Portugal broke off again, she was successful in retaining a part of her possessions in Africa and Asia because of her alliance with England, which had been cleverly using Portugal since the fourteenth century to further its own expansive aims.

Observing the historical course Spaniards have followed in the world and within their own souls, we can understand much better the variety of humanity called Spanish. The territorial expansion was inseparable from the sway of religion over both thought and public affairs. Las Casas's story of the evils inflicted by the conquistadors on the Indians has been translated into all languages. But how well known is it that he also raised the question of whether the subjugation of other races by the Spaniards was legitimate under Christian doctrine?

The Crown could not resist the pressure of the friars, thanks to which millions of Indians survive and move about freely in Mexico and other countries, where it has occurred to no one that they should be interned on reservations. The economic necessity for exploiting the Indians does not suffice to explain their preservation, for in the Antilles in the sixteenth century almost all Indians perished from overwork and the absence of charity. Whereas, with the gradual establishment of the colonial governments on the continent, the friars' intervention provided a force sometimes more effective, sometimes less, but always working to neutralize the acquisitive and exploiting instincts of the conquerors.

This remarkable fact is without parallel in the American colonial policies of England and France, where the role of religion was very different. Thus, Las Casas's work and the evangelizing and humanitarian labors of Zumárraga, Quiroga, and many others cannot be understood if we do not remember that the Spaniards lived within a political system subordinated to a religious totalitarianism of their own rather than to secular principles derived from practical interests, the desire to organize society — as England and France did — on the terms of the visible world. Las Casas and his supporters could criticize and modify the policy of the conquistadors because in Spain the monarchs and society in general put their ultimate faith in religion rather than in politics and economics. (During the three hundred years of their rule in the New World, Spaniards built some 15,000 churches.) The writings of those who opposed Las Casas with reasons that we would today call modern and conventionally European (for instance, Juan Ginés de Sepúlveda) remained unpublished in Spain until recent times.

The Spanish dominions were bound to the homeland not only through religion but also through the almost religious reverence toward the person of the King. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Spanish Kings were like Oriental caliphs, emirs of the believers. The fusion between the notions of state and religion, characteristic of Jews and Muslims (who had been intermingled with Spanish Christians for almost eight centuries), became a part of the inner habits of Spanish life. Above the King and above the state was the power of the Inquisition (1480–1820), closer in spirit to Jewish and Muslim institutions than to the medieval Catholic Inquisition. The totality of culture and the idea of the dignity and grandeur of the individual were subordinated to the sacred character of society. Economic interests — primary in the case of England — were present in Spain, to be sure, but lacked social prestige.

It was because Spain embodied in convincing fashion the values of religious faith, monarchy, and personal distinction — *hidalguía* — that she held the allegiance of peoples of very different languages and races. The devotion of the Belgians to the Spanish Crown was still very much alive at the end of the seventeenth century, when the physical power of Madrid was a nullity but the prestige of her Catholic King was great.

When Spain ceased to dominate Naples, about 1707, many of its foremost citizens followed the last viceroy back to Spain.

In conclusion, the Spaniards were driven in their imperial expansion by the same values that had bound them together on the peninsula — a strong sense of personal importance, and an even stronger faith in God and in monarchy. Compared with such sources of strength, the coordination achieved through laws and through practical and economic interests was a small factor. As soon as Napoleon deprived Spain of her legitimate King in 1808, the American colonies began to free themselves and fall apart into various republics. This fragmenta-

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tion did not take place in Brazil, where, fleeing before the French invasion of Portugal, the House of Braganza took refuge and provided an Emperor, until 1889, to attract the unifying allegiance of regions that felt no strong bonds between each other.

THE Spaniards have clustered around beliefs, loyalties, and aspirations in which each person feels himself near to and almost as great as the guiding lights of his faith and his ambition. The consequence of this now ancient way of feeling about the whole of life is that it is enormously difficult for the Spaniards to organize themselves genuinely on a basis of political and economic principles, in terms of mutual interests and accords calmly determined.

In the last thirty years, *mandamás* (something like "top dog") has become a widely accepted vulgarism to designate anyone who is in charge of something, even in public life. Someone's authority is accepted as a fact, as the result of blind chance in the best of cases, and most of the time as the consequence of arbitrary decision or immorality. If the lack of respect for those who command is to be corrected — and this is the fundamental problem — the regime resting on rule by police force will have to be replaced by an organization firmly based on a system of painful renunciations and compensations; that is, on a reasonable assessment of what the Spanish land and people are capable of producing and enduring.

Spaniards have always felt the forms of activity generally classed as civil service to be slow in the production of results, painful in their demands on time, energy, and attention, and, above all, prosaic and boring. They would much prefer to have a magical messiah solve their problem. But unless new forms of effective horizontal cooperation are planned and kept in readiness, dictatorships of a domestic type will continue to alternate in Spain and Portugal with more or less prolonged convulsions, or the peninsula will be taken over by dictatorships imposed from outside. Dictatorships have been the detritus of certain grave deficiencies in the history of all Spanish-speaking countries; deficiencies which, in times gone forever, were the dark side of certain brilliant achievements. To oppose such a sad fate and struggle against it, Spaniards would have to mobilize the latent reserves of humanity in the great variety of their peoples — Galicians, Basques, Castilians, Catalonians, Andalusians. Let each region take up the task it is most suited for in the readjustment of Spanish life, since the Spaniards will not free themselves from the long oppression with which they are threatened except by patient and intelligent effort, actively harmonizing their capabilities and inclinations.

To all this I would add that the immediate future of the Spaniards will be tied to the way in which their peculiar circumstances are geared to the present world situation, a struggle, for the moment, in equilibrium between the Asiatic East and the Euro-American West. If the Spaniards do not want to lag behind in the community of free nations, they will have to use their best, their most positive reserves. Foremost among these are the thousands of compatriots who have been scattered throughout Europe and America for more than twenty years and who are working productively in science, industry, and education.

The reintegration into the national life of this body of technical and cultural laborers violently cut off from it would be an event of inestimable consequences; for, first of all, it would mean that the reasons for the rupture between Spaniards had disappeared, along with the impossibility of their sharing a common life. This process will have to be bilateral, for sharing a common life excludes the oppression of some by others, just as it excludes any kind of monolithic state. It also excludes the breaking up of Spain into politically separate regions, for internal disunity would make her a still easier prey to other nations.

The reintegration of a considerable number of the *émigrés* would imply, besides, the beginning of new relations between Spain and the nations that share her language and tradition, the initiation of new contacts based on practical interests and not solely on sentimental rhetoric. These *émigrés*, in general a highly trained, intelligent, and talented group, would bring back to Spain new experiences and ideas of Hispanic America, a world not familiar, on the whole, to the Spaniards of the peninsula. The day when the nineteen Spanish-speaking nations decide to put themselves at each other's service in a practical and intelligent way, their national and international strength will increase to the maximum degree.

All of this means that the difficult situation of the Hispanic world is due less to the scarcity of resources than it is to feeble will, to a scarcity of skill in using the resources. Spain, which has begun in this twentieth century to present the wonders of her art and her natural beauties in more and more attractive ways for those who visit her, incidentally paving the way for a new Spanish culture, has ahead of her possibilities that it is urgent to develop. Manifestations of a desire for new action and life are more and more perceptible among Spaniards at home and abroad who dream of a correct and skillful administration of the nation, of a free and ordered common life to be shared by all.

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AFTER FRANCO, WHAT?

BY DIONISIO RIDRUEJO

Poet and essayist, DIONISIO RIDRUEJO *was in his youth a follower of José Antonio Primo de Rivera, the leader of the Spanish Falange. Since then he has grown increasingly disillusioned with the Franco regime. Today, as the leader of the liberal Acción Democrática, he is one of the foremost figures in the Spanish opposition.*

TO UNDERSTAND Spain's present political predicament and to see at all clearly into the uncertain period lying immediately ahead, it is essential to keep two important points in mind. The first is that the movement which overthrew the Spanish republic and installed the present regime in 1936 only coincided in certain respects, and these not the deepest respects, with the general fascist movement in Europe. The second is that the decisive intervention of the Army has been a recurring phenomenon in our history, owing to the particular circumstances of Spain's passage from a feudal to a modern society.

It is interesting to consider the mentality of the kind of military man who has been called upon by circumstances to orient the political destiny of Spain. This mentality, as is to be expected, is in large part an emanation of professional pride. It is a hierarchical and arbitrary mentality, pledged to order and authority. It never understands that social conflicts are the expression of the dynamics of history or that popular movements are guided by some deep necessity. The first will always be regarded as disorder, the second as insurrection. The military mind is relatively indifferent as to ideas about what has to be done; what matters is how it is done. If even the most audacious of reforms is imposed from above and without public disorder, then it is good. A physical subversion of the order, however, cannot be tolerated, and the promoters of disorder must be dealt with firmly.

The three most recent interventions of the Spanish Army took place in 1874, 1923, and 1936, and in each case the official pretext was to restore public order. In 1874 the Army dissolved the first Spanish republic, which lacked any real social support and rapidly degenerated into an explosive quarreling of radical groups. The Army, still quite liberal, confined itself to restoring the monarchy and handing back the reins of government to civilians. For the next forty years Spain enjoyed a fruitful period of predemocratic liberalism, comparable to that experienced by other European countries, though it was based on a backward social and economic structure.

The intervention of 1923 was the result of a less explicit crisis of public order, a delayed reaction to the military disaster of 1921 in Morocco, in which the Crown and the Army High Command were implicated. The Army remained in power for seven years and made a rudimentary attempt to construct an antiliberal political order. It was only with the intervention of 1936, also invoked on the pretext of a precarious public order, that the Army was energetically determined, from the outset, to construct a new order,

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which has, in fact, never managed to move beyond its purely negative stage.

This reactionary progression can only be explained as the result of the mounting alarm felt, first of all, in the aristocracy, and later, in the bourgeoisie, in the face of the challenge presented to their supremacy by the development of an industrial and agricultural proletariat.

The dictatorial intervention of 1923, which the liberal and paternalistic spirit of Primo de Rivera rendered mild, and at times even beneficial, did not interrupt the economic and cultural progress of the earlier period; however, it failed to tackle the central problem — that of organizing the new social forces to remold a social system that had obviously outlived its time. While the bulk of the Spanish populace looked on apathetically, the dictatorship offered the bourgeoisie and the Church recourse to the Army as a guarantee against all ills and as a protection in crisis.

It was undoubtedly a grave error on the part of King Alfonso XIII to have let himself be tempted by this facile solution. It cost him his throne. Furthermore, the comforting thought that the Army was there and, if necessary, available, led the rightists to assume an infinitely more intolerant attitude.

THE FAILURE OF THE REPUBLIC

The reasons for the failure of the republican experiment which followed Alfonso are very complex. The first two years, 1931 to 1933, were consumed in drafting a doctrinaire constitution, which was neither sufficiently progressive to suit the taste of the workers' groups nor sufficiently traditional to suit the Catholics. The chief error of this inauspicious start — today no one disputes it — lay in the republic's being set up on paper far more than in reality. It would have taken a fairly long period of exceptional powers to grapple decisively with the main problems then obstructing Spain's democratic evolution: the subordination of the Army, the clarification of church-state relations, agrarian reform, and the strengthening of the union system. All this would have had to be done in an atmosphere free from demagogic and emotional pressures.

These first two years can be called a period of confidence; the second phase of the republic, 1934 to 1935, was a period of retrogression, or even exasperation. The elections of November, 1933, marked by an upsurge in the conservative Catholic vote, gave rise to a situation in which the Republican center had to choose between a right which was predominantly Catholic and a left which was mainly socialist. The right, faithfully expressing the state of mind of those social sectors from which it derived its mandate, soon showed that it could accept the republic as an official fact, but only by emptying it of all real content, and it set about paralyzing all the previous reforms, particularly in the economic sphere.

The left, once it was expelled from power, joined the traditionally revolutionary groups in fomenting street demonstrations in a bid to reconquer the republic through violence, in defiance of the terms of the very constitution it had itself drawn up. The insurrectional movement of October, 1934, with its intended general strike, failed almost everywhere in Spain, though it maintained itself for a few hours in Barcelona and demonstrated its revolutionary virulence in the mining area of Asturias. This move was a frightful mistake, for it forced the government to call the Army out of its barracks once again and to use it as an instrument of internal repression — an act which only strengthened the Army's belief in its messianic mission.

By 1936 the situation had deteriorated to the point where two Spains, one progressive, the other reactionary, both led by their extremist factions, snarled at each other. The triumph of either could now only be absolute. This was clearly perceived by the liberal intellectual mentors of the republic and by the leaders of the center, who abandoned the struggle to elude their almost certain extermination by one or the other of the two groups. Suffice it to recall that an old progressive leader like Melquíades Alvarez was assassinated in Madrid, as was the Catholic Democrat Carrasco Formiguera in Burgos, and the same fate would surely have befallen Gil Robles, the leader of the parliamentary right, had he not fled for his life. This agonizing tension engulfed those, like the Socialist Julián Besteiro, or even Manuel Azaña, the President of the Republic, who out of loyalty stuck to their posts, not to mention those on the other side who suffered in similar jeopardy.

The founder and leader of the Spanish Falange, José Antonio, the son of the dictator Primo de Rivera, was held prisoner for some months in Alicante, where he was later shot. He knew that the struggle would be as bitter as it would be sterile, since, if the republic won, it would be followed by the dictatorship of the workers, while the triumph of his own friends would take an antipopular and reactionary form, instead of the integrationist way out he had dreamed of. He surrendered to the republic, offering to cross over into the rebel zone to talk peace and leaving behind members of his family as hostages. I do not know if, in that tragic moment, he had acquired the certitude, which some of us who were his followers were later to learn through experi-

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ence, that to try to establish some kind of social coexistence outside of the dialectical framework of democracy was a self-defeating proposition, and that in choosing the road of direct action he was placing his destiny in the hands of the strongest and most violent, and not at all in the hands of the most reasonable.

The triumph of the rebels against the legal order resulted in the triumph of an absolutist system. The military triumphed over the civilians, the centralists over the autonomists, the Catholics over the secularists, political neutrality over political participation, and, above all, the middle classes over the workers, or, as a young boy from the Mancha said to me one day a few years ago, the rich over the poor.

THE DICTATORSHIP

The present Spanish regime, which has been in power for the past twenty-three years, is, strictly speaking, no more than a personal dictatorship reposing on certain social groups or institutions with which, to a certain extent, it shares the sovereignty of a loose-knit state. Through propaganda and censorship, it maintains the Spanish people as a whole in a condition of total passivity, requiring no exacting duties of behavior but granting no active civil rights. The classic democratic means of representation — multiparty politics, direct suffrage, freedom of speech — are all proscribed, and their replacement by what is termed "organic democracy" is just empty rhetoric.

For example, a third of the municipal administrations, the *Ayuntamientos*, are supposed to be elected by the votes of all local heads of families, except those who are subject to political discrimination as a penalty for their role in the Civil War. But such elections are rare and invariably fraudulent. Besides, the other two thirds of the municipal administrations, and their chairmen, who wield the real executive power, are chosen by direct or indirect appointment. In the lower ranks of the syndical organization, which is the link between union and management, the officials are elected, but the higher that one moves up the ladder, the more appointive posts there are, and it is in fact the party members who administer the whole thing.

Even the party — the Partido Unico, today called the Movimiento Nacional — refuses to accord its own members the slightest democratic right. All its posts are filled by direct appointment, and its highest organ of government, the National Council, which has never made a decision of its own, is composed of provincial and national members chosen from above and of a good many members directly appointed by the Caudillo. From these organizations, intermingled with a few representatives representing nobody, are formed the Cortes del Reino — the Parliament of the Kingdom, which is the country's supreme legislative organ — whose membership is further bolstered by representatives of the Army, the Church, the universities, and the liberal arts colleges, as well as the inevitable deputies appointed from above.

There are, of course, laws guaranteeing the autonomy of private life, and here Spaniards enjoy a degree of liberty as broad as their social circumstances permit. In the case of the upper classes, it is considerable. But this latitude disappears entirely as soon as one tries to project one's private freedom into the public sphere. Freedom of religion, of speech, of association, of information is always interpreted in an extremely restricted sense, while intellectual life is hemmed in by an utterly capricious and baffling censorship, and even one's private liberty suffers serious restrictions as soon as one dares to disagree with the system.

At the very outset of the Civil War a process of discrimination was instituted which distinguished between followers and nonfollowers, and this makes its weight felt in all social activities subject to the direct or indirect control of the state. The war ended in a repression of incalculable scope, generally meted out by military tribunals — though less formal means were also employed — which to this day go on imposing martial law or special repressive laws on persons charged with specifically political crimes. The survivors of this excessive purge, those who were sentenced to prison or who lost their administrative or professional jobs, were severely handicapped legally and socially. This amounts to saying that the others, the Nationalists, go on enjoying a privileged legal and social position. Though exceptions to this state of affairs can be found, the real demarcation between conquerors and conquered still remains in force.

The regimentation and the pyramidal structure of the Partido Unico have caused the rank and file who lived through the Civil War in a state of genuine political exaltation to consider their party membership as a simple asset in the struggle for existence rather than as enlistment in a cause. In the past twenty years their militant spirit has grown flabby, and the general political apathy of the country has engulfed them. Today the Partido Unico is reduced to a few bureaucratic cadres from which are drawn the political rank and file but which have not succeeded in making themselves the established ruling class, as they are in truly totalitarian regimes.

The fact is that political ideologies today exercise only scant sway over the minds of the vast

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majority of Spaniards, whose political viewpoint is determined by the degree of satisfaction or dissatisfaction each feels with regard to the general conditions of the system and his personal situation in it. The greatest adherence to the system is to be found in the satisfied upper bourgeoisie, in the top echelons of the Church, the Army, the bureaucracy, and in certain landholding circles.

Against the system, on the other hand, are arrayed those who got the worst of the bargain and who are, not unnaturally, the more numerous: the middle class, the intellectuals, the working class, landless farm hands, and those who have suffered from discrimination and still feel the burden of the defeat. In addition there is a small group of the disillusioned and the conscience-stricken. They include liberal monarchists who consider Franco a usurper; *Falangistas*, who, initially imbued with a revolutionary zeal for social renovation, now realize that they were made the pawns of a conservative cause; and some sincere Catholics, reluctant to see the Church yoked to the wagon of a violent and corrupt temporal power.

In certain regions, like Catalonia and the Basque country, all these social groups are united and further supplemented by those whose regional pride has been hurt. Generally speaking, the two Spains which faced each other in 1936 were numerically equivalent; today the masters and camp followers of official Spain are in a minority compared with the real Spain, only a small part of whose dissent is visible on the surface of a deep ocean of dissatisfaction.

ECONOMIC PRAGMATISM

In speaking of the arbitrariness of the military mind and of the particular mentality of the Spanish dictator, I was thinking above all of the political opportunism which has been demanded by necessity or inspired by caprice. This arbitrariness has been particularly evident in the economic field. Here something real has been done, with the result that this is the one field in their communal life which seems to the Spaniards vital.

Great financial and industrial groups have been formed that are capable of coordinating broad plans of development and production. The social drawbacks presented by these huge concentrations cannot detract from the technical advantages which they present, which are practically demanded by contemporary economic life. The problem we shall have to face in the future is not how to thwart this development but how to find effective ways and means of controlling its limitless capacity for power and luxury.

It is not my purpose here to undertake a detailed examination of Spain's economic situation, but there is one aspect of the general industrial advance (it has been promoted, to the corresponding neglect of agriculture) which has too important a bearing on Spain's future to be overlooked. This is the social security policy adopted by the regime. More guided by opportunism than by any organic vision of the problem, the regime was forced to make allies of the principal union workers of the Falange.

This meant, on the one hand, that workers' unions had to exist, and on the other, that the working class, indispensable, albeit hostile, could not be reduced to despair. It would, however, have been risky for the regime to uphold the efficacy of a union structure, and even more, to permit it to be able to demand wage increases or security benefits. The unions were therefore reduced to a purely representative function, through bureaucratic intermediaries, of workers and managers meeting together or reporting to the state, while the state proceeded on its own to create a series of instruments of social protection, such as funds for widows and orphans, old age pensions, health and accident insurance, professional training centers, and so on, at the same time unilaterally drawing up the rules for social protection.

These politically indispensable institutions today form a structure of huge economic power, for in them have been invested the forced savings of millions of workers and employees. The workers have thus accumulated vast amounts of capital, of which the potential mobilization opens up horizons of action inconceivable in the past. To avoid a new conflict, a new situation must arise, a situation unfreezing the political apathy engendered by paternalistic policies and the fear of repression in workers who neither participate in nor direct the bogus unions which supposedly exist to protect their interests.

Notwithstanding their pragmatic acceptance of the present situation, Spaniards in general have never ceased to regard their political regime as anything except a transitory situation. It will be said that a duration of twenty-three years signifies a strangely stable provisionality. Yet this awareness of its provisional character is one of the reasons for the sterility of the system. This, to be sure, is not the only or the deepest cause of its sterility, for the system was born and has maintained itself in a purely defensive and negative stance — the bourgeoisie against all economic democratization, the Church against the secularization of culture, the neutral masses against new adventures and conflicts, and the Army against the agitations of a society in the throes of development.

For its adversaries the provisionality of the regime represented the only hope of returning to

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normal and of reversing the defeat. This hope enjoyed its climax around 1945, when the Nazi and fascist protectors of the system were defeated, but it faded around 1951, when Spain's normal international relations were restored and the elimination of rationing improved the standard of living. Since 1951, a new generation has come of age which desires neither a return to the past nor a simple reversal of the results of the Civil War with the inevitable, sad sequel of new discriminations, but instead wants a genuine grappling with the new factors needed to bring Spain up to the level of the other European peoples.

AMERICA'S MISTAKE

Faced with the appearance of this new spirit, the regime has made a desperate effort to identify the conditions of the Spanish Civil War with those of the Cold War to justify its survival. A risky expedient, indeed, and one to which countless Spaniards, particularly among the young, have responded by accepting the identification, by rejecting the terms of this general conflict, and by blaming it for their listlessness in finding a way out of their own dilemma. I must add that, on this point, United States policy toward Spain has been the most unfortunate imaginable, for it has concealed the genuine liberal nature of America's opposition to the Soviet Union while playing up purely conservative arguments.

Generally speaking, it can be said that political feeling hostile to the regime has been rising in Spain in almost direct proportion to the decline of the sentiment in favor of it, both of them having been at a relatively low level, given the political apathy of most people. Anxiety about the future has begun to be widespread, even among the powers sustaining the regime.

The Falangists, disorganized and creedless, have taken refuge in the union movement, where they are timidly trying a new socialist tack. In ecclesiastical circles, no attempt is made to hide the concern felt for the Church's indubitable sharing of responsibility with the regime, and this is strengthened by social anxieties stemming from other milieus where Christianity is trying to keep abreast of events. In Catalonia and the Basque country, the bulk of the opposition enjoys the undoubted support of the Church, and outside these regions the birth of various Christian Democratic and Christian Progressive groups attests a desire for action in a sphere where yesterday the Church cultivated a conformist attitude.

Business and finance have felt the full impact of the new experiments and trends of Western capitalism, now much more liberal than in the prewar years. The success of the European economies, so far unhaunted by the fear of a major crisis, has instilled in our economic leaders the idea that an increase of prosperity and the participation of the masses in the general wealth are far more prudent and lastingly effective than coercive measures beneath which there brews a spirit of revenge, and with it, a distaste for work. In all likelihood, these men understand for the first time that the marriage between capital and landed property is an absurd alliance, leading to immobility and engendering catastrophes. In consequence, they seem less disinclined to consider modifying the existing structures.

THE ENIGMA OF THE ARMY

Only the Army retains an enigmatic posture. It is solidly united, though doubtless worried by internal ferments and the discontent of lower grade officers, whose meager pay reduces them to a level of penury; however, this ferment has not reached the upper ranks, who have shared the new bourgeoisie's prosperity and who are comfortably ensconced in positions of power and influence which no other group of public functionaries has known. Though nationalistic ideals and exaggerated feelings of dignity are now giving way to more realistic notions, there is no doubt that the Army, taken as a whole, still cultivates the idea that it is the true executive power of the nation, the guarantor of law and order, and the sure arbiter of any eventual solution.

All the information I have at my disposal points to the uniform orientation of the military cadres toward the restoration of the monarchy, but nothing leads one to suppose that our officers have any concrete image of what shape this monarchy will take. It is unlikely, in the case of a restoration, that they will want to go on assuming the responsibility for policy which they do today. Will the Army provoke a new situation before the dictator has physically disappeared from the scene, in order to give it a greater chance of success? Will the Army orient the new situation more than it succeeded — though discreetly — in doing in 1874? The answers to these questions, I believe, will depend in large part on two factors: the degree of unrest created by political hostility to the regime; and the greater or lesser capacity shown by the forces born of this hostility to meet the country's real demands with a coherent and practicable program.

To ward off the dangers of this mounting tension, the regime daily rattles the skeletons of potential anarchy, unscrupulously invoking the results of its own historical inefficacy as an argument, and in certain cases even stirring up the sour milk of old unsolved problems. Indeed, to suggest

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that a state of greater freedom would give rise to a new wave of religious persecution, or that the nation would be torn to pieces, or that the class struggle would resume its revolutionary virulence amounts to confessing that three years of Civil War and twenty years of dictatorship have served no purpose whatsoever. But the regime, exclusively preoccupied as it is by its own survival, is not deterred by contradictions.

Less pessimistic, or more sincere, than the governing minority, many Spaniards like myself think that, on the contrary, these unsolved problems can today be tackled under less ideological pressure and in a better comprehension of the concrete difficulties involved.

In the case, now assumed as most likely, of a monarchy favored by the Army but not its captive, the viability of the new system will depend on the possible accord which socialists, union workers, Catholics, and liberals can reach to make it work. No such accord will be possible unless it includes agreements to resolve the issues which proved the undoing of the Second Republic: the subordination of the Army as an honorable technical instrument in the service of a sovereign state; the guarantee of religious freedom and the limitation of ecclesiastical power to its proper function; the political and administrative decentralization of the country; land reform; and the recognition of workers' rights to participate in the control and to share in the fruits of economic development. Only if these problems are solved will it be possible to achieve democracy in Spain, under the protection of the Crown.

THE CHANCES OF DEMOCRACY

That democracy stands a greater chance of working today in Spain than it did in 1931 seems to me evident, above all for environmental reasons. It may be that, among the peoples of Europe taken as a whole, democracy has not yet entirely worked out its crisis, but it has faced it with infinitely more clear-sightedness than in the turbulent pre-war years. It is difficult for Spain to elude the influences of her own culture and to put herself beyond the pale of European development. Furthermore, it is a fact that under the dictatorship there has occurred a change of mentality and of material conditions which makes a rationalization of the old conflicts a more genuine solution than their ideological dramatization. Concrete interests and aspirations today weigh more heavily on Spaniards — and not only Spaniards — than the vague ideas about the world which confused them in earlier epochs.

No office is more disagreeable than that of prophet, and I have no desire to fill it. I am just one among many Spaniards who are battling for the accord that is indispensable if the planning of the future is to be realistic. But it seems clear to me that Spain is faced with two, and only two, prospects: her ascent to the level of the democratic European countries, in order to solve with them, though in her own way, the problems of contemporary society; or the relegation of Spain to the side lines, where she will have to fend for herself.

I cast my vote unhesitantly for the first, but I do not exclude the possibility of the second. If the regime stubbornly insists on maintaining itself, if the responsible forces of the country put off the day when they must league together and forge a fraternal compact, some kind of desperate revolutionary nationalism is likely to emerge. If this happens, the leaders and allies of the regime will be as much to blame as its opponents and the international powers that have casually bailed it out.

For such a thing not to come to pass, something more than good intentions is needed from all of us: wealth in Spain must cease to be a blinding instrument; the Church should stop masking its sense of insecurity behind an authoritarian attitude; the Army should loyally interpret its own sense of patriotism; and each Spaniard will have to abandon his apathy and claim his dignity as a citizen within the sphere of his vital interests. But the choice between a European and an African — that is, an anarchic and agonized — Spain likewise depends on the clearheaded ability of the Western world, as a whole, to view the realities and necessities of our people. It depends, in the final analysis, on all of us being able to distinguish fact from fancy and generosity from narrow self-interest.

We wish to give special thanks to Curtis Cate for his invaluable aid in gathering the material for this issue and for his translation and editing of some of the pieces. — THE EDITOR

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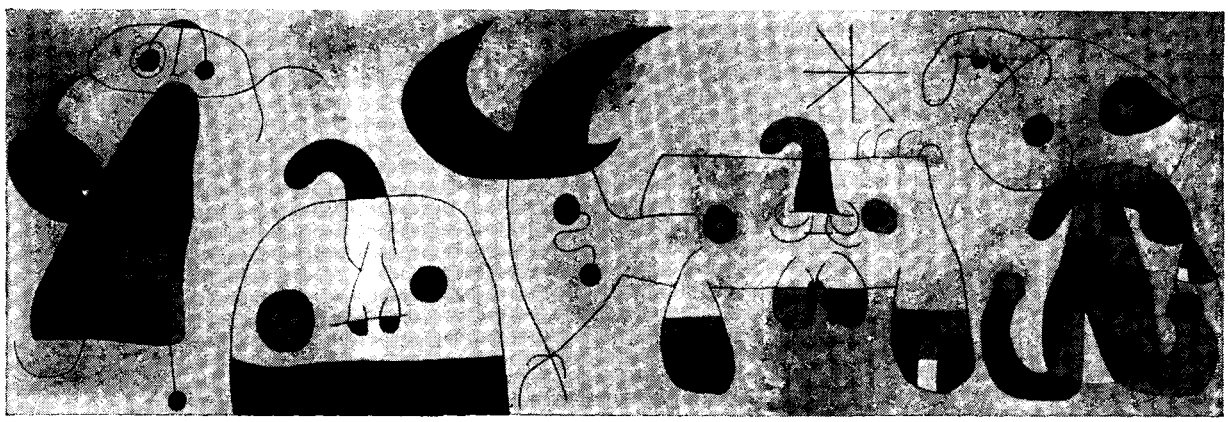
OUT OF THE EARTH: A Visit with JOAN MIRÓ



BY CAMILO JOSÉ CELA *Joan Miró, one of Spain's most notable living painters, has been besieged by writers and journalists, and all that most have been able to wring out of him is an evasive silence.* CAMILO JOSÉ CELA, *youngest member of the Spanish Academy, has written the following account of his Mallorcan neighbor. Miró now says, "That man Cela is one of the few who have caught what I really feel."*

IN HIS studio of Son Abrines, near my own house in Palma de Mallorca, Joan Miró has just finished signing — in two colors, red and blue, and with exquisite concentration — all the copies of the special issue of the monthly *Papeles de Son Armadans*, which we have dedicated to him. He steps back a few paces, lets his gaze wander over the floor star-sown with stains — or symbols and signs — takes me by the arm, and smiles. "It's like a field of flowers, isn't it, or a sky full of birds?"

The sight of him so tenderly enamored of his field of flowers, of his sky full of birds brings back to mind an earlier soliloquy. Miró the painter, Miró the gardener is speaking:

"Here I've planted peas. In Montroig, my father had peas, which came out of the earth. They put out tender, delicate flowers. Peas are good to eat."

Miró's house at Son Abrines, comfortable and friendly, is built on a long, low hill between Calamayor, with its transparent blue-green waters, and Génova, with its transparent black-green pinewoods.

"And onions. Here I've planted onions. In Montroig my father had onions. Onions are good to eat, they're very nourishing. Onions come out of the earth. . . . One must paint with one's feet on the ground, so that its strength can rise up through the feet. Whenever I'm cold, I go and stand on a rush mat; it's like the earth, it too comes out of the earth. You can't paint in a studio with a linoleum floor; you have to paint with your feet on the ground."

Joan Miró's eyes are blue and transparent, and his complexion is healthy and rosy.

"And here I'm going to plant carob trees. In Montroig my father had carob trees. When they're covered with leaves they have an extraordinary force, the force of an electric shock. Just as when the leaves fall. They're like live animals surging up from the earth. Against the setting sun, which is when the sun is at its best, the carobs are like phantoms. And by moonlight. Ah, the moon! When the moon is in its waning quarter, it fascinates me most. And in its crescent quarter. . . . The light of the moon is like velvet, as it sails through the orange-colored sky, above the hills of Génova, with a little star by its side. It lasts only five or ten minutes, but it's like a piece of velvet, a piece of silk. After that it goes away."

Joan Miró: Study for Harkness Commons Mural, Harvard University. Courtesy of Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University.

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Joan Miró is wearing light-colored trousers, a dark sweater, and chestnut-colored suede shoes, but no socks.

"Aren't your feet cold?"

"No."

A mysterious sailing ship plies the waters of Calamayor.

"How do you like that?"

"It's very mysterious, very impressive. It's like a pair of feet: magnificent. When I walk on the beach and see footprints in the sand, in the earth . . . in the fall, along the beach at Montroig, where no one ever goes, the footprints of men and sheep are like constellations."

Joan Miró has only recently begun to paint in his studio of Son Abrines, so luminously harmonious and wisely proportioned, the studio that was designed for him, to his own measure and make, by José Luis Sert, the Catalan who succeeded Walter Gropius as the head of Harvard's Department of Architecture.

"With the UNESCO murals behind me, I can begin serious work," Miró continues. "I see a new era opening for me. I have to do a lot of work on things I began here in Palma twenty years ago. It's part of the cycle. Everything has its cycle — the stars, the insects, a work of art. It's the call of the earth. You can see it in this drawing — Tarragona-Mallorca. I've got to clean up the drawing, and erase, erase. The parts that are erased acquire mysterious qualities; you can work very well on an area that has been erased. In less than a year I've destroyed perhaps a hundred sketches. For UNESCO I made two large ceramic murals, one of them fifteen meters by three, and the other seven and a half meters by three. They stand outside in the open, and that adds to the difficulty. It was a problem for madmen. The only ceramist in the world who could do the job was José Lloréns Artigas. Ceramics are such a mystery! They're more fascinating than painting. I find things in ceramics I don't find in painting. I'm fascinated by man's struggle with the fire. The greater the struggle, the more powerful the finished piece. That's very Spanish: who's in command here, the fire or me?"

Joan Miró grows more animated and throws his hands into flight, like two birds.

"Hands were very well invented. The lines in the hand, the drawing in the palm of the hand is like a strange little branch fallen to the ground, it's full of poetry. The inside of the head, now, damned if it isn't often filled with things of no interest whatsoever. This business of the memory is a very dangerous matter. On the outside, the head isn't bad: it has a plastic force, it's a handsome object. But the hands are almost like the soul. Understanding entails the risk of deforming the initial force. Yes, that's it. The sex organ is also like a constellation; it has a poetic power like a comet or a star, it's phosphorescent. The stars are phosphorescent. . . . The will is more important than memory, which is fatal, and more important than the understanding. Instinct, instinct! That's the thing! When the instinct weakens, memory comes into its own. With the memory, you create things that are dead. You can see it in painting. Painting had its importance when it had a direct application. Afterward it became individualistic, and it was like a flight of the individual. Now it is once more facing up to people, and it's better so."

"And the painters?"

"Ah! They strike me as inferior people, people who are only concerned with their craft. No, no, they strike me as inferior people. I've had more to do with poets. Those are the ones. Among the painters there are exceptions — El Greco and Goya, who go beyond the plastic object. At present Zurbarán is the one who impresses me the most. Also the Flemish. Solana was authentic. And Picasso. For Picasso I have a boundless admiration; he's a world of his own. He's like Spain, yes, like Spain, which possesses incomprehensible things which can no longer even be criticized, and like the minerals, that's it, like the minerals — always a new world. He's like the earth itself. And very, very old. To me, a mineralogical museum is most impressive. Everything that comes out of the earth has its value, as does everything that is direct and can be seen without any transformation. This is the reason why craftsmanship should be respected. They'll never have this respect in the United States. It's the earth that gives it. The air, fire, water. The air, the transparency of the air. The rainbow is a marvel of drawing, not to speak of its color. Everything around it is transformed. Fire is an impressive thing. The constellations. Twenty years ago I used to paint constellations. Now I've come back to those canvases, to those drawings. At about the same time all this fuss began over artificial satellites. Fire is something mysterious, fascinating. Little lights in the open countryside. And water. It's marvelous. The drawings it makes, the arabesques, the trajectory of an insect or of a swimming fish, the wakes of boats, the fall of a little stone. It's an infinite world. It's like matter, it has no end; it's like the earth. Matter is noble, it's a torrent of emotions, an element with an impact. Crack, crack! Matter! And inside it, spirit. Without spirit nothing can be done; it's the secret, the spark, the only reason. Spirit is

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Nature: sculpture in the open air. In Mallorca I want to make monumental sculptures to put among the trees and on the rocks of the coast."

Beyond Joan Miró's window lies the land of Mallorca, the trees of Mallorca — almond, orange, laurel, pine, carob — and the rocks of the Mallorcan coast.

"That over there is Ses Illetes. The masons who went there to quarry stone for the cathedral amused themselves carving out two great altars in the live rock. They're very beautiful and very impressive, but no one knows they're there. They're not for American tourists."

A disturbing, silent shadow crosses Joan Miró's window for a fleeting instant, driving away a buzzing insect in flight.

"They're like signs, insects are like signs over the earth. The mystery of the antennas, all that strangeness that emanates from them. And the birds. Animals possess an extraordinary beauty. And horses — "

At times a person listening is suddenly overcome by an irrepressible desire for a cup of coffee.

"Look, Miró, could I have some coffee? I'd be very glad to have a cup of coffee."

"Yes, yes, me too. Wait while I ask for it. The family — "

Joan Miró trips down the stairs like an adolescent. When he returns, he is smiling, almost timidly.

"They're making it for us now. The family, what a difficult thing it is! Don't you think so? You never know. The family is just as likely to cramp a man as give him balance. They'll call us in a moment to have our coffee, you'll see. I like to have a cup of coffee myself, once in a while. Are you a big eater?"

"Well, yes, rather more yes than no. And you?"

"No. I discipline myself. I like to eat, but I discipline myself. Cookery is like an art. I lead an austere life, because if I don't, I don't feel well. Cookery is a refinement, it's like superpositions for color transparencies, like the layers of the earth, first one, then another, and another. It's the same with the wine cellar. I drink normally, I never get drunk. I have nothing against the man who drinks to the point of drunkenness. He's perfectly within his right. When you're a man of quality, it seems all right to me. The trouble comes when you're not a man of quality. Then it's a bad thing. Man is an ass, yes, a real ass. And so clumsy, so dull-witted. My God, what stupidity! Just think what men are up to now! Men are a bunch of asses, vain, ambitious asses."

"And women?"

"Ah, that's another matter! In man's first age woman is like a shock, an object of fascination. Later she serves as balance. Woman is a very balanced creature. Woman is a magnificent animal. Yes, woman is a magnificent object: as animal, as sculpture; like a stone, like a flower, like a tree. Flowers are marvelous, but a tree always impresses me far more. A carob impresses me more than all the flowers put together. In Montroig my father had carob trees that came out of the earth. . . . Woman has great rhythm, she's like a landscape seen from an airplane, pure rhythm. How well one sees the rhythm of the landscape, the rhythm of the earth from a plane. When you're on foot, you see a peasant, a stone, a stain; all these have rhythm too. From a train or a car you see nothing, everything flies past. A hunter, a fisherman — Are you a hunter?"

"No."

"I'm glad to hear it. I've got nothing against the hunter; let every man do as he likes. Big-game hunting is something noble, a struggle. Bang! Bang! A wild boar, a lion. But killing rabbits is in poor taste; there's nothing more ridiculous. The other day I saw a man going around here killing birds with a rifle. How ridiculous! Fishing is another matter. Fishing with a rod is a pastime for poets; the fly fisherman can amuse himself simply watching the ripples on the water. It's a good thing because it's not a sport. Sports serve to brutalize man. Socially they're a kind of drug, it seems to me, something false. Just think what idiots the great soccer players are!"

Joan Miró's dining room is bright and open. From one corner of the ceiling a Calder mobile is suspended, as mysterious as a tree covered with leaves. Joan Miró's coffee is hot and good. On the walls are paintings by Léger, Braque, Kandinsky. Joan Miró's coffee is aromatic and refreshing.

"Won't you have a roll?"

"No thanks, this is fine."

"My grandson — you'll see him for yourself — eats all the rolls put in front of him. He's two years old and his name is David; you'll see him by and by. I feel great sympathy for children: a smile, a burst of laughter, a shout, a word no one can understand, which only the child understands — "

The room is airy and gay. Some earthenware pieces by Lloréns Artigas can be seen in a glass case, next to some rustic pottery.

"Everything is authentic, everything comes out of the earth itself. It's like the bullfight; the bullfight is very impressive and authentic. The further along I get in life, the more it interests me."

At times a person listening is suddenly assailed by evil thoughts which run through his head like

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the mischievous whims of a child with nothing better to do.

"Listen, Miró, what do you think of criminals?"

"Oh! There are criminals worthy of great respect. A well-executed assassination is most meritorious, believe me."

"And heroes?"

"No, not that; from close up they usually turn out to be sorry creatures."

"And saints?"

"Ah, that's a serious problem."

Miró's house, comfortable and friendly, is the work of the Mallorcan architect Enrique Juncosa. His studio is next to his house and a little below it. We go back to it by a small flight of steps, guarded by a small iron gate, to keep David from rolling down. In the spacious studio of Son Abrines the unfinished work is piled up: canvases, sketches, and papers, along with stones, bits of sacking, and pieces of old copperware, all of them waiting to be worked and reworked by the hand and the patience and the wisdom of Joan Miró.

"Yes, there's a great deal to be done. I'm putting all of this in order. In less than a year, as I told you, I've destroyed a hundred sketches. You've got to be courageous and not take a fancy to the wrong things. You must cling to the earth. Paris is fine; one is fatally bound to pass through Paris. Madrid, the Prado Museum, all they say about Spanish sobriety, Zurbarán, yes, that's fine, all that's fine. But you've got to cling to the earth. I was born in Barcelona. Well, now, in Barcelona I feel like a foreigner. Big cities are not to be lived in. The light of Mallorca, look at it out there. This light of Mallorca is a marvel. The landscape, no; the landscape of Mallorca is not pictorial. The light of Mallorca is impregnated with the purest poetry. It reminds me of the light of those Oriental things that present themselves as though through a veil, the light of those minute things that are drawn. There's nothing casual, nothing gratuitous about my having come to live and work here. It's the call of the earth, Tarragona-Mallorca. Or the reverse — it's all the same — Mallorca-Tarragona. Montroig-Palma. I have felt it since I was two or three years old and was sent to spend Christmas with my grandparents, Josefa and Juan Ferrá. The Mediterranean. I couldn't live in a country from which you couldn't see the sea. I mean the Mediterranean Sea. You're from the Atlantic. That's all right. The Atlantic and all those seas are fine, but they're something else again. And Catalonia. That's mental strength, plastic strength, damned if it isn't! Montroig has meant a lot to me. Mallorca is poetry, Mallorca is the light. Not until I balanced Montroig and Mallorca — something I didn't succeed in doing until lately — did I reach my maturity."

Joan Miró uttered these last words in a hollow voice and in a tone of dubious preoccupation.

"Shall we go to my daughter's house? My daughter lives up there. I'll show you an old painting of mine. I'll also introduce you to my grandson; he's already two years old."

Miró's old painting is a detailed, delicate portrait of Montroig, almost an X ray of Montroig. It is dated 1919.

"This is Montroig."

"Yes."

David is a half-baked kid who has just wet his pants and who, instead of seeming ashamed or contrite, wears a smile of triumph.

"This is my grandson."

"Yes."

All of a sudden Joan Miró falls silent.

Translated by Anthony Kerrigan.

"In Spain, let us not forget, political action of a progressive tendency is wont to be feeble, because it lacks originality; it is sheer mimicry which does no more than serve as a goad to the reaction. It would seem that only the tides of reaction function in our social mechanism with any precision and energy. The politicians who claim to govern with an eye to the future should keep in mind the deep, undertow reaction which in Spain follows any surface advance. Our politicians of the so-called left — all too frivolous, be it said in passing — rarely reckon, when they fire off their rifles of futuristic rhetoric, on the recoil of the butt ends, which, strange as it may seem, is apt to be more violent than the shot."

— ANTONIO MACHADO

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A GYPSY WEDDING

BY ANTHONY CARSON

ANTHONY CARSON *is an Englishman who has lived in New Zealand as a sheep shearer, in the United States, France, Italy, and Spain. His stories and sketches have charmed readers of* PUNCH *and the* NEW STATESMAN *and have been partially collected in three delightfully madcap books.*

I WAS sleeping soundly when I felt someone beating me. I woke with a start and saw the Señora. She continued to strike me on the bottom with a particular sort of frenzy.

"But what have I done?" I cried.

"Up!" she shouted, and her eyes were bright with excitement. "A gypsy wedding," she cried, slapping my bottom and rushing over to the window and opening the shutters. It was a terribly beautiful day.

"A gypsy wedding," she repeated. "Listen to the bells in the cathedral — and we are invited!" She brought me coffee, and I dressed.

The family Mir were rather rare among the people of Tarragona in having a fondness for gypsies. The Señora liked to give them work, and in fact sought out gypsies rather than *payos* ("non-gypsies"). She was intrigued by their passionate, birdlike behavior, their life philosophy of five minutes, their sacrifice of security for blood and color. Admittedly, the gypsies of Catalonia have little or no relationship with the gypsies of Andalusia and have not nearly as much to contribute to song and dance as those of the south. But they have, of course, the same pride, secretiveness, ostentatiousness, and darkness in the heart. Those in Tarragona mostly live by selling old clothes and are generally poor but considered "good." In Barcelona you find the fairly rich gypsy who sells horses, who owns a small business, and who, in the fishing villages, may possess a fishing launch and work hard as a fisherman. In the summer some of the gypsies of Tarragona, who can play the guitar or sing or dance, perhaps rather indifferently, earn money in tourist fiestas or at the little night club near the sea called the Bolera. A gypsy I know explained all this to me as "cinema."

"It is something to catch the eye," he said, "a sort of movement for the uninitiated. Neither the tourist nor the Catalan knows anything about *cante hondo*, the deep song. The Catalan pretends to despise it — it is not 'civilized' — and the tourist is ready to accept anything 'Spanish.' So here there is much dancing and flashing and movement for those things which should be quite still, like water. In Andalusia you cannot hear a mouse move during the *seguidillas*, *tarantas*, *martinetes*, *cañas*, *soleares*, or *serranas*."

My friend Ignacio, the Señora, and I climbed up the steps to the cathedral and entered it. It was like a sea. The brown people of exile had taken it over as, twice a year, they take over the Cathedral of Les-Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer in the Camargue. Bride and bridegroom walked gravely down the aisle toward the great door, and outside, in the January sunlight, there was a loud shout, and we started running. The square in front of the cathedral was like the Last Trumpet, and everybody was there. Suddenly one could see how crammed Tarragona was with gypsies

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and how they vibrated in the sun like dragonflies, filling the world with a ringing bronze vitality which was almost appalling. I felt thin and toppling, in need of blood transfusions. They began to shrill and scream, and when the bridegroom reached the middle of the square, people began throwing confetti at his head. Perhaps confetti is not quite the right word — it was a sort of congealed confetti, about the size of a fist and as hard as rock. The bridegroom was a very tall well-built man, and he took the confetti rocks well, without a tremor, and maintained a demeanor of perfect modesty and proud good will.

Suddenly the Señora gave a scream and cried, "Mari. It's Mari." She pointed toward the bride.

The bride was dressed and scarfed in white and looked like a princess out of a fairy tale. She was slim, and her eyes were as soft as a new moon on water, and her face was as brown as a ripe hazel. What amazed me most was the grace and the air of legend with which she moved in her wedding dress. The Señora took Ignacio's hand and mine, and we ran through the shouting gypsies and down a lane in order to take a good position for the procession.

"Mari is fifteen years old," explained the Señora with great excitement, "and is so poor it gives fear. All her family are poor, but good. Mari I have known almost in rags. I love her dearly. Let me tell you this about Mari." We stopped in the middle of the lane and waited. "Mari used to come to our house," she said. "She was twelve, like a pretty bird, and danced as easily as a raindrop. My daughter used to give her lessons, particularly in holding her hands up straight, something which the Tarragona gypsies never seem able to do. Well, on one occasion I could see that she was very hungry, the poor one, and I gave her some money to go out and buy bread. After a time she returned with a bag of caramels and a stick of chocolate. 'The bakeries have no more bread,' she said. This was at nine o'clock in the morning. That is the gypsies. Caramels and earrings and gold teeth."

I was presented to the bride and bridegroom, and they passed on.

"He is rich," said the Señora with great satisfaction, "and owns a fishing boat in Blanes. But it appears that he has only known the poor child two days. They met at another gypsy's wedding. However, that is the way they do it."

We moved on, and as we went I could see how many friends the Mirs had among the gypsies, how many smiles exploded like rockets.

After lunch we went to the wedding fiesta. *Payos* were not admitted, but by a special dispensation Ignacio, the Señora, and I were allowed to attend.

The fiesta was being held in the gypsy café near the remains of the Forum, which was called the Café Foro. Day and night it was crammed with gypsies, some of them drunks who went there to sleep off orgies they had held in other cheaper cafés and whom the proprietor pushed into the back precincts of his establishment. "For the sake of appearances," he told me once, "you can't have them snoring at the front tables." He was quite proud of a long iron hook which he kept behind the counter, which he used as a grappling iron to collar gypsies who began stealing glasses. "It's a difficult game," he admitted. "You never quite know where you are with them. And they fight and break the chairs. But many of them are good. Better than the ones of Barcelona, who swank and wear bracelets and have good teeth pulled out and gold stuck in."

All gypsies, to a certain extent, hold together, but only loosely, and that simply in face of the peril of the unpredictable Europeans (whoever they may be) with their slow laws and policies of drawn-out revenge. In fact, none of them are at peace with one another — tribe against tribe, house against house, dog against dog. It is only their enormous vitality and enjoyment of the wonderful, holiday minute which prevents them from a kind of atomic explosion. And then, of course, there are the serious gypsies, and I remember very well some of the gypsies of Granada, particularly the Heredias.

However, it is useless to discuss the attributes of gypsies. Whether they are our friends, whether they wear coats with fur collars, whether they speak Castilian or Catalan, they are just that little way over on the other side of the moon. And that is possibly, at fugitive moments, the place to meet them, if you are fortunate enough to have some sort of transport.

When we entered the Café Foro it was already half filled with the Tarragona gypsies, who had the expectant looks of the poor at feasts. They were all, in a sense, one family, and had the same enduring Egyptian air, old and young, with the children set in front of them, as in a formal photograph of a function. After a time the rich family from Barcelona arrived, and all eyes were turned on the bridegroom and his two brothers. They seemed unnaturally tall, compared with the others, and extremely good-looking, the bridegroom in a smart blue suit, another in gray with a pearl tiepin, and the tallest in a long brown coat with a fur collar. There was also a very attractive smart lady with gold bangles and tightly combed night-black hair, whom one could have met at any

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fashionable party in Knightsbridge. Some said that she was the wife of a rich industrialist of Barcelona, but others said no. She gave an extraordinary brilliance to the fiesta and threw a certain shadow over the other, patient, enduring half of the room.

Little whispers of the guitar began, and some absolutely tiny children began dancing. They were like butterflies. They were chased away by their mothers because they had nothing to do with the fiesta. But they kept returning, tunneling under legs, side-stepping chairs, and flickering around the room with the embryo gestures of passion, jealousy, and abandoned despair. Two men arrived with *porrónes* of anis (absinthe. Or is it absinthe? To me it is just anis) and cognac, and sweet muscatel for the ladies. One of the men, said Ignacio in a whisper, was rather a bad man. The cognac was remarkably strong and very soon began to take effect. There is no doubt that cognac, or even wine, poured from the jet of a *porrón* is much more intoxicating than when drunk from a glass. I began talking impetuously to Miguel, the brother of Celestino, the bridegroom, about things I cannot now remember. As the dancing and singing began and as more anis and cognac were handed around, the stars came down into the room.

> You are the snow; I am the fire.
> Come, Serrana, with me.
> You are the snow; I am the fire.
> I pray to God to chastise me,
> Make my eyes blind,
> If I don't take you to the church.

The dancing was not of the first order but possessed that wildness and power which make the dancing of most gypsies attractive and delightful, particularly with the sweet, strong flow of anis and cognac. There was terrible tension in the room, and hatred and pride, but I wasn't aware of it at the moment.

A little boy jumped into the middle of the room. He must have been about eight years old and had an eye askance. His coat was a little too big for him, and I am under the impression that it formed part of the collective gift given by Celestino to the members of Mari's family. His dancing was aggressive: he was a thorough little bullfinch. As he danced he lifted the back of his coat and plunged with his stomach. He was a male. The grandmothers doubled up, cackling with ecstasy, and the gay lady from Barcelona rattled her earrings. It was a beautiful sight, the boy dancing against the power of the room.

> See what a gypsy I am.
> I have only one shirt.
> I take it off
> And it is yours.

Suddenly there was silence, and the man whom Ignacio had called bad climbed up on a chair. He wore a checkered cap and the look of an unpredictable uncle. He was, I could see, a great favorite with the girls.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, "only gypsies are allowed here. This is a special occasion, and will all *payos* kindly leave."

The drink was on me, and I rose. "And me," I said.

The gay lady from Barcelona jingled her earrings and laughed. "Don't worry, you're in the family," she said.

At the same moment, as though to confirm her words, a wonderful brown child climbed onto my lap. I could feel her enormous pleasure in being alive; it was a sort of gallant confidence and gaiety which joined, in my bowels, with the anis and the cognac (and, by now, the muscatel. At least I think it was muscatel).

By this time I had to dance.

"Certainly," said Ignacio with resignation. Perhaps he was doubtful whether English *payos* should dance at gypsy weddings.

But Miguel was emphatic. "Certainly you must dance," he said. I took another jet of brandy, another of anis, and a third of muscatel. Miguel, by this time, had risen and spoken to his brother, and there on the floor stood the bride, waiting.

"The bride!" said Ignacio. "But it is unheard of in gypsy weddings."

I got up and joined her on the floor; the guitars shuddered and flowered.

Mari, I could see, was a little frightened, possibly because I was rather drunk, but also because I was tall. She had already whispered to the Señora that Celestino was too tall to give her confidence. For a gypsy, even at the age of fifteen, Mari was strangely pure, lost, and gentle. I had heard that, owing to the doubt of a former *novio*, she had undergone the gypsy's test, which is performed by the old women to prove virginity. This *novio*, having received the proof, continued his suit but was refused. And rightly. It was not difficult to see the sweetness of this girl, and a slight inefficiency. Celestino had offered her marriage knowing that she was not only poor but she was utterly unable to cook, sew, or keep the house. She had been sheltered by love, perhaps.

After a few minutes of my extravagant dancing the poor girl ran away, possibly to cry. She was replaced immediately by an aged aunt. I continued to dance with this aunt, utterly unaware that we were providing a hilarious comedy turn. She looked ferociously ugly, but I think most of this ugliness was owing to her expression, which she had purposely put on to cover the shame and fear of the young bride. By this time I was trying

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to dance with sensibility, waving my hands in what I thought was the old spirit of Triana. Years ago, a hundred years ago, I had learned to dance it in Seville. The aunt seized on this and caricatured me with such enormous malice that the hall was in an uproar. Suddenly I was aware of this, but the warmth and the breath of the brandy and the tiny running feet of the guitars went to my head and I continued dancing, bathed in a bath of absurd joy. Finally I couldn't proceed any more. The guitars went bankrupt, and I walked back to my seat. Miguel rushed up to me. Miguel, with his height and his air of nobility, could have impressed any pretendant for the hand of a princess.

"My friend," he said, "don't take this bad."

"What bad?" I asked.

"But, the aunt," he said.

"Of course I don't take the aunt bad," I said. "It was good."

"I thought you might have taken it bad," said Miguel. "The bride running away and the aunt and her tricks."

The dancing went on, punctuated by the sudden fritillary twists of the butterfly children, chased away by mothers and grandmothers. Now there was pace.

Suddenly something happened. A girl took the floor and gave a passion and seriousness which quite changed the leisurely air of the fiesta. It should always be remembered that there are serious gypsies who give a devotion to song and dance that is as great as that of a procession of cardinals. She burned and died and was born again.

> With a great stick in my hand
> I am going to find my brother
> Who is drunk to perdition.

Her name was Carmen. I took the most enormous fancy to her. When she left the floor she sat down near the guitarists and dwindled into a small girl with black hair.

"But, Carmen," I said to Miguel. "I must speak to Carmen."

"It is rather difficult," Miguel said to me. "The gypsies are difficult."

"But I must speak to her," I said.

"Very well," said Miguel, "I will see what I can do."

He went over to speak to her, and eventually she approached me. "I am Carmen," she said sullenly, and she had no grace. She hated me, and I loved her for her hate.

The next time she danced, Ignacio and I rose from our chairs.

"Artist!" we cried. "Saint! Charmer!"

The rest of the evening was hazy, and Ignacio and the Señora and I left.

THE EXILES

BY GREGORIO MARAÑON

Many generations of Spaniards have been forced to leave their homeland. There is not a corner of the earth in which Spaniards have not lived and turned their troubled eyes nostalgically toward the peninsula, remote and forbidden. France, Portugal, Italy, and England, the torrid lands of Africa, the silent countries of the Arctic, fruitful America, the lost isles in the seven seas have sustained the exiled Spaniard's tragic lot and have seen him struggle, conform, and go on hoping.

Much has been written about the influence of French thought on Spanish literature, and also, though less, about its influence on our political life. But in speaking of this influence, people always think of tangible things, such as diplomatic treaties, the diffusion of the works of great thinkers, official journeys, and propaganda. There is a tendency to overlook less obvious influences, such as emigrations, perhaps because they often involve people of slight historical importance. Even when the emigrant is a great figure, his biographers slur over the chapter on his exile or weigh it down with picturesque anecdotes, forgetting the long, fecund hours of meditation, the sorrowful hours of study, the direct observation of life in the foreign country, and the distant vision of the homeland, which perhaps can only be clearly viewed from afar and through the eyes of the homesick.

This tendency has been particularly true of Spain. A great portion of our internal politics has been born in the emigrations, and above all in the emigrations to France, a country which, less for geographic than for sentimental reasons, has almost always been chosen by our exiles. Since 1939, 120,000 Spanish Republicans have lived in France as exiles.

Every emigration has been the result of a civil war, and a civil war is always the worst calamity that can befall a people. But once the strife has ceased and the sorrow of those forced to live far from their homes has been exhausted — and this is a particularly poignant sorrow for the Spaniard — the one positive good resulting from the fratricidal conflict has been the experience of living in a foreign land and the subsequent application of this experience to the life of one's country.

Those whose influence endures are those who use the period of exile to incubate a new ideology, in which the past is digested and remolded in distinct and generous forms. They are the ones who will be called on, in their own time and hour, to lead their country with a sense of real continuity.

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UNAMUNO

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

Salvador de Madariaga, who was at one time the Spanish ambassador to the United States, is one of Spain's leading writers in the fields of biography, history, and politics. He here gives us an intimate portrait of the poet, novelist, and playwright Unamuno, the great Spanish literary crusader of the early part of this century and a man whom Madariaga knew well.

The Don Quixote of Salamanca

A tall, muscular frame, a long, sharp, beaklike, almost crooked nose, a wide, curved forehead above two vigorous eyebrows, eyes ever on the alert, indeed challenging, Unamuno at once brought to mind haunting memories of Don Quixote. That tension, which he kept always alive, between his overflowing self and the world outside shaped and colored his attire. He wore no tie, but a waistcoat covered his shirt up to the stud in his collar, which, together with a soft, short-brimmed hat that he was wont to sculpt into squarish shapes suggesting a priestly biretta, would have made him look like a cleric had his face and mien been less explosive

We in Spain were so used to seeing the intellectuals who happened to leave the Catholic faith go the whole way into agnosticism or a total atheism that the sight of this vigorous writer, this strong poet, this original novelist, this classic scholar, haunted by his relation to God, imitating the ways and garb of a Protestant cleric, seeking arguments with church canons rather than with university philosophers, appealed to us as singularly refreshing.

Those were the days when Spain was beginning to gather the fruits of a cultural renascence which began about 1876, when the nation, invigorated by the loss of the last islands left from its imperial days — Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines — was rediscovering its own inner strength. A crop of new names, soon to become world-wide in their fame, was beginning to give Spanish intellectual life a new luster and brilliancy. The officials, however, did not always feel in tune with the new look of things; and in 1913 or thereabouts, a politician who happened to be in charge of the Ministry of Education fell out with Don Miguel de Unamuno, then rector of the University of Salamanca, and Unamuno was summarily deposed.

Thereupon, Ortega y Gasset organized a banquet in honor of the deposed rector as a protest against the inconsiderate minister. This was on Ortega's part an elegant gesture, for in the keen world of Spanish ideas at the time, he and Unamuno stood for opposite ways of thinking. Ortega was our Turgenev, and Unamuno was our Dostoevsky. Ortega would Europeanize Spain, while Unamuno would Hispanify Europe. What did the one and the other mean? At the risk, perhaps, of slightly misrepresenting their views by simplifying them, the answer might be that by "Europeanizing" Spain Ortega meant making it objective; while for Unamuno, to "Hispanify" Europe amounted to making it subjective. Ortega wanted order, science, technology, and more social service and

Photograph of Bagaría cartoon by Nicolás Muller, Madrid.

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social spirit — a movement forward. Unamuno longed for character, experience, self-expression, individual freedom, and creativeness — a yearning upward. Ortega stressed social morality; Unamuno, individual faith.

Both were our leaders. But they could not agree on how or where to lead. Ortega, struck by the relative poverty of Spain's contribution to scientific and technical progress, kept exhorting Spaniards to study and invent; to which Unamuno would retort with a vigorous and carefree, "Let *them* invent!" — "them" meaning the Europeans north of the Pyrenees. For, he would argue, one poem of our great mystic, St. John of the Cross, was worth all the inventions of the world.

This, of course, is true, but only in a certain sense and up to a certain point. Nor is it positive that Ortega would, within such limits, have disputed it. But Unamuno was not a man to be bound and circumvented by limits of any kind. He was, on the contrary, all of a piece and peninsular to a degree. Peninsular, despite what etymologists may say, means not less, but far more than insular. Unamuno was a kind of human castle rising on a knoll of his own.

At the time, therefore, no more formidable obstacle could have been found to the intelligent work of Ortega than this powerful Basque converted to the gospel of integral quixotism by the Castile that he had come to love so deeply. Unamuno was no Basque nationalist. In spite — or possibly because — of his peninsularity, he was too human and universal not to realize that it was through the genius of Spain that the Basque genius had made its mark in history, and while he knew Basque well, he deprecated the claims of some of his extremist countrymen to a kind of nationalist isolationism based on linguistic prepossessions. This led him at times to attitudes partly objective, partly contrary, and always antagonistic toward specialists of the Basque language.

Spain meant for Unamuno that particular way of reaching universality which yearns upward and not forward, and this deep conviction in him made him by nature and affinity a Castilian; far more of a Castilian than Ortega, who, born in Madrid, might be deemed a son of New Castile. Madrid, however, is not Castile, but the melting pot of all the Spanish kingdoms or regions, and this was not the least striking of the aspects of that polarity we all felt then between Ortega and Unamuno — an aspect paradoxical enough to please Unamuno, that he, the Basque, should incarnate Castile in a deeper sense than the Castilian-born Ortega.

No, I haven't forgotten that banquet which Ortega organized for Unamuno. Ortega was then the beloved leader of Spanish youth. I was present at the banquet. I had as yet written nothing and was serving as head of the electrical services in the Spanish Northern Railway (I was educated as a scientist and a mining engineer). Ortega was determined that I should speak on that occasion, precisely because, so far as he knew — indeed, so far as I knew — I was not a man of letters but a technician. It was to be my first public speech. I wrote it out, typed it, folded the script, and put it in my pocket — where I found it the next day.

Two memories have lingered in my mind from that banquet. The first is Ortega's mastery of the spoken language, on a par with his superb mastery of written Spanish, and the dramatic gesture with which he drank the health of "our enemy brother," Unamuno. The second was the fire, the force that emanated not merely from the words and gestures but from the very person of Unamuno. On the one hand, a charm, an elegance, a moderation, a sense of form, a talent which seemed to attain their perfection by some fairylike gift of nature; on the other, a conviction, an inspiration, a genius which were overpowering. Such was my first meeting with the great Don Quixote of Salamanca.

About 1918, when I was living in London, I began to send to *España*, the weekly founded in Madrid by Ortega, some poems under the general title of *Romances de Ciego* (*Blind Man's Ballads*), which I was then writing under the effect of my father's death. Someone told me that Don Miguel de Unamuno used to cut them out, put them in his pocket, and read them to his friends during his long walks in the wide plains around the old city. He did not know that they were by me, for I signed them with a pseudonym. I sent him all my poems and asked him to write a preface for them, which he did, a beautiful page, a poem in itself.

I think he had been happy to find in my ballads that feeling of austerity, of bareness in the face of Destiny, which he sensed in Castile and which made him say of my poems in his preface: "These are the words of the Iberian Ecclesiastes." Such a view of Castile was, of course, like everything in him, strongly colored by his own forceful spirit; for he was so subjective that everything he saw and touched became Unamuno. His egotism made him concentrate all the world in his own self. Bagaría, in my opinion the greatest cartoonist the world has ever seen, used to picture him as an owl, a profound intuition indeed. For Unamuno seemed ever to be watching life as if endeavoring to penetrate its mystery, not in the least in a spirit of detached research, but in order to extract from its obstinate silence the answer

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to the question of questions: Shall I survive physical death?

This is in a sense the theme of all his works, but more specifically, of that monument of subjective and personal philosophy which he called *The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and Peoples*. This book, perhaps his masterpiece, became familiar soon to the English-speaking world, thanks to one of those eccentric Englishmen who are among the most precious gifts of England to the world. His name was Crawford Flitch, and he turned up in Spain from nowhere in particular, as that type of Englishman will, in a nonchalant, leisurely way, carting about the typescript of his translation. Tall, well-built, sporting an almost military mustache, the picture of health, a glimmer of humor in his eye, he was the very image of what an intellectual could not possibly look like. In later years he was to lease and manage a well-known public house in Oxford.

But I am anticipating. He came to see me on a double errand: first, to ask me to write a preface in English for his translation, and then to consult me on a number of passages of the original and his own translation of them. I was glad to grant the first request, which enabled me to present Unamuno to the English world as an essayist as he had presented me to the Spanish world as a poet; and I willingly offered Crawford Flitch my advice on his translation for what it might be worth. I was disappointed. He queried phrases which seemed to me obvious and raised difficulties where I could see none. But I gradually came to realize that in most cases he was right and I was wrong, for a more careful and attentive reading of Unamuno's text gave rise to more doubts than I at first sight had imagined as to his meaning and intent.

As is often the case with these nonchalant English men of leisure, Crawford Flitch had a scholarly, accurate mind; he was as widely read as Unamuno (who was omnivorous and whose knowledge of English books included even collections of sermons): he was a keen and expert handler of ideas and, as it happened, an admirer of Unamuno's freedom from mere logic and philosophy and of his bold assertion of the right of the individual soul to break loose from the collective mind. So well did he perform his work as a translator that Unamuno used to say that he preferred Crawford Flitch's translation to his own original.

One feels in this magnum opus, as in all Unamuno's works, that his real aim is to prove that God exists, not so much for the sake of God or of the world, but because if God exists, Unamuno will live forever, while if God does not exist, Unamuno's hope of surviving his own death on earth all but vanishes. "All but" because even then Unamuno would be sure to fight for it.

This obsession with "above-tiles matters" (as we say in Spain, meaning matters above the roof, or heavenly) did not, however, prevent him from playing an active part in public affairs, which he did with characteristic tenacity. One day (Spain was then living under the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, 1923–1930) Unamuno wrote to a friend in Buenos Aires a bitter and biting letter on the dictator. Through an awkward indiscretion, the letter found its way into a prominent newspaper in Argentina. Primo de Rivera was incensed, and as he knew no law but his whims and moods, he had Unamuno exiled to Fuerteventura, the most arid and inhospitable of the Canary Islands. Primo was at bottom a good-humored man, and it seems that he soon regretted his rash decision. Nothing could have pleased him more than that Unamuno should have slipped through a police net which the dictator made as loose as possible. But Unamuno was not to be deprived of his exile. He remained in Salamanca until he was forced by the police to begin his long journey to Madrid and Cádiz by railroad, and on from Cádiz by sea to Fuerteventura, and he refused to seize the many opportunities of escape afforded him on the way.

Nothing, of course, of this underlying comedy was known to the world outside. What the world saw was one of the two chief figures of Spanish letters exiled to a lonely, remote, hot, and arid island by a capricious and omnipotent dictator. We have seen, we have become so used to seeing such savage, subhuman events that our age has become callous; but it was still sensitive then. An outcry of protest went forth from every civilized nation. The *Quotidien*, a French radical paper, then almost newly founded and very enterprising, undertook to liberate Unamuno. In the utmost secrecy, the paper freighted a yacht for that purpose. Primo scented the conspiracy and tried to take the wind out of the sails of that yacht by letting Unamuno go free. He was able to walk undisturbed the two miles of stony paths which separated him from the shore where, in broad daylight, a motor launch awaited to convey him aboard the brig. Presently Don Miguel, suntanned from tropical Fuerteventura, landed in the December mists of Le Havre.

UNAMUNO was still in Paris when I called on him soon after his escape. He was living in a small, neat, and modern-looking boardinghouse near the Place de l'Étoile. We had not seen each other for five or six years. He entered the small drawing room, and I at once felt how his timeless figure stood as a living protest against the neat modernity

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of the self-conscious carpet and furniture. He smiled with his sharp eyes behind his glittering glasses, but not with his mouth, stubborn and stern in the gray bushes of his mustache and beard. And, without a word, he brought out of his pocket a yellowish, thick, noisy paper which he unfolded, thus spreading between himself and me a sheet on which, in his tiny, crisscross writing, were aligned, I should think, about one hundred sonnets — the poetic crop of his exile. He read them all aloud with sober but forcible gestures of the head and eyes — both his hands busy holding the sail of his poetry — finished the reading, smiled, stood up, and offered me his hand in farewell.

He was the prototype of the Spanish monologuist. (Not soliloquist, for the soliloquist speaks to himself without listeners, while the monologuist must have an audience.) This, by the way, may well have been Unamuno's only feature in common with Ortega: for both, conversation consisted in talking but never listening. And as for Unamuno, if by any chance he listened and what he heard was not to his taste, the retort would be ruthless and deadly — at any rate, for the conversation. Once, as he was explaining how he needed nine or ten hours of sleep a day, an unfortunate man in the circle blurted out: "Well, I don't see why. Five are enough for me!" Unamuno ferociously shot back: "Ah, but when I am awake, I am far more awake than you."

He was thus apt now and then to betray a manly pride, sometimes akin to a childlike vanity, for, as often happens with men of genius, he could be at times downright puerile. He took a childish pleasure in merely verbal victories. After his liberation, the *Quotidien* invited him to write articles. Unamuno began by writing them in French. The framework of French is far more rigid than that of Spanish, even of Spanish as written by an ordinary mortal, which Unamuno was not. He did not realize that the bold, even brutal way in which he dealt with, and at times mauled, his own native Spanish, when tried on the more precise and prim French, led to mere absurdities with no sense whatsoever. "Don Miguel, one cannot say that in French."

"Can't one? Here it is. I am saying it," and he smiled victoriously. In the end he consented to writing his articles in Spanish and having them translated. "Impossible!" he told me one day in Paris. "Impossible! The translator has no idea of what I am aiming at. He is far too logical. I got so impatient with him that in the end I thought I'd give him a lesson. So I said to him: 'Monsieur, I know French better than you do Spanish, don't I?' 'Yes, Don Miguel.' 'Very good. But I also know Spanish better than you do French.' " And he looked at me with an air of unbounded triumph. Such were the weaknesses of the great mind who knew as no one has known before or since how to express in unforgettable ways the austere poetry of the Castilian landscape or the anguish of the godforsaken human soul.

From Paris, whose sophisticated literary atmosphere he could not stand, he went to settle in Hendaye, on the Spanish frontier, where he could look every day over the border toward his beloved Spain. It was there that he spent the rest of his exile. After lunch he used to go for his coffee to a small café, where he nearly always sat surrounded by friends. I have been told (not by him) that one day one of these friends warned him that a particular man in a brown suit who used to sit at a nearby table was a secret agent sent by the Spanish dictator to spy on him. That afternoon, Unamuno went to his usual table, and no sooner had he sat down when the man in the brown suit turned up and occupied the table next to his. Unamuno went over to the spy's table, sat opposite him, put his elbows on the table, his stubborn chin on his hands, and staring at the secret agent, asked: "Do you know what a prostitute is?" The man, caught unaware by this onslaught, mumbled some obscure affirmation. "Well, then, your profession is less honorable," and he rose, turned his back on the spy, and returned to his coffee.

He was not aggressive for the sake of aggressiveness. He was simple, almost humble, though proud and conscious of his own worth. Years before his exile, when King Alfonso was still a constitutional monarch, Unamuno had been granted an order reserved for rewarding intellectual merit. He was accordingly received in audience so that he could present thanks to the King. "Sir," he began, "I am here to thank your Majesty for this order which I have fully deserved."

The King laughed outright. "How wonderful! They all come here telling me, 'Sir, I do not deserve it.' "

"And we all tell the truth," Unamuno almost shouted back.

But there was far less ill will than mischievous wit in his remark. Unamuno was one of the greatest Spaniards of our century. What stands out in my memories of him is precisely his stature. Ortega once said of him that if he sometimes wrote as if he were shouting instead of speaking quietly, this was due to the fact that it is so difficult to make oneself heard in Spain. And this opens up another of the paradoxical avenues in the life of Unamuno: busy though he fundamentally was with God, he needed the company of men. He was, despite appearances, most sensitive to criticism, good or bad. Under the hard crust of a dour and independent Basque, Unamuno hid a heart as tender as that of a child.

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REQUIEM

BY JOSÉ HIERRO

Manuel del Rio, a native
of Spain, died on Saturday,
May eleventh, following
an accident. His body
lies at the D'Agostino
Funeral Home, in Haskell,
New Jersey. Mass will be sung
for him at 9:30
in the church of St. Francis.

This is a story beginning
in sun and stone, and ending
on a table in D'Agostino's,
with flowers and electric candles.
This is a story beginning
on one shore of the Atlantic,
and continuing in a cabin
(third class) over the waves —
or clouds, one could say —
of those lost countries
drowned before Plato's day.
It finds its end in America,
with a dock crane and a clinic,
a death notice and a mass
sung in the church of St. Francis.

When all is said, the place
we die in makes no difference,
whether it smells of rosemary,
is carved in stone or snow,
or is drenched with gasoline.
It makes no difference what a body becomes —
snow, gasoline, stone, or perfume.
The sorrow is not in dying
in this or that place. . . .

Requiem aeternam,
Manuel del Rio. Above the slab
in D'Agostino's, the bulls
of Spain are grazing, and flowers
(second-class funeral, coffin
smelling of winter fir)
costing forty dollars. Someone
has stuck artificial blooms
amongst the others picked
from the garden. *Libera me, Domine,*
de morte aeterna. . . . When Dick or Harry die,
they will see these same flowers,
paid for by Giulio or Manuel.

Now, eagle claws come down
to the edge of your life. *Dies irae.*
The sorrow is not in dying,
dies illa, here or there,
but in dying without glory. . . .

Your grandfathers
enriched the whole earth,
and drowned it in adventure.
When a Spaniard died,
it was a wound in the world.
They held their wakes for the dead
not in D'Agostino's Funeral Home
but surrounded by campfires,
horses, and arms. Heroes,
heroes always. Statues
with blank stone faces,
dressed in the parrot's colors
of force and fantasy.

He did not die like this,
on a wild, lovely adventure.
(Too long Spaniards have died
anonymous and prudent,
or in reckless feuds erupting
between brothers, where family blood
spilled from the slashed wineskins.)
One day he came here
because his country was poor.
Libera me, Domine.
The world is his country.
He's dead, without founding cities,
or giving his name to a sea.
All he did was to die
for seventeen dollars a day
(he'd figure them in pesetas).
Requiem aeternam.
And in D'Agostino's, they visit him,
Poles, Irish, Spaniards,
those who die on the weekend.

Requiem aeternam.
All is definitively over.
His body is stretched out
in D'Agostino's Funeral Home
in Haskell, New Jersey.
A sung mass will take place
for the sake of his soul.

I have confined myself
to going over this death notice
from a New York daily paper.
Objectively, without taking off
into poetry. Objectively.
A Spaniard, like millions of Spaniards.
To nobody have I mentioned
being on the edge of tears.

Translated by Alastair Reid.

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CARLTON LAKE

THE NEW SPANISH PAINTERS

In the past ten years the young painters of Spain have been producing art that is exciting and unconventional, yet at the same time thoroughly Spanish. For an explanation of this new art the ATLANTIC *has turned to* CARLTON LAKE, *art critic for the* CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, *who has lived abroad since 1952.*

PAINTING, Picasso once said, is not made to decorate apartments; it is "an instrument of offensive and defensive warfare against the enemy." And what is the enemy? Many things — not least, the dead hand of the past passing itself off as the present.

Twentieth-century Spanish painting has a noble lineage. But the great contemporaries — Picasso, Gris, Miró — had to make their names in Paris. Even a generation later, honors in Spain were still reserved for the peddlers of the picturesque and a watered-down impressionism. Modern meant Matisse and Dufy — at second hand. *There* was the enemy, and the objective.

And so, in 1948, in Barcelona, a small group of painters and writers banded together to cut the enemy down to size and dispose of him. They took the name Dau Al Set, a Catalan version of the French surrealist phrase, *La septième face du dé* — "the seventh face of the die." The painters: Antoni Tàpies, Joan Josep Tharrats, Modest Cuixart, Juan Ponç. Ponç petered out; he is now in Brazil. The other three have made history.

The art of Tàpies has traveled a long road since then. His early paintings were strongly influenced by the work of Paul Klee: a delicately suggestive linear art of half tones and magic symbols which often evoked a kind of lunar or submarine landscape. Miró, too, is present in this early work; there is a touch of Dubuffet, and here and there a suggestion of the early Kandinsky.

Gradually the more derivative imagery receded. Tàpies's art became more informal, influences were absorbed or thrown off, and the essential Tàpies emerged. This is an art in which many see the face of modern Spain: battered, weather-beaten doors, scarred torsos, segmented, parched landscapes, occasional symbols of the viselike grip of an authoritarian church. Tàpies often mixes sand and other ingredients with his pigments and builds up surfaces to the depth of bas relief. He makes use of graffiti and gives the canvas, by means of impasto and incision, a physical third dimension that conventional perspective had only suggested and earlier twentieth-century painting had frequently eliminated entirely. His palette is restrained: there is an occasional blood red or smoldering purple, but more and more it is a question of black and grays, a touch of ocher. It is, as much as anything in contemporary painting, the "tragic sense of life" in plastic form.

The Dau Al Set group published a review of the same name, edited and printed by Tharrats. It ranks with the best of the surrealist publications, and although it was not as ambitious in scope as, say, *Minotaure*, which Skira brought out a generation ago, it was surely as effective.

Tharrats is, certainly, one of the most interesting and the most versatile of the new Spanish artists. He is an able polemicist and a master craftsman in many fields, a tireless explorer of new paths, a visionary whose painting has evolved slowly and meaningfully to its present degree of power. His work is the counterpoise, in a sense, to that of Tàpies. The impact of Tàpies's work has an immediacy that derives from its dramatic starkness. A painting by Tharrats is often technically more complex, and as a result — since Tharrats is, pictorially, both perceptive and articulate — a satisfying intellectual experience as well as an emotional one. This is not to say that his paintings are cerebral rather than plastic. They are

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richly painted, and his *matière* has a life of its own.

The heavy impastos in such a painting as *Médamothi* reflect the same organic exuberance as the decorative detail in Gaudí's Sagrada Familia, for example. It was, in large measure, through Dalí and Miró that the younger generation of Catalan painters had been led to a reassessment of the genius of Gaudí. When Gaudí died in 1927, Spanish architecture buried his reputation with him. The painters revived it. The first appreciation of his work to be published in Spain after the Civil War appeared in *Dau Al Set*.

Tharrats's painting is conditioned by visual reality. His house in Cadaqués is not far from Dalí's. The landscape we find in many of Dalí's paintings, recorded with a more than photographic fidelity, forms the point of departure for Tharrats, who often transposes the same lonely stretches of rocky Mediterranean promontory into a highly individual vision of his land.

Tharrats has proved to be one of the most inventive of contemporary graphic artists. He produces what he calls a *maculatura*, a kind of unique print resulting from an original and complex succession of hand processes. He works on heavy paper with a mixture of lithographic inks, diluted oil, and water color, which often produces spectacular effects in the course of impression. Pieces of metal or cardboard, wood, or other materials with interesting textures are impressed onto the picture surface. The latest development of Tharrats's *maculaturas*, to which a special room was devoted at last summer's Venice Biennale, incorporates techniques of monotype, painting, and collage to a point that such a work is not classifiable. We are forced to adopt the artist's term *maculatura* as a category in itself.

Cuixart, too, is an alchemist. To the more conventional ingredients he adds gilt and silver emulsions, latex, and enamel. His surfaces are an intricately wrought calligraphy which may have been stimulated by Action Painting but which has its roots in Moorish metalwork and decorative arts. Underneath is a glowing palette of sumptuous, if muted, richness. There are often cabalistic signs and script that echo back through the centuries. Surfaces are built up in encaustic in such a way as to suggest organic excrescence — another recall of Gaudí's sculptured architecture.

THE Spanish government was still officially ignoring the new art well into the fifties, but critics and foreign gallery owners were finding their way to the studios in Barcelona. The works were being shown in Barcelona, then in Madrid, and gradually in salons and competitions in Paris, Mexico, South America, Italy, Sweden, London, New York, Chicago, and Pittsburgh. They were beginning to win prizes. Tàpies and Tharrats came to Paris to work and study; Cuixart, too, after an initial stay in Lyon.

In 1957 a new group was formed in Madrid, with the name El Paso. It included Antonio Saura, Luis Feito, Manolo Millares, and Rafael Canogar. As early as 1950, Saura had allied himself with the Dau Al Set group in Barcelona. His early work had been surrealist in derivation, but by 1954 he had evolved a personal style of portraiture that had its roots in Action Painting. Of all the new Spanish painters, Saura is closest to the American school.

Feito, like Tàpies, is a dramatic painter, but whereas Tàpies's work is somber and stark, Feito's reveals the drama of light. Technically, Feito is the more skillful painter, and the opposition between his sooty blacks and incandescent whites reaches a sometimes dazzling vibrancy, particularly in his most recent work, where his palette is sharply restricted. In other paintings, tonal gradations in the range of gray-blues and mauve, light ocher, or warm earth colors relieve that opposition and at the same time create more subtle spatial relationships. Feito uses an admixture of sand and fine gravel to build up areas in relief, and the textural contrasts seem to intensify or counterbalance the struggle between light and dark as the color range narrows or widens.

In Millares's work some have seen the recurrent theme of death. But by the very nature of his art, which involves, to a degree, the physical destruction and reconstitution of the work of art itself, the process becomes a continuing cycle of death and rebirth. Millares has reinterpreted the traditional canons of painting. Burlap is pulled taut over the stretcher; it is pierced, gashed, mended, pieced out with other weaves, gathered up in coarse gobbets, and stained with white, red, black, or deep slate. It is possible to see in his paintings references to the bloodshed of the Spanish Civil War or of the *corrida*. In some of them one can make out the form of a crucifixion. Art today, Millares has observed, has reached the frontiers of the impossible. And it is out of the desperation that this creates for many artists that an art such as his is born. He freely admits that he does not understand everything he does, nor does he feel the need to.

Canogar, born in Toledo in 1934, is the youngest of the Spanish painters. His work is brilliant, and at times paroxysmal. Although one discerns in it his debt to the Gothic vein of Max Ernst, Canogar's Castilian heritage and dynamic brushwork make of it something distinctly personal.

Art in any dictatorship has validity only insofar as it serves the state. Good propaganda, good

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art. The peculiarly individual and personal nature of the new Spanish painting, the difficulties presented by its nonfigurative and evolutionary basis, made it particularly unsuitable for government patronage. And there was another side to the coin: If the new painting is not blankly hermetic, then it says something. But is what it does say officially acceptable?

Tàpies had managed to be represented — alongside the official favorites — in the Spanish section at the Venice Biennale as early as 1952, and again in 1954 (together with Francisco Farreras). In 1956 Tharrats, Feito, Millares, Saura, and Canogar were shown there. Critical opinion throughout the world supported them. It was no longer possible for the Spanish official art bureaucracy, against the current of world opinion, to play them down. In 1958, at the Twenty-ninth Venice Biennale, they *were* Spain — with official blessing.

In 1959 the Spanish government sponsored the showing of "13 Contemporary Spanish Painters" at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, an event accompanied by all the pomp and fanfare of the official cultural exchange program. Don José Ruiz Morales, Franco's director-general of cultural relations, was able to write, in his foreword to the exhibition catalogue:

> "To see the world in a drop of water. To divine the purpose of life in contemplating the crack of a wall." Such is the meaning of the contemporary aesthetic revolution. Spain . . . one of the most ancient cultures of the West . . . whose ambition it is to renew herself continuously, could not be unaware of these new orientations.

He was able to point out, with only a passing nod to a few of the regime's old stand-bys, that Spain today "affirms her strong individuality . . . especially in the domain of painting, where her contribution has been, for centuries, in the front rank." The battle was won.

By 1960 the growth of world interest in the new Spanish painters could be measured by their presence in individual and group shows in almost every major country where art competes on its own terms rather than on the basis of government specifications. There were larger showings and more honors at the Thirtieth Biennale in Venice.

In New York, the Pierre Matisse, Martha Jackson, Grace Borgenicht, and Bertha Schaefer galleries were showing some of the young veterans and their younger followers. (A large painting by Tàpies was fetching $4000.) James Johnson Sweeney's grouping of eighteen "After Miró" painters was pulling crowds into the Guggenheim Museum. At the Museum of Modern Art an exhibition assembled by Frank O'Hara presented the work of twelve of the new painters and four sculptors. This exhibition, when it closed in the fall, started on a tour of the United States and Canada which will keep it circulating until at least the beginning of 1962.

Since it is customary to tie up painters in neat little packages labeled schools, what can we find among such varied and individual talents that denotes a common heritage? Such characteristics are of two kinds, conceptual and technical. To begin with, all these painters look back to the great figures of Spanish art: to the brutality and the surrealism *avant la lettre* of Goya; to the mystic exaltation (most notable in Feito) of El Greco; to the vitality of light in Velázquez; and to the rigor of Zurbarán (reflected also in Juan Gris). Picasso is for them the greatest painter since Goya, but it is the independence of his spirit rather than the character of his work that moves them most strongly. They look up to Miró, too, and they feel closer to his work than to Picasso's. Most of them have been greatly influenced by dada and surrealism. Most have passed through a surrealist period in their own work. Nearly all of them reject Dalí as a painter but respect his historical contribution of the *L'Age d'Or* period. Technically and conceptually, Gaudí has been a dominant influence. The work of all of them shows a preoccupation with "the nature of materials." They are greatly interested in texture and surface and have a positive tropism for unconventional adjuncts to the painting process. They have a deeper sense of métier — the painter's craft — than almost any comparable group. They favor mixed media and have no interest in maintaining the classical boundaries between, for example, painting and sculpture.

They work with a palette reduced to the point of austerity, but with an effectiveness that makes them the spiritual godsons of one of the greatest colorists of all time, Renoir, who said that "a painter's palette means nothing. It is his eye that does everything." They are all-absorbed by the Spanish earth. No country has ever had more minutely attentive topographers — in depth. They are acutely sensitive to the sores on the Spanish body: bloodshed as a national preoccupation, and the deformation of a continuing social and ecclesiastical medievalism. And always, one senses their consciousness of the reality of death as the central fact of life.

Finally, gesture. It is a vital element in their painting, whether explicit, as in the violence of Saura and Millares, or implicit, as in the ritualistic restraint of Tàpies and the lambent sexuality of Canogar. It is through such affinities as these that past and present coalesce and produce an art in which the historical and the actual have been more tellingly synthesized than in that of any other country today.

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ANTONI TÀPIES: ***Painting No. LXXV*****, 1958**

Many see in such a painting as this a vision of the parched Spanish earth stained by blood.

Photograph by Meyer Henn, Bern, Courtesy of Galerie Rolf Ricci

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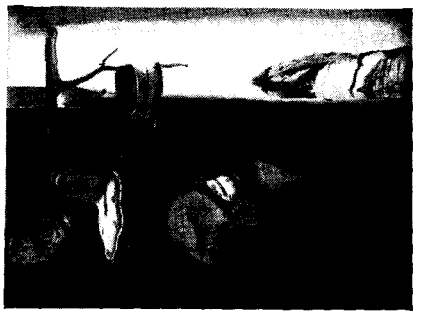
PABLO PICASSO: ***Guernica*, 1937**

Most of the younger Spanish painters have been strongly influenced by the nature of Picasso's protest and the independence of his spirit. Only Saura seems to have been marked by the work itself.

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.



SALVADOR DALÍ

***The Persistence of Memory*, 1931**

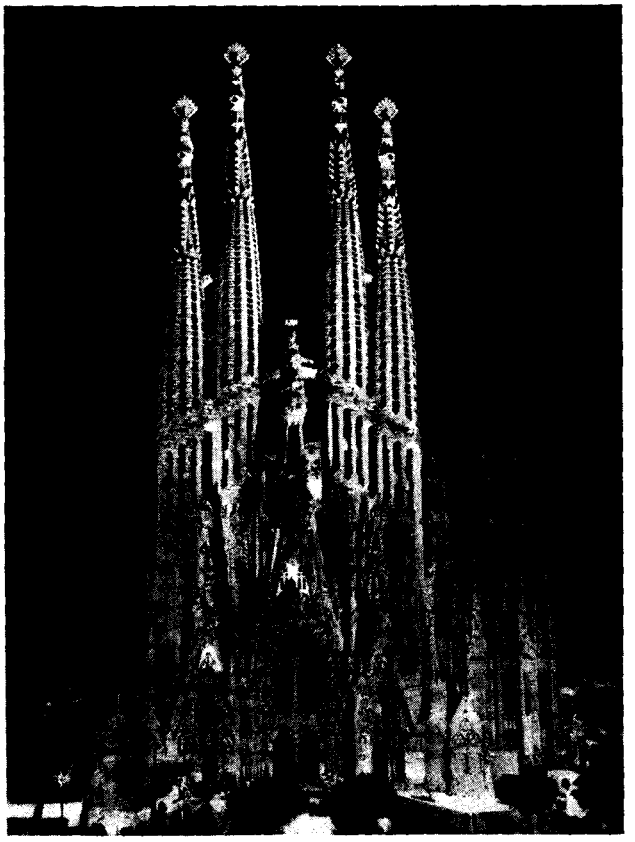
Dalí's work today presents little or no interest to most of the new Spanish painters, but they respect his historical role in the development of surrealism.

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

ANTONI GAUDÍ

This detail from Gaudí's Church of the Sagrada Familia, in Barcelona, suggests at once the Gothic tradition within which Gaudí considered himself to be working and the richness of his invention within the general framework of that tradition.

Photograph by F. Catala Roca, Barcelona. Courtesy of Secretario de Amigos de Gaudí.



***Church of the Sagrada Familia, Barcelona, Transept of the Nativity*, 1891–1926**

Photograph by Zerkowitz, Barcelona. Courtesy of Secretario de Amigos de Gaudí.

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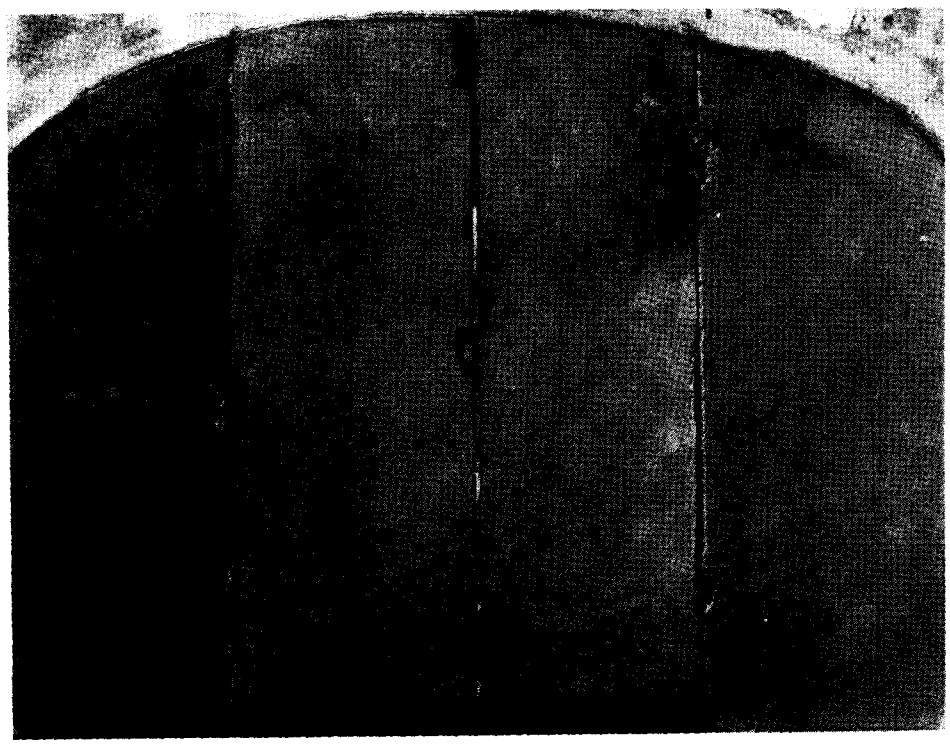


ANTONI TÀPIES

***Beige Double Door*, 1960 (above)**

"Però tu tancaràs la porta, en ple migdia, amb llises roques per solitaris indrets" ("But you will close the door, at high noon, with smooth rocks in solitary places"). — Joan Brossa: *Oracle sobre Antoni Tàpies*, 1949.

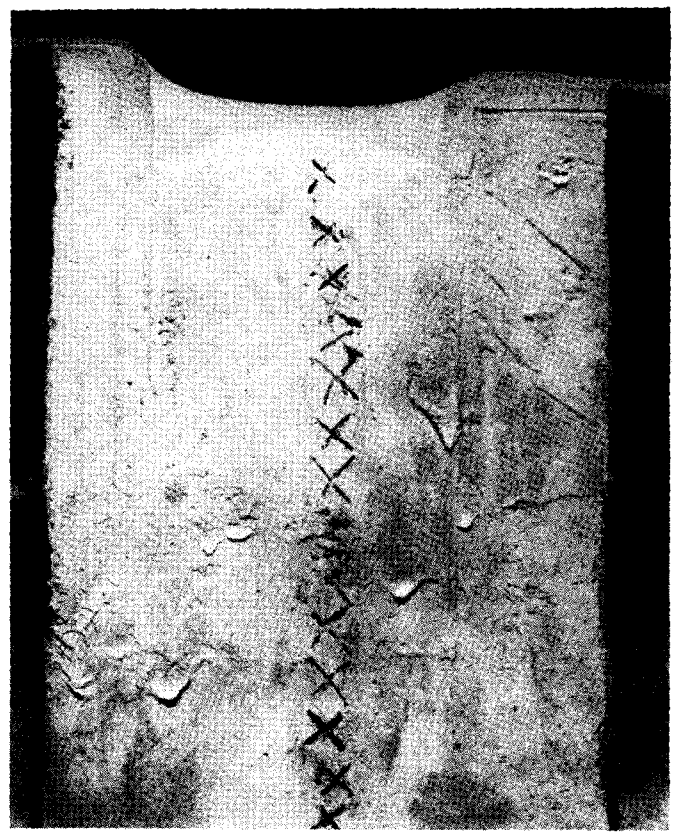
Photograph by Augustin Dumage. Courtesy of Galerie Stadler, Paris.

***White Relief with Crosses*, 1959 (right)**

Given the Church's reactionary and repressive record in Spain, it is difficult to overlook the significance of the reference here to ecclesiastical vestments.

Martha Jackson Gallery.

Photograph courtesy of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York.



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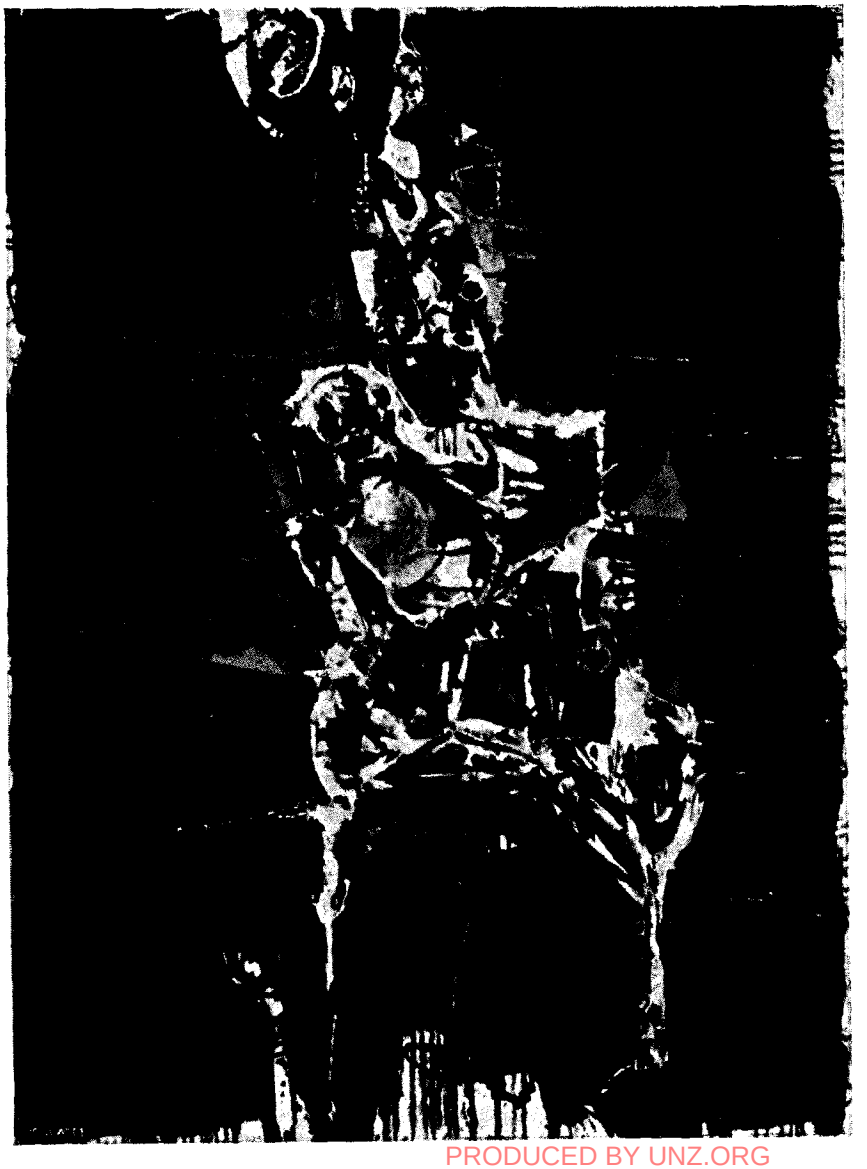

MANOLO MILLARES

***Homunculus*, 1960**

Millares's rough expanses of burlap, slashed, resewn, gathered together, project a brutal, unforgettable vision of man.

Pierre Matisse Gallery, New York.

Photograph by Jack Lessinger. Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

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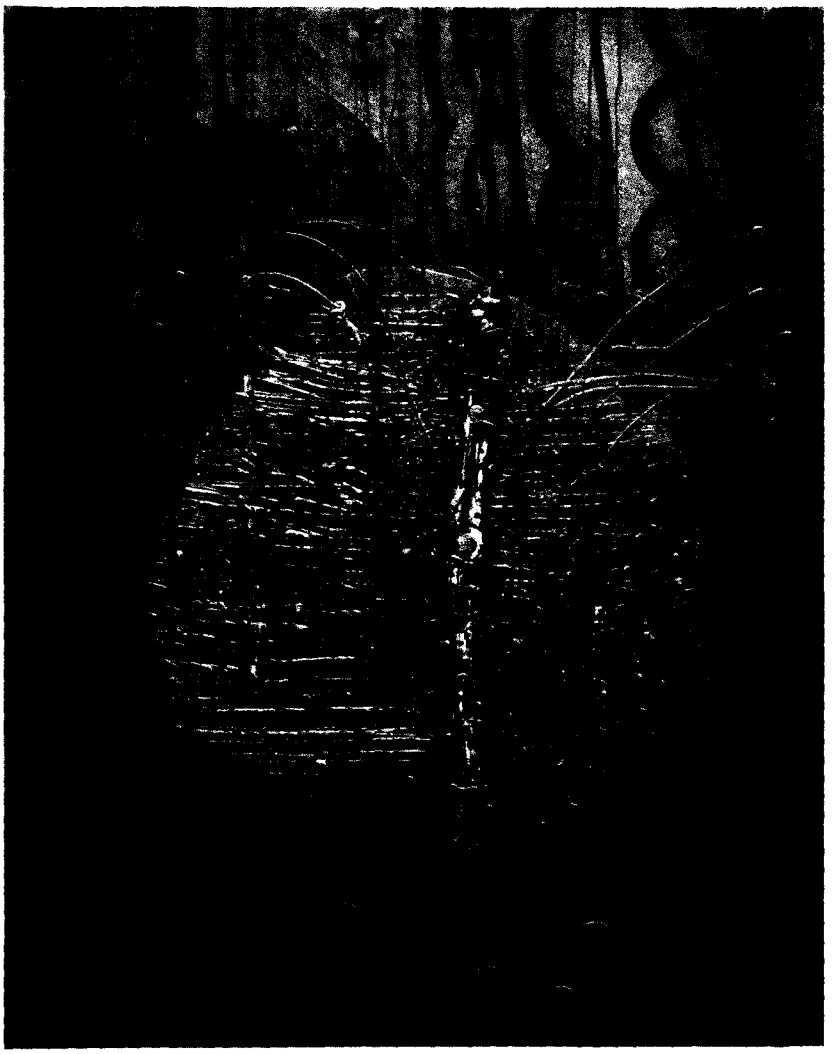
JOAN JOSEP THARRATS

***The Other Face of the World*, 1960 (right)**

***Médamothi*, 1958–1960 (left)**

Photograph by Jack Lessinger. Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Tharrats is one of the most versatile and inventive of the younger Spanish painters. He is deeply rooted in the Spanish soil, but his astral visions of the rocky promontories of Cadaqués are worlds away from the photographic recording of the same landscape in many of the paintings of Dalí.



MODEST CUIXART

***Painting*, 1959**

The mixture of metallic emulsions with his paint and the intricately built-up calligraphy of his surfaces give Cuixart's painting a decorative richness that recalls Moorish craftsmanship and contrasts sharply with the more austere work of many of his contemporaries.

Galerie René Drouin, Paris.

Photograph by Jack Lessinger. Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

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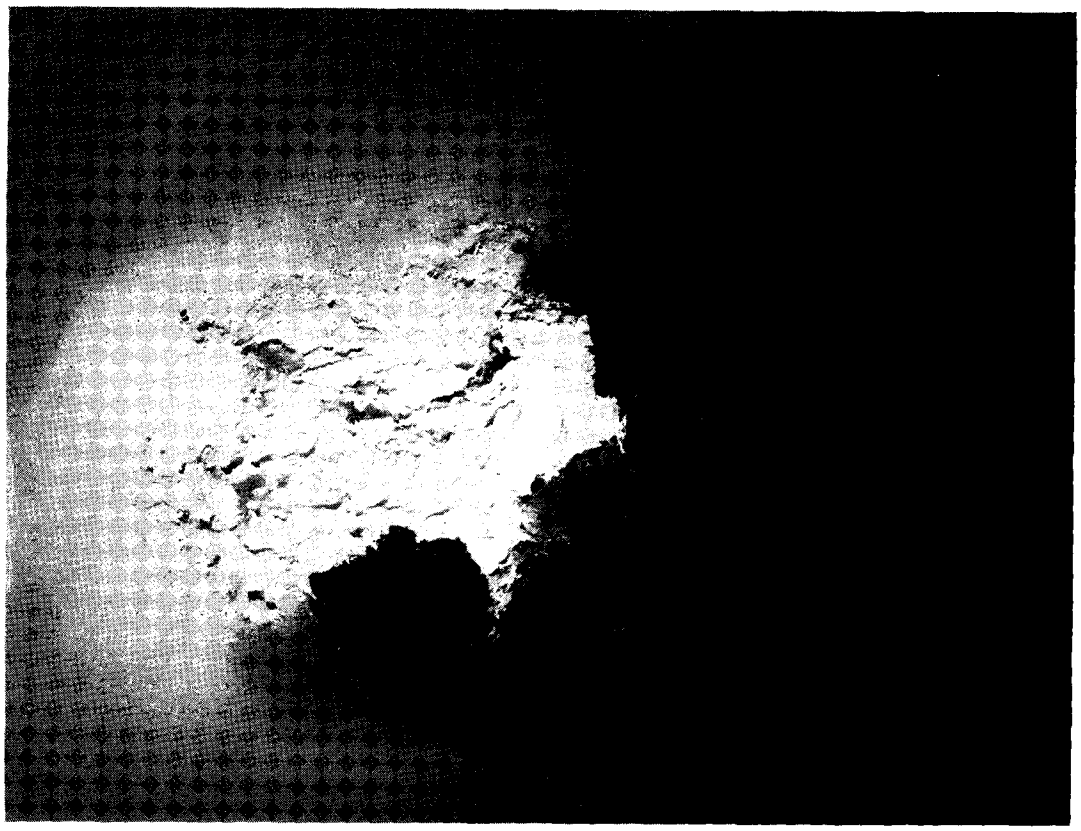


LUIS FEITO: ***Painting No. 158*****, 1959**

With a palette restricted to black, white, and gray, Feito heightens the dramatic effect of his studies of light.

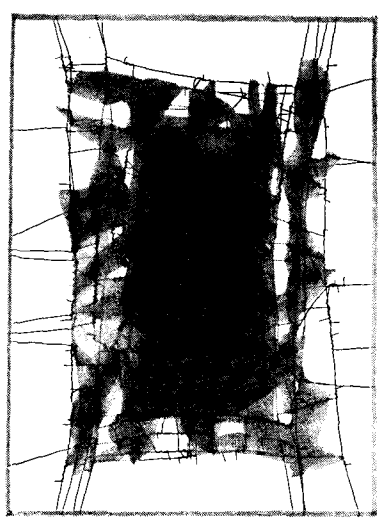
Kaare Berntsen Gallery, Oslo. Photograph courtesy of Galerie Arnaud, Paris.

JOAN JOSEP THARRATS

Poster for a Western**, Maculatura with collage, 1960**

The chief ingredients Tharrats has assembled into this unclassifiable category of print which he has invented are lithographic inks, latex paint, and Japanese papers. More than any other of the Spaniards, Tharrats has a sense of humor that relates him to Picabia and Marcel Duchamp.

Photograph by Robert, Barcelona.



MANUEL RIVERA

Metamorphosis-Mirror**, 1960**

In this characteristic composition, executed in painted wire mesh within an aluminum frame, the Madrid painter Rivera comes closer than any of his compatriots to destroying the traditional boundary between painting and sculpture.

Photograph courtesy of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York.

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ANTONIO SAURA

***Portrait of the Duchess of Alba*, 1959**

Saura passed through a surrealist period before developing his present expressionist manner. A recent series of portraits of women included this new version of a figure familiar to students of Spanish art.

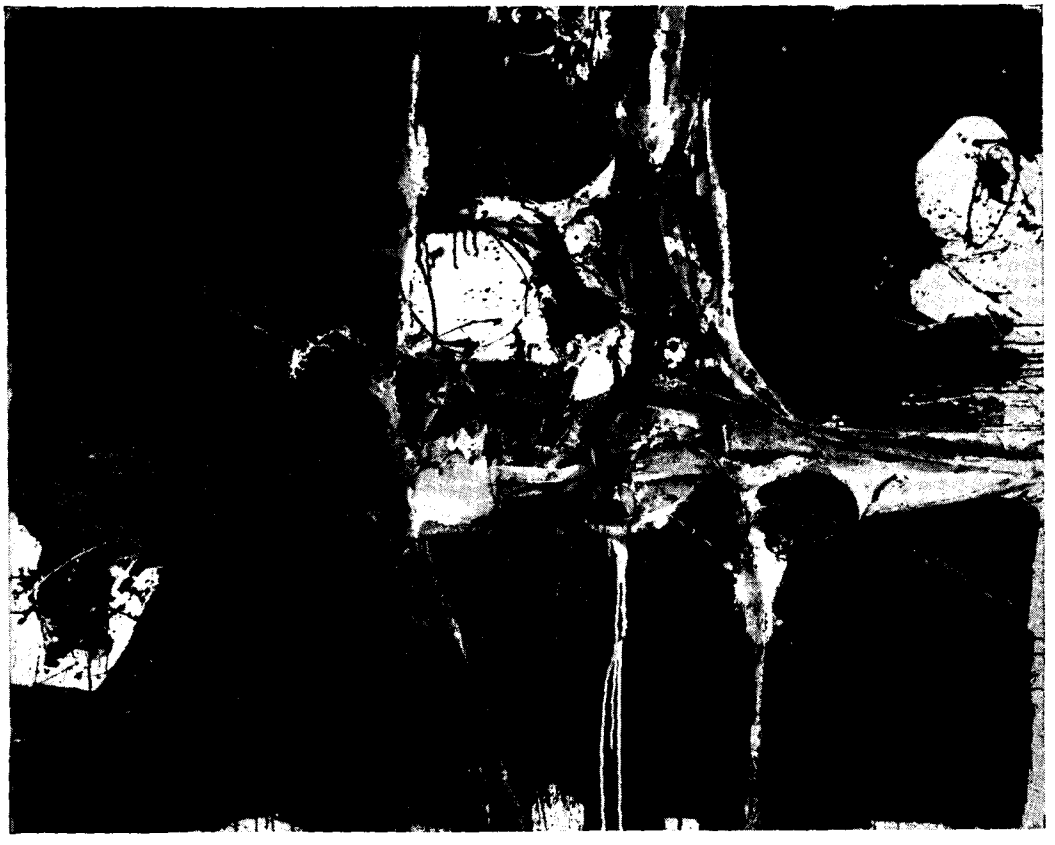
Photograph by Augustin Dumage. Courtesy of the Galerie Stadler, Paris.

MANUEL VIOLA

***The Arrow*, 1958**

Prior to joining the El Paso group in Madrid, Viola worked and exhibited in Paris. In his pictures, color — light — struggles to emerge from beneath a layer of glazed black.

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.



MANOLO MILLARES: *Painting No. 63*, 1959

In such paintings as this one by Millares, many have seen a reference to crucifixion.

Photograph courtesy of Galerie Daniel Cordier, Frankfurt am Main.

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RAFAEL CANOGAR: ***Untitled*****, 1959**

Canogar's brilliant free brushwork is the instrument of a richer content than what appears in much of contemporary Action Painting. His painting, like most of the new Spanish work, can be read at several levels; it cries out for Freudian interpretation.

Pierre Matisse Gallery.

Photograph by Robert E. Mates. Courtesy of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York.

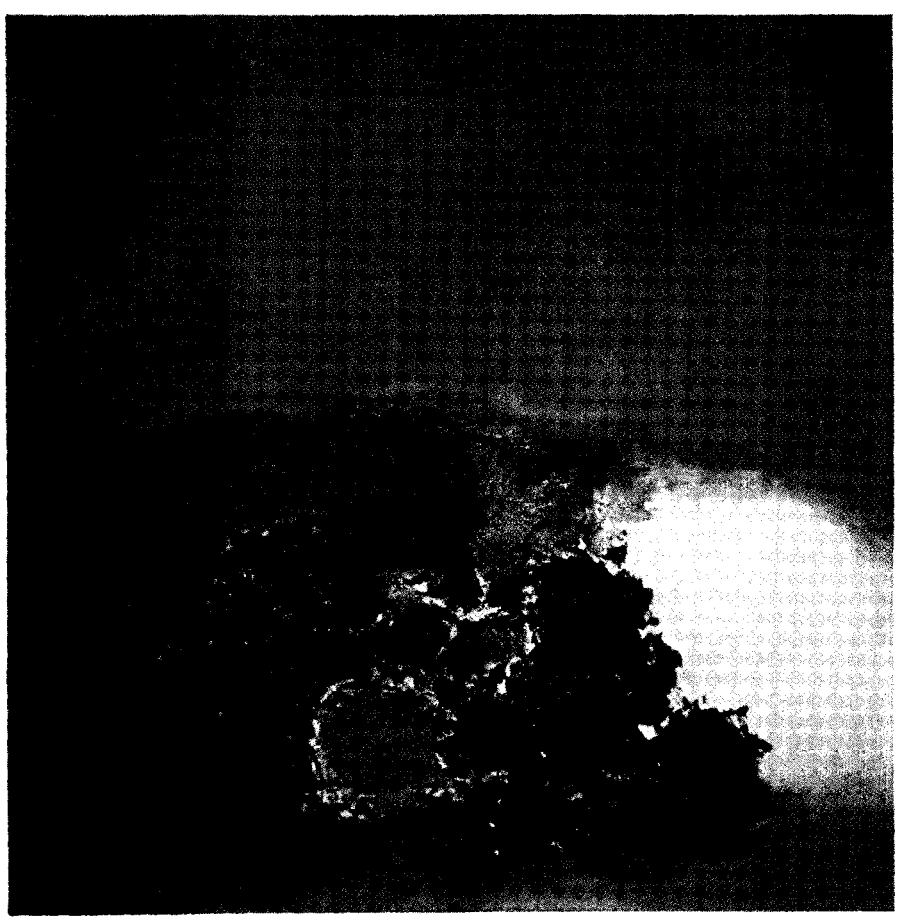
FRANCISCO FARRERAS

Painting No. 59**, 1960**

Oil and paper on wood (collage)

By introducing paper and gauze netting into his compositions, Farreras achieves unusual tonal delicacy and textural subtlety. He has executed stained-glass windows, mosaics, and frescoes in churches and other buildings.

Photograph by Jack Lessinger. Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.



LUIS FEITO: ***Painting*****, 1959**

Feito has been called a *madrileño* in love with the sterile earth of Castile. His preoccupation with the problems of light and space has intensified since he took up residence in Paris in 1954.

Göteborg Museum, Sweden. Photograph courtesy of Galerie Arnaud, Paris.

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Sketch of La Petenera

BY FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

BELL

(*Deep Tone*)

In the yellow
tower,
a bell is tolling.

The notes are loosed
on the yellow
wind.

In the yellow
tower,
the bell has stopped.

The wind forms prows of silver
with the dust.

ROAD

One hundred horsemen in mourning,
where will they go,
through the reclining air
of the orange grove?
They will reach
neither Cordova nor Seville,
nor Granada who sighs
for the sea.
Their sleepy horses
will bear them
to the labyrinth of crosses
where the song hangs quivering.
With seven piercing sighs,
where will they go,
the hundred Andalusian riders
from the orange grove?

THE SIX CHORDS

The guitar
sets dreams to weeping.
The sob of lost
souls
escapes from its note-rounded
mouth.
And like the tarantula,
it weaves a great star
to entrap the sighs
that float in its black
cistern of wood.

DANCE

(*In the Garden of La Petenera*)

In the night of the garden,
six gypsy girls
dressed in white
are dancing.

In the night of the garden,
crowned
with paper roses
and twisted roots.

In the night of the garden,
their teeth of pearl
inscribe the charred
shadows.

And in the night of the garden,
their shadows stretch,
reaching clear to the
plum-dark sky.

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DEATH OF LA PETENERA

In the white house
the perdition of men is dying.

One hundred restless ponies wheel and stamp.
Dead are their riders.

Under the lantern's
wavering stars,
her skirt of moire trembles
between her copper thighs.

One hundred restless ponies wheel and stamp.
Dead are their riders.

Great sharp-edged shadows
come from the clouded horizon,
and the deepest string of a guitar
breaks.

One hundred restless ponies wheel and stamp.
Dead are their riders.

FALSE ONE

Ay, gypsy Petenera!
Ay alas Petenera!
Your grave did not hold
good little girls.
Girls who give the dead Christ
locks of their hair,
and wear white mantillas
at the fairs.
Your grave fled from unhappy
people.
People with their hearts
in their heads,
who followed you weeping
through the narrow streets.
Ay, gypsy Petenera!
Ay alas Petenera!

DE PROFUNDIS

The hundred suitors
sleep forever
under the dry earth.
Andalusia has
long red highroads,
Cordova green olive trees
under which to set a hundred crosses
to grave them in memory.
The hundred suitors
sleep forever.

KNELL

In the yellow
towers,
the bells are tolling.

The notes are loosed
on the yellow
winds.

Along the road
the dead woman goes, crowned
with withered lemon blossoms.

She sings and sings
a song
to her white guitar,
and sings and sings and sings.

In the yellow towers,
the bells have stopped.

The wind forms prows of silver
with the dust.

Translated by Rachel Benson and Robert O'Brien.

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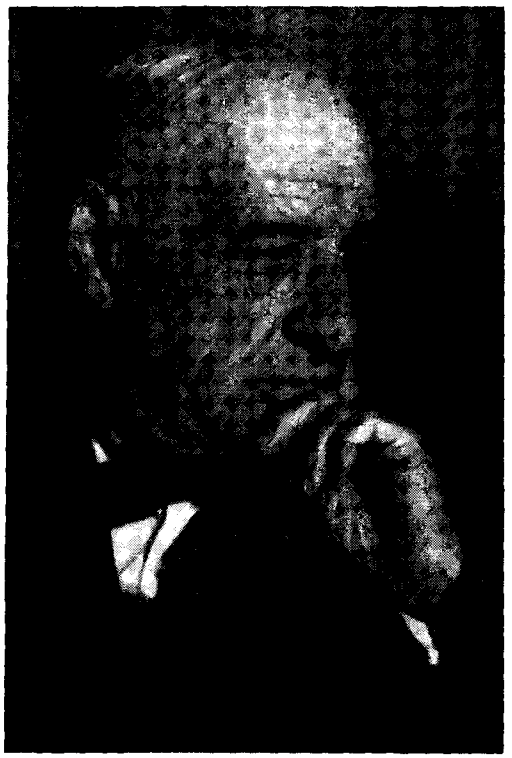

JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET

Internationally known as the author of THE REVOLT OF THE MASSES, JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET *(1883–1955) was equally esteemed by his compatriots for his many essays and articles devoted to Spain. He was an unsparing critic of his countrymen's worst failings, as is attested by this penetrating analysis of a national characteristic.*

THE PRIDE OF THE BASQUES

For years now at the height of summer I have been impelled northward toward the Basque country. And each time, on renewing contact with the hardy Basques, the same project is rekindled within me: to write something on Spanish pride. On the road which leads from Castile to the Basque country, the first Basque house one encounters is at Castil de Peones, a little before Briviesca. It is a cube of stone whose sole ornament is a projecting eave and a shield. The eave seems to have been specifically planned to shelter the shield. Why is it that time and again in passing by this architectural milestone the theme of Spanish pride has returned to haunt my meditations?

This is no random association of ideas, no private whim. Between the idea of Spanish pride and the sculptured image of the Basque nobleman's house there is a meaningful connection which it is pertinent to examine and describe.

Pride is our national passion, our cardinal sin. The Spaniard is not avaricious like the Frenchman, nor sparing of speech and a toper like the Briton, nor sensual and histrionic like the Italian. He is proud, infinitely proud. This ethnic vice extends over the entire territory of the peninsula in a broad variety of shapes and forms, fully apparent in some areas, somewhat concealed in others. But it is in the Basque people, I believe, that one encounters its purest and most classic formula. Anyone who has a good insight into Basque pride has a key to the other prides of the peninsula, and with it he can open the postern guarding the cellars of Spanish history.

Photograph by Nicolás Muller, Madrid.

But what is pride?

The easiest way to analyze pride is to start with a phenomenon which everyone has at some time experienced. An artist discovers that a colleague rates himself or is rated better than he. In certain cases this realization arouses no emotion within him. The superiority which the other artist accords himself and which is recognized by others is, as it were, anticipated within him; from the very beginning he had more or less clearly felt himself to be inferior to that person.

But in other cases the effect produced by this realization is quite different. The fact that the other artist regards himself or is regarded as superior arouses a revolt in his innermost being. The other's vaunted superiority was something which he had not reckoned with; on the contrary, he had felt himself superior. He now experiences a sharp pang of surprise, as though the world had

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suddenly been falsified and a bogus universe substituted for it. He feels belittled in his person. His individuality suffers a grievous wound, and his whole being is shaken to its roots. His spiritual energy is mobilized like a defending garrison, and to protest against this bogus universe it secretly asserts its right to the disputed rank. And inasmuch as the outward manifestations of our feelings are always symbolic and a kind of lyric pantomime, the individual instinctively draws himself up a little, while inwardly reaffirming his conviction that he is worth more than the other. This feeling of contested superiority is accompanied by a stiffening of the neck and head — or at least the muscular beginnings of it — tending to make him taller than the other. In Spanish the feeling expressed in this gesture is aptly called *altanería* ("loftiness," "haughtiness").

One will easily have recognized in this description what is customarily designated as a "movement of pride." Nevertheless, this movement is not, properly speaking, pride. For let us suppose that this protest against the superiority of the other's vaunted worth is just and reasonable. No one would then speak of pride; rather, it would be thought a natural indignation provoked by the blindness of others who are stubbornly bent on subverting an obvious hierarchy of values.

These inner rebellions of our self-esteem reveal that deep within us we carry, without suspecting it, a highly complicated rating sheet. There is not a person in our social surroundings who is not inscribed in it with the logarithmic notation of his hierarchical relation to ourselves. Indeed, as soon as we meet someone, this secret office begins tacitly to function, weighing the value of the newcomer and deciding if he is worth more, the same, or less than our own person.

If we drop objects of varying density into a liquid, they soon come to rest at a certain level. This localization results from the dynamism that one exerts on another. Let us imagine these objects possessed of sensibility. They would feel their own effort to maintain themselves at a higher or lower level, and they would then have what we can call a sense of level.

The sense of level is one of the most decisive ingredients in our psychology. Our mode of behavior, both among others and alone, depends on the human level on which we place ourselves. Likewise, the character of a society depends on the way the individuals composing it value themselves. Now, there are two very distinct ways in which man can judge his own worth. There are some who arrive at a definite evaluation of themselves by examining and weighing their own feelings about themselves. Let us call this spontaneous evaluation. There are others who value themselves by looking first at others and by observing what others think of them. Let us call this reflex evaluation. For the former, what is decisive is their own estimation of themselves; for the latter, the estimation in which they are held. Pride occurs only in individuals of the first type; vanity in those of the second.

Both tendencies are accompanied by opposite senses of psychic gravity. The soul that values itself spontaneously carries its own center of gravity within it, and the opinions of others never influence it decisively. The soul that values itself reflexively is oriented toward others and lives off its social periphery. For this reason one cannot imagine two more contrary passions than pride and vanity. Pride is situated in the innermost depths, whereas vanity is a peripheral passion, lodged in the outer being of a person.

It is important, however, to avoid a misunderstanding at this point. The man who values himself spontaneously will pay no heed to the estimation which others think he merits, but this does not mean that in valuing himself he will pay no attention to what others are worth. Spontaneous evaluation can be humble, and it can of course be just, delicate, and sure. The individual ranks himself according to what he judges others to be worth.

Having reached this point in our analysis, we can now more clearly discern what pride really is — an excessive error in one's sense of level. When this error is of limited scope and affects only one's hierarchical relationship to a few people, it is not sufficient to color one's character. It subjects a man to movements of pride, but it does not turn him into a proud man. But when the error is constant and general, the individual lives in a perpetual disequilibrium of level; the movements of pride are incessant, and since the emotions are expressed forcefully in the human body, the gesture of conceit hardens in the person and gives him a haughty bearing.

Pride is, therefore, an infirmity in one's self-esteem. This persistent error in our evaluation of ourselves implies an innate blindness to the worth of others. It is not that the proud man has illusions about his own excellence. No. What happens is that at every moment his *own* values are self-evident, but never those of others. There is no way, therefore, to cure pride if it is treated as a hallucination. No matter what is said to a proud man, its evidence will be less compelling than what he so clearly sees within himself. Only indirect methods can work. He must be treated as one who is blind.

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Pride stems from a psychic blindness to human values which lie outside of oneself; it is a symptom of a general spiritual sightlessness. In vulgar Spanish parlance, pride, with a sure insight, is called *suficiencia* ("sufficiency" The utterly proud man suffices unto himself because he is oblivious to what is outside himself. This is the reason why proud souls are likely to be hermetic, closed to the outer world, bereft of curiosity. They lack the gift of graceful abandonment and are morbidly fearful of ridicule. The attitude which characterizes them is the attitude of the *gran señor*, the *grandeza* of the Castilian and the Arab which is always a source of wonder to foreigners.

Proud races are consequently dignified but narrow-minded and incapable of enjoying themselves in life. On the other hand, their composure is always elegant. The attitude of the *gran señor* consists simply in evincing no need or urgency for anything. The plebeian, the bourgeois are needy; it is the noble who is self-sufficient. The youthful abandon with which the aging Englishman takes to games and sports, the sensuous enjoyment with which the mature Frenchman yields to the pleasures of the table or of Venus will always seem undignified to the Spaniard. The refined Spaniard needs nothing and nobody.

This is why our race is so averse to new ideas. To accept something new would naturally humiliate us, for it would mean that we were not perfect and that outside of ourselves there was still some good to be discovered. To the thoroughbred Spaniard every innovation seems a personal offense. This is something that we who have been striving to refresh the stale Spanish repertory of ideas are constantly struggling against. Einstein's theory of relativity was judged by many Spanish scientists not as an error — they hadn't taken the time to study it — but as an affront.

We have not yet defined the specific form of Spanish pride. The proud man suffers from a kind of estimative solipsism; it is only within himself that he discovers values, precious qualities, exemplary things. He never sees them in others. But this egotism of appreciation can at the same time assume varied forms, depending on the class of values which he prefers. For example, pride can take the form of thinking oneself the most intelligent, the most courageous, the most just, or the most artistically inclined of men. Talent, justice, courage, exquisite taste are unquestionably first-class values, attained and realized in man's persistent cultural endeavor. They are not elemental and generic gifts which man possesses by the mere fact of being born, but rare qualities attained by cultivation, will power, and work.

Let us imagine a man who is not only stricken by blindness to the virtues of others but who pays no homage to the highest values even within himself and who esteems only the elemental qualities generically bestowed on every man. Do you realize the curious inversion of the moral and social perspective that this brings with it? Well, this is Basque pride.

The Basque thinks that the mere fact of having been born and of being a human individual gives him all the value that it is possible for one to have in this world. Being bright or stupid, learned or ignorant, handsome or ugly, inventive or obtuse are differences of slight importance, almost unworthy of attention compared with what it means to be a living human being. I suppose the sea must feel the same contempt toward the mountains. What do those 25,000 or 28,000 feet of elevation above sea level matter compared with the distance between the sea and the center of the earth? All the superior qualities and perfections rising above the level of the elementally human are for the Basque poor, negligible excrescences. The great, the valuable in man is what is most lowly and aboriginal, the subterranean, that which keeps him tied to the earth. Since history is above all a competition and a dispute and rivalry to acquire those superfluous and superficial perfections — knowledge, art, political dominion — it is not surprising that the Basque race has taken so little interest in history.

In the Basque this self-affirmation and exaltation of the lowliest lacks all ideological or religious depth and atmosphere. It is an affirmation exclusively nourished by his individual energy, living completely on itself, and it amounts to a bold declaration of metaphysical democracy and transcendental egalitarianism. Who can doubt that there is a kind of rugged greatness in this attitude toward life, satanic though it is! For this is no amorous equality; I doubt very much if there can exist an egalitarianism born of love, which is a great architect of hierarchies, a great organizer of proximities and distances. Since every individual possesses elemental human qualities, and above all the simple gift of existence — the supreme value in this system of estimations — the Basque cannot admit that another might be superior to himself. Strictly speaking, within his hermetic, solipsistic world — and each Basque lives closed up within himself like a spiritual crustacean — he is superior and even unique. This renders any individual hierarchy impossible, and since he cannot avoid the consequences of some social intercourse, minimal in the Basque, he rancorously accepts as the lesser evil "*¡Todos iguales!*" ("All are equal!"), a terrible, negative, destructive phrase which

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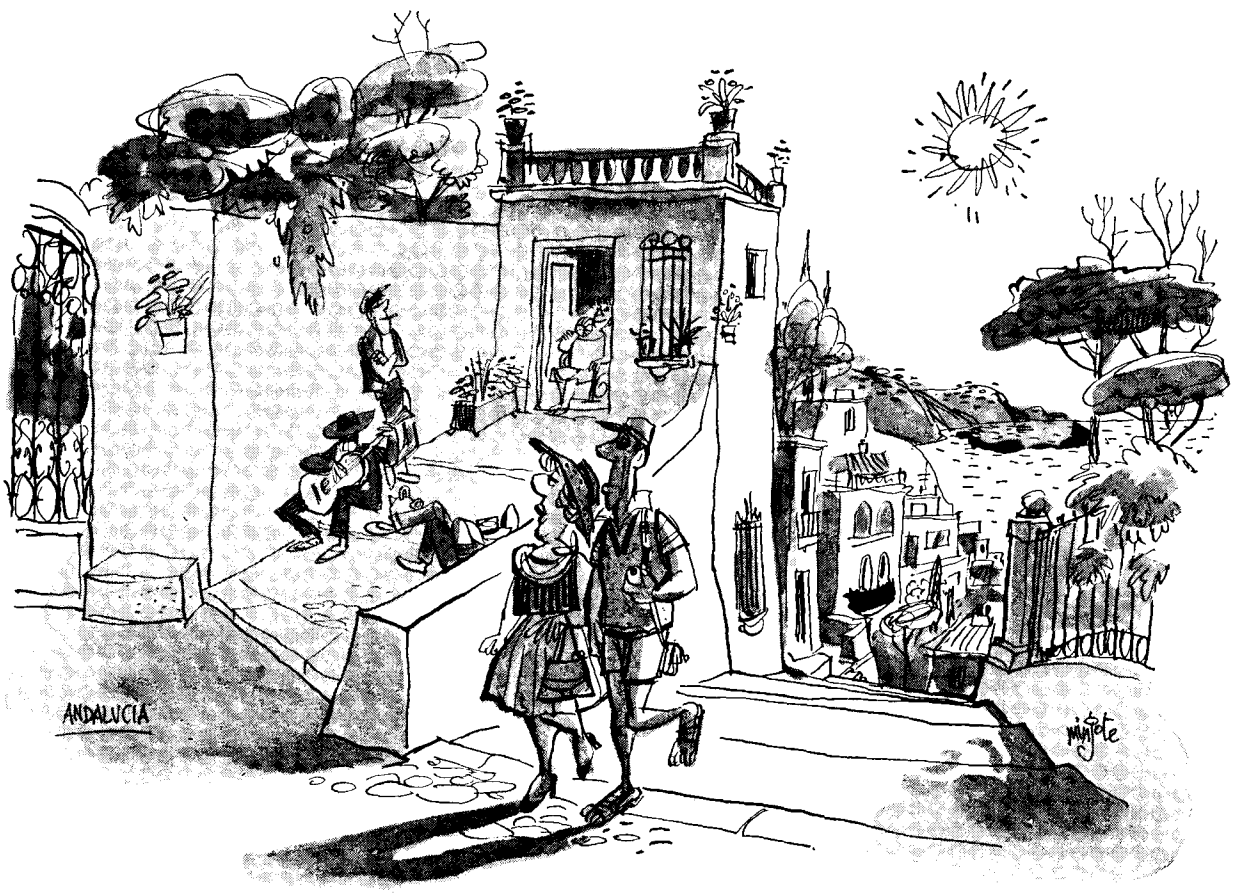
anyone with an acute sociological ear can hear reverberating again and again through the history of Spain.

This negative democracy is the natural result of a pride founded on the lowest values. It seemed to me proper to localize it in the Basque people, which is where it is to be found in its clearest and purest form. Of the peninsular peoples, only the Basques, in my opinion, still vigorously conserve the inner disciplines of an unspent race. The Basque country is the only corner of the peninsula where one still finds a sound and spontaneous ethic. The souls of the Basque people are upright and hardy. In the rest of Spain we find the same pride, but besmirched and broken.

This kind of pride is an antisocial force. With it one cannot make a great people, and it leads irremediably to a degeneration of the human type, which is what has happened to the Spanish race. Blind to the excellence of others, it impedes the perfection of the individual and the refinement of the caste. To improve oneself one must first admire perfection in others. Vain peoples, like the French, have the enormous advantage of being ever ready to admire what is outstanding, and this goes hand in hand with the desire to attain the new virtue themselves and to be admired in their turn. This is why the French have suffered fewer hours of decadence than any other people.

Basque pride — and in general, Spanish pride — will usually engender nothing more than small hidalgos who nestle in their solitary cubes of stone, like the builder of that house at Castil de Peones, neither hut nor palace, the first in the Basque style that one encounters as one leaves Castile and heads for the Bay of Biscay.



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THE DECLINE OF THE BULLFIGHT

THE CRITIC: GREGORIO CORROCHANO

GREGORIO CORROCHANO *was working on the foreign news desk of the Madrid newspaper* A.B.C. *when one day some forty-six years ago he was asked to pinch-hit for the bullfight reporter. He did so well that, except for his service as a war correspondent, he has been the* A.B.C. *bullfighting critic ever since.*

THE art of bullfighting can be explained as the geometric movement of two lines — a vertical line, the torero, and a horizontal line, the bull. To the extent that the vertical line can revolve around itself without changing its position on the ground, the horizontal must move, making a run to approach and another to return. The bullfighter's possibilities of defense rest on his ability to exploit the time it takes the bull to charge and return, which, notwithstanding its apparent speed, is a more slowly effected movement than the turn of the torero.

Bullfighting is possible because the bull is a beast which does not attack in order to eat; it attacks out of irritation. This is a defensive instinct, an instinct which varies not only from one bull to another but even in the same bull during the different moments of the fight. If a bull were not killed after having fought and were allowed to return to the arena for another corrida, it would be impossible to fight it, for it would remember what had been done to it — bulls have good memories — and instead of going for the cape, it would go for the bullfighter and gore him.

Far from taming or training a bull, the bull breeder does the opposite. He preserves its strength and strives to increase it. In the breeding of bulls for the ring, the intervention of man produces the antithesis of domestication.

In Spain today the art of bullfighting is in a state of decadence. The decline set in after the Civil War of 1936 to 1939. Some of the stock farms had been decimated, others had disappeared altogether, so that at the end of the war we were faced with a dilemma: either to give up bullfights for a while, since there were no bulls capable of satisfying the traditional requirements of age and weight, or to substitute the young bull, or *novillo*, for the full-grown bull, or *toro*. We were unable to wait. We were hungry for fiestas after the sorrows of the war. And so the novillo was agreed to and given provisional acceptance by the rules, by the public, and by the critics.

The novillo differs from the toro in that it is younger, less heavy, less developed, and thus less dangerous. In the past the novillo was traditionally reserved for the *novillero*, for the apprentice who was not yet a full-fledged torero.

The necessity born of the shortage of bulls became a habit. The stock breeders grew accustomed to sending to the corridas bulls that were not yet bulls, thereby tarnishing the reputation for scrupulous standards which had long been the hallmark of the raisers of brave bulls. No doubt they found it convenient and economical to speed up their output of young bulls, thus immediately raising their income and minimizing the financial risks involved in the raising of livestock. The

Aquatint by Pablo Picasso. Collection Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of Mrs. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr.

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torero, with the title of matador, got used to killing novillos. The decline in the hierarchical prestige which the torero had always so carefully respected was offset in the process by the diminished risk and a rise in earnings, inasmuch as he could now turn himself into a novillero while earning the prize money of a matador. The press took to reviewing as bullfights what it knew perfectly well were not bullfights, since there were no bulls.

As it is easier to fight a novillo than a bull, there are now many toreros who fight well, and this has given rise to the publicity which proclaims that today the bullfighters are fighting better than ever. The truth is that they fight very well but still do not know *how* to fight. When, as occasionally happens, a genuine bull turns up among the novillos, or when a novillo appears which has to be fought with real mastery, most of today's toreros do not know what they must do with it. Nor does the public, for the decadence of the bullfight is intimately linked with the fact that the people know less and less about bulls. Those who are satisfied with surface truths impute this to the large number of tourists who now throng to our bull rings. It is no less true that most of the Spanish public today, when it comes to bullfights, seem to have become tourists.

All this has created a climate of facility in the bull ring and a compromising conformity in the public which are new in the tradition of bullfighting. The torero has carved out a comfortable nook for himself; he has avoided the rivalry, the competition between bullfighters which, though harsh, was a considerable attraction.

The last great competition in the history of bullfighting was that between Gallito and Belmonte. This was the most glorious epoch of bullfighting in this century. The contest between Gallito and Belmonte lasted throughout Gallito's lifetime. Together they fought through a total of two hundred and fifty-seven afternoons, eighty of them in Madrid. What other competition can boast anything comparable? The day the gate closed on Gallito in 1920 at Talavera de la Reina in Toledo, the great contests ceased and the age of facility opened.

Competition in bullfighting is very unnerving and dangerous, but it makes the torero great and transfigures the bullfight. The rivalry itself is a stimulus. The bullfighter knows that among the spectators he has supporters whom he cannot disregard or defraud. I say "disregard," for when one torero was in bad form, his aficionados would become a target for sarcastic sallies from the partisans of the other torero. Oftentimes they would actually come to blows.

There is, in this respect, a magnificent anecdote about Belmonte. Belmonte had been doing badly during the season in Madrid, one poor bullfight after another. His supporters, who, like all real partisans, were very demanding, told him that this could not go on, that they were ashamed of him. Whereupon Belmonte, to quiet them and as a pledge, signed a letter in which he promised to fight well in the next corrida. This act, a characteristic example of Belmonte's humor, took on the value of a public commitment. In the corrida which followed this solemn pledge he fought very well, and a few days later, in the famous corrida of Montepío de Toreros, Belmonte was so extraordinary that those of us who saw him fight will never forget it.

In this period of decadence, good bullfighters are going to seed on a diet of safety and greed. The sense of the bullfight has been lost. Today's torero accepts — and, what is worse, at times demands — the mutilated bull, the beast with the filed-down horns which is more gently described by the euphemism of the "shaved" bull. The present-day bullfighters refuse competition and form little groups, hermetic clubs, because it is safer and less risky to fight with protectors than with competitors. The bullfight has consequently lost its personality, and it has robbed the torero of the quality which once most distinguished him — his manliness, his uncompromising manly conduct, which could not tolerate anything demeaning his bullfighter's office.

I think I can confirm my thesis with one more example. When Gallito came to Madrid for the first time as a novillero, he went down to the arena on the eve of the corrida to see the novillos reserved for him, and they seemed small. He told the impresario that he would not fight them, because he did not want to make his first appearance in Madrid opposite small bulls. The impresario tried to convince him that the novillos were not small, but of the normal size, and perhaps even a shade larger than the normal. Gallito stuck to his guns, and, walking through the corrals of the bull ring, he saw a batch of bulls from Olea. "Throw those bulls at me," he said. The impresario replied that this was a batch of bulls prepared for the matadors of bulls and not for a novillero. Gallito insisted: "Either you let me have that batch of bulls, or I don't begin in Madrid."

Though he was only a novillero, he opened in Madrid with these bulls from Olea and had a fabulous success. The spectators came away from the arena saying, "Lagartijo is reborn." The oldest among them could remember nothing equal to it. Today this episode can no longer be understood; it sounds like a fairy tale. Gallito's youth, his manliness, his sense of responsibility, his exceptional knowledge of bullfighting led him to challenge those masters of the bull ring, Bombita

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and Machaquito, who, though covered with glory and gore scars, could not resist the impetus of Gallito and had to award him the tail.

When Gallito was left as the sole master of the bullfight, Belmonte appeared and said, "Here I am!" "Well, go to it!" Gallito replied. I repeat, and shall never tire of repeating, that when Gallito died, he had fought eighty corridas in Madrid and two hundred and fifty-seven with Belmonte. That was a real contest. Is a contest of this kind possible in the present state of bullfighting? No. Because, even if a Gallito and a Belmonte were to appear, they would not meet in the bull ring, they would not compete with each other. The bullfight is, unfortunately, headed in another direction.

THE MATADOR: DOMINGO LÓPEZ ORTEGA

DOMINGO LÓPEZ ORTEGA *fought his first bull in 1928, when he was twenty. Within six years he had established himself as one of the finest bullfighters in Spain, developing a style which was considered one of the most original and effective of this century. He fought his last bull in 1948, and since then has devoted himself to raising bulls.*

A BULLFIGHT is not a ballet in which the essential can be achieved in purely visual and aesthetic terms. It has a predetermined end, and if the beauty of the performance does not effectively contribute to and lead up to this end, the bullfight is pointless, no matter how much applause it may elicit from the spectators.

Aficionados will easily remember having seen corridas with *faenas* of twenty, thirty, or forty passes, at the end of which the bull is as vigorous as ever, the matador being pressed back against the palisade, puncturing at random and often hitting the bone, and only with extreme luck transpiercing the bull. How is it possible that after such a number of beautiful passes, the bull should still not have submitted? The answer is very simple: executing passes is not the same thing as fighting bulls. A torero can be frightened of a bull — that is only human — but if he has done twenty or thirty passes with it, it means that he has forgotten his fear, and in such a case, if he has not subdued the bull, it is because he has not given himself the pleasure of fighting well, which is a pleasure that even the beasts enjoy.

It is most curious to hear aficionados lamenting the present state of the bullfight. I would say to them, How can you be surprised at this? Do you think this situation has come about by spontaneous generation? No, it has come about through a gradual development, and the aficionados bear a heavy responsibility for it. The error, to my way of thinking, goes back some thirty or forty years.

I consider the aficionados guilty because they have been inconsistent in their convictions, and this probably because they have been the partisans of different matadors, but never, or almost never, conscious of the classic rules for the exercise of the art, rules which can be reduced to three, *parar*, *templar*, and *mandar* — that is, halting the bull, calming the bull, and dominating the bull. Most people imagine that to do these things all one has to do is to wait for the bull to charge, without the bullfighter's having to move. This is an error, for if the bullfighter stays put, he cannot calm the bull down, still less dominate it. It is at the beginning of the bullfight, when the bulls have the greatest strength, that they should be halted, calmed down, and dominated, and it is a curious thing that today, when, according to so many aficionados, matadors are fighting better than ever, very few bulls are fought with the cape. And why so? Very simply because the bullfighters are not following the great precepts of the past; they do not fight, but instead they execute passes, a great number of passes.

When an aficionado visits a cow-testing corral, as often as not he tries his hand at a little capework. I have had many experiences of this kind with aficionados. I had a friend who wanted to be a bullfighter and who kept insisting that I take him to fight some young bulls. I knew that he could not be a bullfighter — among other reasons, because he was already nearing forty, which is a bit old to embark on this profession. I managed to convince him that to become a bullfighter at his age he had to do something unusual which no one else had ever attempted, and that it was essential that he carry out exactly what would be announced on the posters.

"Now, listen," he says, "how am I going to be announced on the posters?"

"As *El Torero Sonámbulo* — the Sleepwalking Bullfighter."

"And what must I do to fit this odd title?"

"Very simple, you must fight with your eyes bandaged."

"What?" he says. "Blindfolded?"

"*Sí, señor*. Isn't your heart in this? With this, you'll become the most popular man in Spain."

Somewhat uneasily, like Sancho Panza, he asks me: "But you think this is possible?"

"But, *hombre*, of course!"

"All right, if you say so, I'll take your word for it."

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Without further ado we went out to the corral. I bound up his eyes, despite his reluctance, and when the young steer was ready, I led my friend into the ring and said: "When I tell you to, move the *muleta*, and go on doing so until I tell you to retire."

It turned out just as I had foreseen. He executed five or six passes — or rather, the young steer made five or six charges at the cape — the bullfighter was delighted, the onlookers amused, and I had proved my point that executing passes is not the same as fighting a bull.

In recent years I have seen several young men who set out with great possibilities, but they failed to follow the classic rules. They had the right build, the proper courage, zest, and ambition. But the ready applause of the fans, combined with the pecuniary rewards, undermined them. They found it easier, not unnaturally, to take the less painful road.

The situation we are in today has come about because the aficionado has lost his knowledge of bulls, and the masses have not cared whether it was a bull, a cat, or a hare. The art of the bullfight is rooted in the danger presented by the bull. If this danger is removed — at any rate, for the person who is near the bull — the art of bullfighting no longer exists. The beauty, the nobility of the bullfight reside in the bullfighter's experiencing, though also overcoming, the feeling that this is no joke and that he is not in the ring to hurt the bull by teasing it. It is then that the torero really lives and can create the sublime, spine-chilling moments of his art.

We bull breeders make a grave mistake in that we do not look facts in the face and admit that it is unnatural that the bull be brave in just the way we want it to be for the bullfight. As it grows up, its defensive instinct develops, for it must learn to defend itself in fights with its own companions. This is the danger presented by bulls that have passed their fifth year. This is the period when their intelligence and sense, and thus their manias and vicious habits, are developed to the full, making them correspondingly more difficult to fight.

We bull breeders are apt to start from the mistaken assumption that all bulls charge, but this is anything but the fact. Bulls constitute a whole world of different characteristics and behaviors. Many bulls have to be taught to charge, and for this reason the bullfighter often has to make the bull feel that he is afraid of it — that is, he must run away from it in order to build up its confidence. This is one of the most important things in the bullfight. The torero should know that bulls are also fought by running away from them, something which is far more complicated than it might seem at first sight.

I spoke earlier of the complex world of the bulls. This complexity is due to their lack of selection, because we have not yet obtained the completely brave bull. The many cross-breedings that have been tried in the stock farms have resulted in a diversity of characteristics. The proof of this is that in those stocks which have preserved a more or less pure pedigree, the bulls are less differentiated in temperament than in the time of Pedro Romero.

Here was the titan of the bullfight. Imagine yourself killing close to six thousand bulls without a single one of them lifting you off your feet! And it must be remembered that the bulls Romero had to face displayed a bewildering variety of reactions, for in those days selective breeding was unknown. With this extraordinary variety of bulls, Pedro Romero managed to carve out a great career that no one has surpassed in the history of the art.

Following him, the great Francisco Paquiro succeeded in vanquishing all sorts of bulls with the precepts he received from Romero. This bullfighter attempted everything that was humanly conceivable, from pole vaulting over the bull, and jumping between its horns, right through the entire gamut of the bullfighter's art. He did it all with an almost reckless intrepidity in the face of the most fearful physical conditions. But, as the bull is always stronger and more valiant than any human being, no matter how valiant or strong he may be, when the bulls began goring Paquiro he had to fall back on Romero's methods, which he had practically abandoned in the vain belief that he could improve upon them.

In a small book on the art of bullfighting Paquiro said that many splendid maneuvers were being lost, and it is curious to note that in describing how they should be effected, he was preoccupied, above all, with their splendor, irrespective of the bull. On the other hand, focused primarily on the bull, Pedro Romero offered rules for how the *muleta* must be held with relation to the bull, so that the animal is really fought. The strange thing about the bullfight, compared with other arts, is that it is through the classic rules that one reaches the deepest romanticism, perhaps because the bullfight is simply that — pure romanticism.

We thus find ourselves in a peculiarly critical moment for the future of this art. The real aficionado is in a minority, so browbeaten that he has almost come to believe what the mass keeps repeating on all sides: that today the matadors are fighting better than ever in the ring, even though they fight less with the cape and kill worse and worse. I say the moment is critical because, if an end is not put to the present state of affairs, the art of bullfighting will be lost entirely.

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THE MODERN NOVEL

BY MARIANO GARCÍA *A young writer and poet,* MARIANO GARCÍA *left his native province of Burgos six years ago to study philosophy and teach Spanish literature at Göttingen. He is the author of a novel,* NARCISO, *which could not be published in Spain because it failed to conform to the prevailing literary canons.*

IN THE year 1944 the Barcelona publishing house Destino instituted a literary prize to honor the memory of the recently deceased writer Eugenio Nadal. By a curious coincidence the first Nadal Prize was awarded to a novel entitled *Nada*, written by a young girl in her twenties named Carmen Laforet. *Nada* had no plot. In it, nothing in particular took place, as doubtless befitted a novel with the title of *Nothing*. It consisted simply of a series of episodes from the life of a young philosophy student called Andrea, living in the house of some poor relatives in Barcelona.

The editors of Destino may have hoped that in crowning the young author with their new literary laurels they were helping to relaunch the Spanish novel after the shattering nightmares of the Civil War. What they in effect did was to consecrate a new style of novel writing which deserves the name of *Nadalismo*, a literary genre characterized by its studied addiction to plotlessness and inertia, and one which has had a crippling influence on Spanish fiction ever since.

If one disregards the novels that have been written since 1945 by exiles — the most important of whom have been the late Arturo Barea, Ramón Sender, and that versatile philosopher-historian turned novelist, Salvador de Madariaga — it can be said that the Spanish novel since the Civil War has been distinguished by two dominant traits: a marked penchant for *Nadalismo* and for the picaresque-grotesque.

Inside of Spain the Nadal Prize has become comparable in prestige to the Goncourt. The Prix Goncourt, however, is awarded to a recently published novel which has had time to arouse a reaction in French readers and to be dealt with by Paris critics. The Premio Nadal, on the other hand, is awarded to an unpublished manuscript. The judges must, therefore, rely on their own critical standards in awarding the prize, while the unestablished authors who submit their manuscripts, aware that they must find favor with a fixed group of literary censors, are under a strong temptation to try to conform to the Nadal style.

This style, as characterized by *Nada*, is marked by three main traits: amateurishness, plotlessness, and a morbid interest in the gloomier, sordid side of life. By the very nature of its operation, the Nadal Prize has been awarded to the young, and more specifically, to the inexperienced writers.

Photograph of Pío Baroja's hands by Nicolás Muller, Madrid.

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The prize, in too many cases, has proved a reward for amateurishness, and this has resulted in a marked decline of official literary standards.

The studied plotlessness of the Nadal novel clearly owes something to the influence of Pío Baroja (1882–1956). Baroja, who took up medicine and was a doctor as well as a baker and a lonely wanderer through Europe, was a neurasthenic irrationalist, or as he said of himself, a Jean Jacques Rousseau nihilist. His method of writing consisted of sitting down before a pile of paper and proceeding to write without knowing what was going to come of it. "I write my novels without plan," Baroja used to say. To Baroja a plan was a falsification of inspiration and an excessively rationalistic approach to novel writing. We have only to compare Baroja's improvisation with the slow gestation of theme, style, and structure in Thomas Mann, who stands at the opposite pole. Mann would take a theme, sketch it out briefly in a short story, and then develop both theme and plot into a huge work, as he did with "Tristan," which later grew into *The Magic Mountain*.

In Baroja's novels, sometimes things happen; and at other times nothing definite occurs. Improvisation plays the central role. Occasionally it seems as though a plot were going to emerge, as in *La Dama Duende* (*The Ghost Lady*), which tells of a terrorist's flight from Madrid to London, but the plot line soon disappears in a zigzag of incoherent happenings, and the reader realizes that what interests the author is not the plot or logical sequence of events but simply the things which keep turning up. The plot in a novel is what gives it direction, but in Baroja's narrative movement there is neither beginning nor end, and consequently no direction. From this stems the general impression of melancholic drift, of resignation, of fatalism before the aimlessness of things, which form the core of his nihilistic view of the world. Baroja, however, while he never created any large-scale human characters, did achieve some extraordinarily suggestive and enchanting water colors, like that masterpiece *Las Tragedias Grotescas* (*Grotesque Tragedies*), a gallery of impressionistic sketches of the Paris of 1870.

The plotlessness of the Nadal novel has been accompanied by the almost total elimination of the classical narrator, and it is here that the trend in the contemporary Spanish novel coincides with the general trend in Western literature today. In *Don Quixote*, *Tom Jones*, or *Tristram Shandy*, to cite three classic examples, the narrator, though invisible, is ever present. It is through his eyes that the events are viewed, in his words that they are described. In the twentieth century, however, there has been a growing tendency to eliminate the intrusive narrator, as in James Joyce's *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake* and in the novels of Virginia Woolf, where the narrator dissolves into the character's stream of consciousness.

In attempting to eliminate both plot and classical narrator, the post-war Spanish novel has clearly exhibited two of the dominant features of the Western novel. The absence of perspective in the narrative has led to a kind of close-up focusing in the narration. Whereas the classical narrator tells of events that are past, the Nadal narrator relates what is going on in the immediate present, right in front of his eyes. The effect is one of a moving-picture camera linked to a tape recorder. This immediacy has resulted in a colorless, utterly impersonal, or objective, style.

The high point attained by this cult of immediacy was reached in 1955, when the Nadal Prize was awarded to *El Járama* (the name of a stream near Madrid), the work of a twenty-seven-year-old author named Rafael Sánchez Ferlosio, of mixed Spanish and Italian parentage. This novel, if such it can be called, relates the conversations of a group of young boys and girls during a Sunday afternoon outing in the vicinity of Madrid. It is unquestionably a contribution to contemporary philology, in that it has caught the careless colloquialisms of today's typical young people, but its theme throughout is boredom.

The foregoing analysis of *Nadalismo* should not, however, lead one to suppose that all Spanish novelists since the Civil War have remained in its crippling rut. There have been exceptions, and the foremost of these is José María Gironella, a Catalan writer, now in his forties, who won the Nadal Prize in 1946 with his first novel, *Un Hombre* (*A Man*), since translated into several languages. Following this initial success he launched into a major enterprise, a three-volume trilogy devoted to the Spanish Civil War. The first of the three volumes, *The Cypresses Believe in God*, which appeared in English translation in 1955, realistically describes the atmosphere of a provincial Spanish town on the eve of the Civil War. The second volume, whose forthcoming appearance has been announced for some time, bears the title *Un Millón de Muertos* (*A Million Dead*). With *The Cypresses Believe in God* and its announced successor, Gironella has made a frontal assault on the theme of contemporary Spain and the trauma of the Civil War.

The same subject has also been tackled with the same emphasis on plot and the same desire to show up the confused loyalties and ambiguities of the Civil War by the young author Ana María Matute, born in 1926, in a novel called *Los Hijos*

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Muertos (*Dead Sons*). Ana María Matute had already published various stories and novels before she finally achieved fame in Spain with a collection of tight little sketches, or modern parables, entitled *Los Niños Tontos* (*The Foolish Children*). In 1959 she won the Nadal Prize with a delightful autobiographical work, *Primera Memoria* (*Earliest Memory*), in which the themes of the Civil War and the division of Spain are pictured through the lives of several adolescents.

The third distinguishing feature of *Nadalismo* has been a pronounced addiction to the somber and sordid. Misery, for the *Nadalistas*, is not a component of a character's particular situation but is itself a protagonist, who is depicted in all his grim and gory finery.

The predilection for describing the ugly and repelling has been matched by a parallel insistence on depicting the misery of certain strata of present Spanish society, a trend intended to constitute a kind of novelistic *J'accuse* against a society deemed unjust and cruel. Unfortunately, ethics here have tended to smother aesthetics. The leading exponent of this trend, in his work, and even more in his explicit approach to the novel form, is Juan Goytisolo, a young Barcelona writer who now spends much of his time in Paris.

Goytisolo first achieved prominence with a novel entitled *The Young Assassins*, a grim, primitive tale about Spain's angry young men, the Spanish beatniks. A novel can never justify its aesthetic mediocrity with ethical reasonings, no matter how much they reflect sociological phenomena. In his subsequent works, such as the novels *Duelo en el Paraíso* (*Mourning in Paradise*), *El Circo* (*Fiestas*), and in travel books like *Campos de Nijar* (*Fields of Nijar*), Goytisolo has perfected his narrative style. His latest book, *La Resaca* (*The Aftermath*), which was published in Paris in 1958, is a series of rapid scenes in which he depicts the misery of Barcelona's suburbs. *La Resaca* is not, strictly speaking, a novel, but a pamphlet of social accusation. Criticism of the existing regime predominates over artistic creation. There are no real characters, but simply ill-sketched figures. As a social pamphlet, *La Resaca* is a worthy book, a true testimonial of the revolt of the young Spanish generation against an incompetent and corrupt regime.

The cult of the sordid and somber has diverged into yet a third stream, one which might be called "the romanticism of the absurd," a predilection for the lowly, the imperfect, the twisted, the meaningless. The leading craftsman of this trend, and indeed the most important writer to have emerged from Spain since the Civil War, is the Galician Camilo José Cela, who has elevated the grotesque to the rank of a literary category. His universe is somewhat akin to that of Hieronymous Bosch and Pieter Brueghel, of the *commedia dell'arte* and Goya's *Caprichos*, of Giorgio de Chirico, Solana, and Salvador Dalí.

In 1942 Cela published his first novel, *Pascal Duarte's Family*, the work which really opened the post-war period of Spanish fiction. Pascal Duarte is a hapless fellow who tells his story from the prison cell to which he has been condemned. It is a story which is openly and intentionally picaresque in style and flavor.

Ever since the appearance of *Lazarillo de Tormes* around the year 1500, the picaresque has been a Spanish specialty. The *pícaro*, the rogue, is the antihero, and his appearance in Spanish letters has been said to attest the inner crisis of a decadent Castilian society which had lost faith in its own moral values. Cela's resuscitation of the genre is a conscious or unconscious response to a society in turmoil and to a world where the dominant values have been shaken to their foundations.

The second major novel, or chronicle, of Camilo José Cela's, *La Colmena* (*The Beehive*), was published in Buenos Aires in 1952. It offers a grotesque, picaresque, nihilistic vision of the life of a tentacular city, Madrid. There is no plot or theme, but only an overall impression of absurdity. It is, as its title suggests, a bundle of rapid, cell-like scenes involving hundreds of different *Madrileños*. Since then Cela has published a score of books, developing and exploring the manifold possibilities of the grotesque.

One does not have to look far for the causes of the poverty of post-war Spanish fiction. The war drove many of the strongest literary personalities into exile, and the dictatorial regime which followed has brutally imposed a cultural climate which leaves the writer with a reduced margin of free expression. Not only Spanish but foreign works deemed dangerous by the state or the Church have been banned, and this has resulted in a narrowing of the educated Spaniard's cultural horizon. When Jean-Paul Sartre, for example, signed the international protest against the imprisonment of Luis Goytisolo, the brother of Juan and himself a writer, the Franco government promptly banned not only the publication in Spanish but the importation into Spain of any of the French philosopher's works.

Censorship has aggravated Spain's isolation from the rest of the Western world, which was fairly total until 1953 and which has been only partially mitigated since. Within Spain, all too little is known about foreign literature since 1935. Much of this ignorance is due not only to direct prohibition but to a general lack of interest on the

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part of readers and editors, who have grown accustomed to an insipid diet of tasteless, home-grown products. No Spanish editor, knowing that a work like *Ulysses* had undergone a lawsuit abroad for immorality, would dream of submitting a translation of it to the censor. The same anticipated veto naturally rules out a novel like *Lolita*.

Should one conclude from this that no change can be expected without a change in the prevailing political climate? Rather than answer this question explicitly, I shall let the following example speak for itself.

In 1951, a young writer named Rafael Sánchez Ferlosio paid for a private printing of a little book entitled *Industrias y Andanzas de Alfanhuí* (*The Doings and Adventures of Alfanhuí*). *Alfanhuí* is a kind of fantastic tale in the style of Jules Supervielle, although in symbolic value it is also faintly reminiscent of Saint-Exupéry's *Little Prince*. It is a tale about the world of dreams, and thus inescapably symbolic, although it is more than likely in this case that the author was not fully conscious of the symbolism he was using. It is the dream exploration of the soul of a child at the delicate moment of adolescent flowering, when it first comes into contact with the great themes of human life — the awakening of sex, the occult roots of existence, the revelation of narcissistic self-awareness, the discovery of the radically different in girls.

In its wealth of imaginative invention, in the poetry of its descriptions, in the delicacy of its psychological insight, *Alfanhuí* stands alone among the works of Spanish fiction of recent times. Four years after its appearance, however, its author abandoned the genre whose possibilities he had just begun to explore, preferring in *El Járama* to carry Nadalistic realism to its triumphant and absurd extreme. *Alfanhuí* was left a solitary poetic island in the midst of a gray and barren sea.

RAFAEL ALBERTI

GALOPE

Las tierras, las tierras, las tierras de España,
las grandes, las solas, desiertas llanuras.
Galopa, caballo cuatralbo,
jinete del pueblo,
al sol y a la luna.
¡A galopar,
a galopar,
hasta enterrarlos en el mar!
A corazón suenan, resuenan, resuenan
las tierras de España en las herraduras.
Galopa, jinete del pueblo,
caballo cuatralbo,
caballo de espuma.
¡A galopar,
a galopar,
hasta enterrarlos en el mar!
Nadie, nadie, nadie, que enfrente no hay nadie;
que es nadie la muerte si va en tu montura.
Galopa, caballo cuatralbo,
jinete del pueblo,
que la tierra es tuya.
¡A galopar,
a galopar,
hasta enterrarlos en el mar!

GALLOP

The land, the land, the land of Spain,
broad alone desert waste,
gallop it, whitehoof horse,
rider of the land,
to the sun and the moon.
Gallop, gallop,
galloping sea
bury them in the galloping sea!
The land of Spain sounds, resounds,
resounds under hoofs like a heart.
Gallop, rider of the land,
whitehoof horse,
horse of the spray.
Gallop, gallop,
galloping sea
bury them in the galloping sea!
No one will stop you, no one, no one:
death is no one riding your mount.
Gallop, whitehoof horse,
rider of the land,
the land is yours.
Gallop, gallop,
galloping sea,
bury them in the galloping sea!

Translated by Anthony Kerrigan.

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AZORÍN

The villages of the Mancha, which the traveler can easily visit by making a slight detour off the Madrid–Cordova highway, still jealously dispute the honor of having been the home of Don Quixote. José Martínez Ruiz, better known under his pseudonym of AZORÍN, *made this pilgrimage to the Mancha many years ago. He is the oldest surviving member of the great literary "Generation of 1898," and his delicate evocations of the Iberian landscape and its inhabitants are well-established classics of modern Spanish letters.*

The Windmills of Criptana

THE little windmills of Criptana turn and turn.

"Sacramento! Tránsito! María Jesús!" I called in a loud voice.

Where can those girls be? Two hours ago I arrived in Criptana. From the window of the train I looked out at the distant white town, planted on a hillside and now aglow in the scarlet, blood-streaked fires of sunset. The windmills, on the crest of the hill, were slowly moving their sails. Below, the earth-red plain stretched out, flat and unbroken. On my arrival at the station I had caught sight of several ancient carriages on the other side of the barrier, carriages that hidalgos ride in, those faded, dusty, rattling carriages which clop-clop in the evenings down a road between two rows of thin, desiccated little trees. Inside, ladies' faces were glued to the windowpanes, scrutinizing the movements and steps of this odd, solitary, mysterious traveler who had arrived via first class in a pair of worn shoes and a filthy hat.

Night was falling. The carriages drove off with a noisy creaking of boards and springs. I set out over the road on my journey toward the distant village. The carriages turned about for a moment, the faces of those good ladies never leaving the panes. Wrapped in my cloak, I walked on slowly, like a tramp bowed down by the weight of my misfortunes. The spacious corrals of the Mancha began to appear on each side of the road; after them, whitewashed houses with blue doors; and finally, larger houses with broad basket-curved grilles fashioned into crosses at the top. The sky grew darker. I could still make out in the distance, half hidden in the gathering dusk, the lumbering forms of those venerable, tired carriages.

In the streets of the village I passed women veiled in black. A bell tolled slowly in long-drawn-out vibrations. "Is the inn far from here?" I asked.

"It's there," they told me, pointing to an ancient dwelling, with a coat of arms, and a door-jamb and lintel of stone. The window grilles were small; the vestibule was broad, paved with tiny squares; the door at the further end led into a patio bordered by a gallery reposing on Doric columns; the dining room opened off to the right.

I mounted its steps and entered a dark room.

"Who is it?" a voice asked from the depths of the darkness.

"It is I," I said in a hardy voice. "A traveler."

In the silence I heard a clock go *ticktock, ticktock.* Then there was a faint sound, as of a rustling dress, and finally a voice shouted, "Sacramento! Tránsito! María Jesús!" Adding afterward, "Have a seat."

Where was I to sit down? Who was speaking to me? Into what haunted mansion had I strayed?

"There's no light," I ventured timidly.

"No," the mysterious voice replied, "they now put it on very late."

Pencil drawing of Azorín from LA VIDA Y EL ARTE DE IGNACIO ZULOAGA *by Enrique Lafuente Ferrari.*

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But a maid arrived with a candle in her hand. Was it Sacramento? Was it Tránsito? Was it María Jesús? The candle, as for a figure in a Rembrandt painting, shed a bright light on a small oval face, with a smooth dainty chin, almond eyes, and thin lips.

"This señor," said the old woman, seated in a corner, "wants a room. Take him to the inside one."

The inside one was truly inside. We crossed the little patio, we went in through a small enigmatic door, we turned to the right, we turned to the left down a narrow passageway, we climbed some steps, we went down some others. Finally we entered a small room with a bed, and then a narrow room with a ceiling which one could touch with one's hand, a glass-paned door stuck in a three-foot wall, and a diminutive window opening through another wall of the same thickness.

"This is the room," said the maid, setting the candlestand down on the table.

And I said to her, "Is your name Sacramento?"

She blushed slightly. "No," she answered, "I am Tránsito."

I should have added, "How pretty you are, Tránsito!" But I didn't. Instead I opened my *Don Quixote* and began reading from its pages: "And here," I read by the light of the candle, "they discovered thirty or forty windmills that are to be found in this place. . . ."

The light began to fail, and I called out in a loud voice.

Tránsito arrived with another candle and said; "Señor, whenever you wish, dinner is ready."

After dinner I went out for a short walk in the streets. A soft moon was bathing the white façades, projecting the denticulate shadows of the eaves over the river bed. The ample old balconies stood out, dim and mysterious, with their shields and grilles crowned with branches and filigree; the stout doors looked formidable with their iron nails and heavy knockers. There is a deep, intimate joy in strolling through an unknown village among the shadows. The doors, the balconies, the street corners, the apses of the churches, the towers, the illuminated windows, the sounds of distant footsteps, the plaintive barking of dogs, the little lamps burning beneath the statuettes — all combine to unleash our fancy, to incite us to reverie, to bear us away into the realm of dreams.

The little windmills of Criptana turn and turn:

"Sacramento, what is it I've got to do today?"

I asked Sacramento this after finishing my breakfast. Sacramento was as pretty as Tránsito. The night was over. Shouldn't one go to see the windmills? I walked through the streets. What an extraordinary difference between night and day! Where was the mystery, the charm, the suggestiveness of the preceding night?

With Don Jacinto I walked up the little winding uphill streets. The aged windmills stand on the hilltop above the village. Below, the gray-black expanse of the roof tops stretches away, interspersed with the flecks of white façades, as far as the plain. We stopped before the door of one of the windmills.

"Javier," Don Jacinto said to the miller, "is this one going to work soon?"

"In an instant," Javier answered.

Is it surprising that Don Alonso Quijano the Good should have taken these mills for giants? At the time Don Quixote lived, windmills were a stupendous novelty. They were introduced into the Mancha in 1575. Jeronimo Cardano wrote in his book *De Rerum Varietate* in 1580, "I cannot pass over in silence a thing so wondrous that before seeing it I could not have believed it without being upbraided as a trusting man." Why be surprised that the fancy of the good knight of the Mancha should have been exalted by these unheard-of, wondrous machines?

Javier climbed up onto the crossbars of the arms of his windmill to spread the sails. A fierce, unbridled wind was blowing. The four sails were spread; now the arms started to turn slowly, now they turned rapidly. Inside the small tower are three tiny floors. The lowest is for the wheat sacks; the middle one is where the flour falls through a narrow chute; the upper one is where stone grinds on stone to crush the grain. There are several tiny windows on this floor, through which one can espy the landscape. The ancient apparatus works with a hollow rumble.

Through one of these windows I surveyed the immense, infinite, reddish plain, broken here and there by stretches of green. The roads wound off into dusty yellow snakelike curves. A few white walls gleamed in the distance. The sky was covered with gray clouds; a gale was blowing. And over the path crossing the hillside a column of ants advanced; a column of black-clad women with shawls over their heads, who had gone out in the morning, since it was a Lenten Friday, to kiss the feet of the Christ of Villajos in a distant shrine, were now returning slowly — black, sorrowful figures creeping over the empty, earth-red plain.

"María Jesús," I said when the twilight began to fall. "Will the light be long in coming?"

"It will be a little while still," she said.

I sat down in the darkened dining room. I heard the *ticktock*, *ticktock* of the clock. Some bells were ringing the Angelus.

The little windmills of Criptana turn and turn.

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ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

The author of J.B. *and twice the winner of the Pulitzer Prize,* ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, *an American poet, is a profound admirer of Jorge Guillén, whom he regards as Spain's foremost living poet. Dr. Guillén came to America in 1938, where for 17 years he was a member of the Wellesley faculty. In 1959 he was the Charles Eliot Norton lecturer at Harvard.*

JORGE GUILLÉN

A Poet of This Time

THE English imagination, says young Martin Green in his *Mirror for Anglo-Saxons*, "has been dominated by a feeling of death, decay and hopelessness." Others would extend that statement beyond Great Britain. We are no longer Anglo-Saxon in the United States, but the American imagination, according to those who make a profession of observing it, is wandering in the same dark wood, and so too, and by the same authority, is the French. Indeed, it is the current assumption of all accredited intellectuals that our entire generation — or that part of it, at least, which is still free to suffer — is suffering in a common darkness of rejection and denial. But whereas Mr. Green finds this common submission disappointing ("Nobody has shown us a person we can admire and love dealing with life in a way we can admire and love"), nearer observers rather like the view.

And so too, one must confess, do the observed. It gives us a certain sense of accomplishment to be assured that we have faced the dirty facts of a dirty existence more honestly than our deluded ancestors; and when we see the whole era symbolized on Mr. Beckett's stage by a pair of frustrated bums who cannot even hang themselves for lack of a length of rope, we are gratified. We laugh, of course — but proudly. *That*, we think, is precisely how posterity will see us — a generation which has learned at last that life is an absurdity, that the world is a gutter, that Godot never comes, that death is the only thing that ever happens, and that not even death will happen when it's wanted.

But, unhappily, that is *not* the way in which posterity will remember us. I write with some assurance, not because I know more about posterity than the next man but because I am certain that posterity will not form its opinion of us on the evidence on which we form our opinions of ourselves. We are perhaps the most self-conscious generation which ever lived. We read our daily notices with the avidity of a company of touring actors. We know what the sociologists think of us, what the psychiatrists conclude, what the philosophers opine, what the critics judge. But posterity, it is reasonably certain, will not read the notices; it will read the works. And the works of our generation — those that have the look of surviving — will include some which will give a very different impression.

I am not contending with Mr. Green, who is the first new, fresh, and credible voice in a long time. Mr. Green's indictment may hold for the British Isles after Yeats withdrew from them. But posterity will not judge us by the works of our contemporaries in one nation only. If it interests itself in our time at all, it will interest itself in the whole of our time. And if it reads the principal works of our time as a whole, it will come upon works which will not fit our portrait of ourselves.

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One of our seeings and sayings which will almost certainly survive is a poem addressed to the age itself by St. John Perse — his *Chronique*, which ends: "*Grand âge, nous voici. Prenez mesure du coeur d'homme.*" And there are other lines of Perse — a poet who knew his time better than most because he was political man as well as poet, and one of those who shaped the world he wrote in — there are other lines of Perse which would sound strange to a bum by a dead tree hunting for a halter:

> Bitter! Have our living lips ever been bitter?
>
> I have seen, smiling in the fires offshore, the
> great holiday thing: the Sea festive with
> our dreams like a green-grass Easter and like
> a celebration one celebrates . . .
>
> The drums of nothingness surrender to the
> fifes of light.

And Perse is not alone. There is another of our contemporaries whose work, if it survives, will contradict the oracles. Nikos Kazantzakis was a Greek who knew as much about suffering and absurdity as those who carve the literary totem poles which celebrate those deities, but Kazantzakis was not himself a worshiper of revulsion and the dark: "My prayer is not the whimpering of a beggar nor a confession of love. My prayer is not the trivial reckoning of a small tradesman: Give me and I shall give you. My prayer is the report of a soldier to his general. . . ."

And there are others still: one of them, the Spanish poet some of whose poems are translated here. Jorge Guillén knows this time of ours as Perse knows it and as Kazantzakis knew it. He belongs to the generation of the two wars, and — because he is a Spaniard — of that third war, too, which changed the first into the second. Like Perse, he has lived the life of exile which so many of our contemporaries lived and live. But though he is a man of this time in the historical sense — all the historical senses — he is not a man of the time so many of our critics and philosophers have described to us. He knows the dark, yes. "My certainty is founded in the dark." But the dark that Guillén knows is anything but the dark of hopelessness and despair: "That strong unknown thing by night will break through . . . whatever seals it and from the deep abyss draw up those finest splendors that are still so far from death." Dark to him is what a man awakes *from* into the wonder of the world:

> I. Here. Now.
> Wide awake. Existing here and now.
> Once more, the marvelous adjustment.

And what awakes from night into that *ajuste prodigioso* is not a frightened and denying victim but a man who wishes, as the great end of life, to *be*.

> I wish to be . . .
> To be. That suffices me —
> Absolute happiness.

Guillén is a poet of this time — a great poet of this time. But he is a poet, nevertheless, who has devoted his whole life to the writing of a single book, which has grown slowly from seventy-five poems in 1928 to three hundred and thirty-four in 1950 — a single book, of which the title is *Cántico* and the theme praise. And what does he praise?

> Joy of joys: the soul beneath the skin.

Posterity, if it comes upon the great resounding Yes of *Cántico* among the tumbled fragments of our time, will not believe that No was all we had to answer to the world.

JORGE GUILLÉN

SNOW

White lies over green,
And it sings.
Snow that is delicate, snow that is light,
Longs to be deep.

January kindles to snow, is green
And is white.
May the blaze of the snow through the day
And the night kindle a perfecter snow!

Delicate downfall, temperate flake,
What rage is made whole here!
It is snow: snow on the hands,
Snow on the soul.

So perfect the rage of that whiteness,
So perfect and flameless,
Snow bears itself upward, snow
Mounts and is song.

January burns in a barbarous snow.
The rage of it! And it sings.
It touches its singing — snow upon snow
upon snow —
In a headlong ascending of wings.

Translated by Ben Belitt.

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DEATH FROM A DISTANCE

Je soutenais l'éclat de la mort toute pure — VALÉRY

When that dead-certainty appalls my thought,
My future trembles on the road ahead.
There where the light of country fields is caught
In the blind, final precinct of the dead,
A wall takes aim.
But what is sad, stripped bare
By the sun's gaze? It does not matter now —
Not yet. What matters is the ripened pear
That even now my hand strips from the bough.

The time will come: my hand will reach, some day,
Without desire. That saddest day of all,
I shall not weep, but with a proper awe
For the great force impending, I shall say,
Lay on, just destiny. Let the white wall
Impose on me its uncapricious law.

Translated by Richard Wilbur.

CERCO DEL PRESENTE

Cantan grillos. Cantan, quieren
Durar sonando.
La noche quiere más cielo
De su verano.

En un constante fluir
Se encauza y murmura, manso,
Un rumbo de oscuridad
Que se dirige hacia el canto.

Croan, perdidas, las ranas.
Noche de charcos.
¿Tinieblas difusas? Unen
Los grillos. ¡Tantos!

Mana tiempo del presente,
Susurro sin intervalo.
Lo que fué, lo que será
Laten, ahora inmediatos.

Actualidad infinita
Dura creando.
Grillos sonantes. La noche
Tornea campo.

THE RIM OF THE PRESENT

Crickets are singing, singing, wishing
the song to go on forever.
The night too is asking for more sky
from its summer.

The course of the darkness
murmurs, gently moving
in a continuous flowing
toward the singing.

Lost frogs are croaking, croaking.
Puddles in the night.
Such a spread of dark? The crickets
— so many — unify it.

This moment is flowing,
a continuous whisper.
In it, what was, what will be
beat, both together.

The infinity of the moment
lasts in its becoming.
The crickets singing, singing. The night
circling the fields, turning.

Translated by Alastair Reid.

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THE FUTURE OF SPANISH CATHOLICISM

BY JOSÉ LUIS ARANGUREN

Professor of ethics at the University of Madrid, JOSÉ LUIS ARANGUREN *is a liberal Catholic who chose to stay on in Spain after Franco came to power. In the article which follows he makes a plea for reconsideration of the relationship of church and state.*

SPAIN's language and nationhood were forged during almost eight centuries of the so-called Reconquest, against the Moors. Spain was the product of Islam, and in opposing Islam she was partly determined by it. As Hegel once noted, those who fight simultaneously embrace. Spain asserted herself in a struggle which was, first of all, religious, a holy war. Other Europeans could embark on crusades in a desperate endeavor to save the Holy Places. The Spaniards took no part in them, for their own land was the scene of a permanent crusade. Nothing more clearly attests this early fusion of the spiritual and temporal orders in the peninsula than the way in which Saint James, the patron saint of Spain, was called upon during the Middle Ages to lead the Christian hosts to their final victory against the infidel. This warlike characteristic has been one of the constants of our religious history ever since.

The reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, known in Spain as *los Reyes Católicos* ("the Catholic Kings"), marked the end of the struggle against the Moors and a turning toward new enterprises, European and American. But it was not long before the nation's energies were once again mobilized for another war of religion, this time against the Protestants and the Turks.

The reign of Charles V is marked by a curious ambiguity. On the one hand, the Emperor, in keeping with the medieval notion of the empire, acted as the prince whose first duty it was to be the custodian and defender of the Christian religion against its foes. Charles V fully accepted this responsibility in waging a religious war against the Turks. But when it came to the Protestants, the Emperor, under the influence of his entourage, who were followers of Erasmus, viewed the problem as more moral than dogmatic. It was, he thought, the sinfulness of the Papal Court and its inability to launch a necessary Catholic reformation which had given rise to the Protestant Reformation; the heterodoxy of the latter was accidental, could easily be reduced, and should, therefore, be combated in its point of origin, Rome. In the final analysis, only an Ecumenical Council, convened by the Emperor, should the Pope refuse to do so himself, could rescue Christendom and the German people from their plight.

The religious notions of the Spanish intellectuals of Charles V's court were a strange compound of secularism, anachronism, and utopianism. The survival of a political Augustinianism, already outmoded elsewhere, led them to confuse the political and religious spheres and to attribute to the Emperor a jurisdiction in the governance of the Church which was not his.

Drawing by Goya from DESSINS DE GOYA. *Courtesy of Éditions d'Art Albert Skira, Geneva.*

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These ambiguities did not prevent Spanish Catholicism from being enriched by the pastoral experience of the Indies and from giving rise to a spirit of meditation and contemplation which reached superlative heights, with Father Vitoria in the realm of theology, with Friars Luis de Granada and Luis de León in the realm of asceticism, and with Saint Theresa and Saint John of the Cross in the realm of mysticism. This period, the Inquisition notwithstanding, was marked, as the historian Maravall has recently said, by "a freedom of thought which, generally speaking, was admirable, and which only began to wane inside the Kingdom of Spain after 1588."

About the middle of the sixteenth century, following the Council of Trent, two major and quite different policies came to dominate the chessboard of Europe, one Spanish and the other French. The French policy, which received its theoretical definition from Jean Bodin and which owed its success to the religious lukewarmness of Henry IV, to a general lassitude with religious wars, and to the ensuing skepticism which Montaigne was so eloquent in voicing, was supported by the *politiques* as an attitude antithetical to the Spanish. This policy reached its apogee under the rule of Cardinal Richelieu and was based on the clear delimitation of a neutral political sphere, separate and apart from the field of religious controversy, within which all citizens could live in peace, no matter what their respective beliefs might be. The separation of church and state, which was finally established in France at the end of the last century, germinated on a soil which had long been prepared for it.

In Spain, on the other hand, after the confused reign of Charles V, Philip II opted for a policy not of separation from but of subordination to religion. Spain was henceforth identified with Catholicism, and the Spanish state elevated as the champion and sword of the Counter Reformation. Bit by bit the Spanish sovereign took the place of Providence, becoming, as the saying goes, "more Papist than the Pope" and confusing his own designs, which were loyally placed in the service of faith, with the designs of God.

During this period of the Counter Reformation, which lasted through the second half of the sixteenth and all of the seventeenth century, Catholic theological thought in Spain rose to great speculative heights under Francisco Suárez and other great Jesuits; but while it took on beautifully defined and lustrous contours, it simultaneously began to grow steadily more arid and impoverished. The freedom of thought which I mentioned earlier now disappeared, and the Spaniards, both through the work of the Inquisition as an institution and also through their own individual, private inquisition, lost contact with scientific and, in general, modern thought, abandoning gradually all but the purely literary or plastic forms of expression.

The Spaniard of the Counter Reformation — grave, reserved, solemn, of funereal attire, or, in the period of decadence, illusionist, empty, and baroque — is a totally different human being from the Spaniard that was typical of the reign of Charles V. The Spaniard of the Counter Reformation gave himself up body and soul to the battle against the Protestant, succumbing in the course of the struggle to the contagion of the very style of life he combated. The "sullen Spain" of the Black Legend had some foundation in reality. The struggle against the heretics, against Lutherans, Calvinists, and Puritans, turned us into something rather like them. Religion came to be lived, far more violently now than in the Middle Ages, as a crusade, as a battle against the infidel, against the heretic. In the end, the positive and hopeful sense of the Reconquest was utterly lost, and what remained was only the morbid obsession of not being contaminated by heresy.

The warlike instinct, which, as I have said, has been one of the constants of Spanish Catholicism, had been inspired in the ascending periods, such as the Reconquest and the first part of the Counter Reformation, by the hope of finally vanquishing the infidel or of destroying the heresy. But later it ceased to be a hope, giving way to a crippling, paralyzing fear. The dominant ideal, in this desperate situation, is the purely negative one of preserving Spain from all contact with the pernicious modern world, keeping her at a safe distance from its errors and, as much as possible, remote, immobile, inaccessible, and insulated from the passage of time.

It was not until the second half of the eighteenth century that another attempt was made to revive free Catholic thought. This period, which is known as the Second Scholastic, coincides with the reign of the liberal Charles III (1759–1788). The effort, like that made by the premature "enlightened" courtiers of Charles V, was a trifle confused. It cannot be denied, I believe, that clericalism has been one of Spain's religious evils and that from it has stemmed the anticlericalism which, though seemingly opposed to it, is simply its obverse. In its desire to combat clericalism, the enlightened government of Charles III went to the opposite extreme of expelling the Jesuits and of asserting the supremacy of the state, even in ecclesiastical matters.

The surest way of misunderstanding the eight-

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eenth century in Spain, however, is to treat it as nothing more than a Spanish version of the French eighteenth century. The truth is that, in contrast to the negative, critical, and destructive character of Gallic Encyclopedism and of the decadence of the reigns of Louis XV and Louis XVI, the Spanish cultural policy of this period was predominantly positive, aimed at incorporating Spain into the Europe of her time without weakening the live traditional values, and particularly the religious values, of the country. The figure of Jovellanos, one of the noblest in Spain's entire history, is a true expression of a modern Catholic attitude that was typical of the Spanish Enlightenment.

Jovellanos was an orthodox Catholic who was taxed with the crime of remaining unswervingly faithful to his enlightened views at a time when the monarchy, under Charles IV (1788–1808), fearful of the propaganda of the French Revolution, was seeking a new alliance with the Inquisition and adopting a reactionary and obscurantist policy. For this sin Jovellanos was exiled to Mallorca for seven years, six of which he spent locked up in the castle of Bellver.

After his captivity and the outbreak of the War of Independence against Napoleon, Jovellanos realized that the desired Enlightenment could not simply be taught and learned but that it would have to be won by all Spaniards for themselves. Without perhaps fully realizing it, he had now passed from the idea of enlightened despotism to the idea of modern democracy. The popular insurrection, or revolution, against the French which took place on May 2, 1808, virtually imposed this new view upon him. The former enemy of revolution now embraced this one, even agreeing to become a member of the so-called Central Junta, the real government of Spain, whose powers emanated from the revolution. The Junta prepared the convocation of the first constituent assembly of Spain, which promulgated the Constitution of 1812.

If, in the course of the nineteenth century, Jovellanos had had successors of his intellectual eminence, capable of continuing and developing his trend of thought, Spain would have known a Catholic democracy and a liberal Catholicism of the kind which flourished in France, in England with Lord Acton, and in Italy with Rosmini, Manzoni, and Gioberti. But this did not happen. The incomprehension of Catholicism by Spanish liberals on the one hand, and on the other the opposition of the Spanish church to democracy, an opposition growing out of a form of life dominated by fear rather than hope, resulted in a shortage of Catholic democrats all through the nineteenth century, a shortage paralleled by an absence of any real Social Catholicism comparable to that which developed in other European countries.

At the end of the century, however, three novelists appeared, the Catholics Alarcón and Pereda and the non-Catholic Pérez Galdós, certain of whose works have an exceptional religious importance, as did those, a few years later, of Palacio Valdés, which raised problems involving faith. Almost simultaneously there occurred a revitalization of scholastic philosophy, undertaken at the turn of the century by Don Miguel de Unamuno.

Unamuno burst into the center of the monotonous piety prevailing among the long-winded rhetoricians, the platitude mongers, and spoke in a new, intimate, and intensely personal tone of voice of the religious preoccupation which every man, no matter how much he may try to stifle it, carries within him. Though not himself a Catholic, Unamuno brought to Spanish Catholicism a style and a sensibility which were utterly new, unprecedented, and entirely secular. Unamuno's influence as the awakener of contemporary lay Catholicism in Spain was very great, and to my mind, very positive.

Unamuno contributed something else of importance — information about religious thought in the rest of the world. The continuer of this task was Ortega y Gasset, who, though not a Catholic either, was familiar with and esteemed foreign Catholic thought, which he offered as a goad and a stimulus to the intellectually inane Catholicism of his period. Thanks to the upheaval created by these two men and by their Catholic disciples, a liberal Catholic thought began to emerge in the nineteen twenties which was truly up to date. Simultaneously, and with the backing of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, such important movements as the National Catholic Association of Propagandists and, above all, Catholic Action made their appearance. The five-year term of the Second Republic (1931–1936) brought this Catholic mobilization to a peak, its primary expression being the CEDA political party, which represented a center-right grouping that was somewhat ambiguously democratic, and its secondary expression being a group which fully accepted the republic, with an unequivocally leftist orientation that was more political than social.

The Catholicism of the Civil War and post-war periods has continued these two tendencies, adapted to the new political circumstances, inevitably galvanizing the old, intolerant, reactionary, and antimodern spirit. The more open-minded and forward-looking wing includes the philosopher Xavier Zubiri, the eminent thinker Pedro Laín Entralgo, and the disciples of Ortega y Gasset, Julián Marías, Luis Diez del Corral, and José Antonio Maravall. The truth is that, up to several years ago, all published thought in Spain

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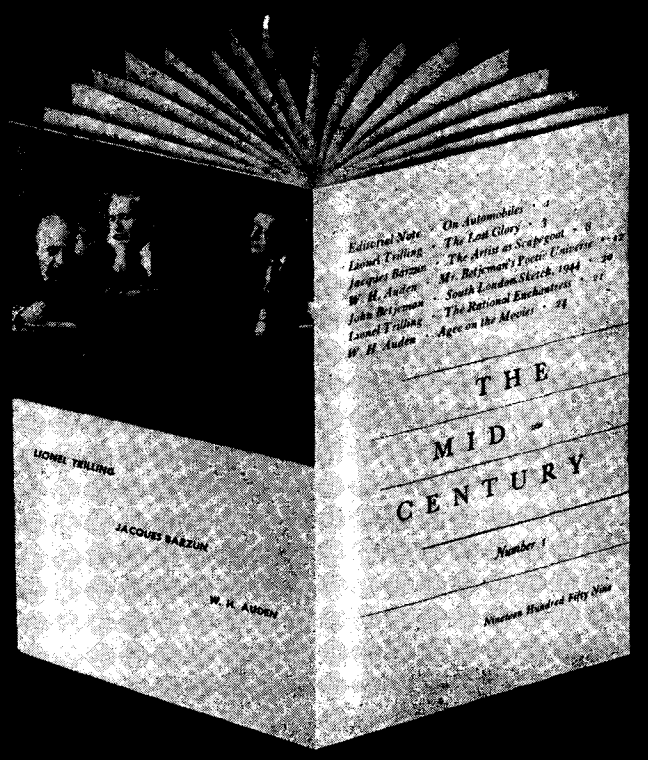

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was Catholic, of one tendency or another. The same cannot be said today. The meaningless, purely rhetorical use of lofty words, certain unsavory compromises and alliances, and the smugly middle-class, socially blind character of the bulk of the Spanish Church have in the last few years alienated many young men from the Catholic faith. Yet, while a sizable segment of Spanish youth has been undergoing a process of dechristianization, a young priesthood has been developing which is fully responsible and conscious of the arduous task that lies ahead of it.

It seems to me that Catholicism in Spain will have a rougher time in the coming years than it has had of late, and this may be all to the good in the long run, for the resultant situation will certainly be less equivocal and more genuine. In this eventuality, a new spirit must prevail.

Today as yesterday, three main currents are evident in Spanish Catholicism. The most prominent is represented by the nostalgic, who cling to the alliance of throne and altar — that is, to a political absolutism anchored firmly to a religious absolutism. They include Spanish imitators of the monarchist Action Française, old die-hards, and the political sect known as the Opus Dei. Their posture is purely defensive, conservative, negative, and dictated not by hope but by fear.

The second tendency is represented by the Catholic masses. They should be organized into a broad politico-social group similar to the Christian Democratic parties in other European countries, even though in all likelihood such a group would be more conservative in Spain than elsewhere. The Catholic parties in such countries as Italy, Germany, and, possibly, the Spain of tomorrow — in France the Catholics have been losing political strength and cohesion from day to day — are, to my way of thinking, both anachronistic and very effective as politico-sociological means of mobilizing and unifying, even if only externally, a large sector of public opinion. But we are now living in an epoch in which formal democracy seems insufficient to us, and a Catholic party which seems to be manipulated by financial pressure groups constitutes an obstacle, and even a scandal, for an effective apostolate in other social milieus. A Catholic party, furthermore, is bound to receive warnings and directives from the ecclesiastical hierarchy, since it must to a certain extent represent it politically. This presents a grave inconvenience, for the Church thus finds itself compromised in a policy which, like all policies, is fallible.

In the period of anti-Catholic politics, it was understandable that Catholics should tend to band together to protect their spiritual interests. But we are now living in a time of secularization, in which people are no longer fighting for spiritual causes but for material interests. In such circumstances the existence of a single Catholic party is not only an anachronism, it also masks the social and political realities.

The third tendency of Spanish Catholics, at least of the youngest and the most forward-looking of them, is to raise the question of a revision of the relations between church and state, likewise the problem of religious tolerance. The chief representative of this tendency on the theoretical plane is probably Jesuit Father José María Díez-Alegría, who recently published an important article entitled "Choice of the Good and Intersubjective Tolerance." Based on a work by Cardinal Lercaro of Bologna, it contains this affirmation:

> He who in entirely good faith denies his adherence to the absolutely true religion, and grants it to forms of religion that are not adequately true, maintains a religious attitude which at heart is objectively correct, since he claims with utter sincerity to pay homage to God as God wishes to be worshiped.

This deep respect for personal conscience must, at the same time, be allied with a social conscience, as a concrete and immediate guide of action. For this it is necessary to awaken a sense of social justice in Spanish Catholics. The work of Father Díez-Alegría is very important, as is that of another Jesuit, Father Llanos, and of other clergymen and priests. This is a problem which is being lived most intensely by the new Spanish Catholic generations. It is not, of course, a question of advocating a Catholic socialism, which, from the point of view of the Church, would suffer from the same drawbacks as Christian Democracy. It is simply a question of permitting those Catholics who feel thus inclined to engage freely in a great enterprise of social reform. In this way the Church, as such, freed of every political servitude, could be converted into what it should be — the real home of *all* the faithful, regardless of their attitudes on temporal questions.

It seems clear that this tendency would open up new and broad horizons for pastoral action. The peculiar trait of Spanish Catholicism which I have mentioned, its combativeness and desire for reconquest, would then be preserved and even strengthened, becoming a purely spiritual force placed in the service of purely religious ends. Much can be hoped for from the young Spanish priest, whose great pastoral zeal awaits only the propitious circumstances, circumstances which will allow him to embark on his apostolic task and to bring about that much-needed renewing, deepening, and broadening of our faith.

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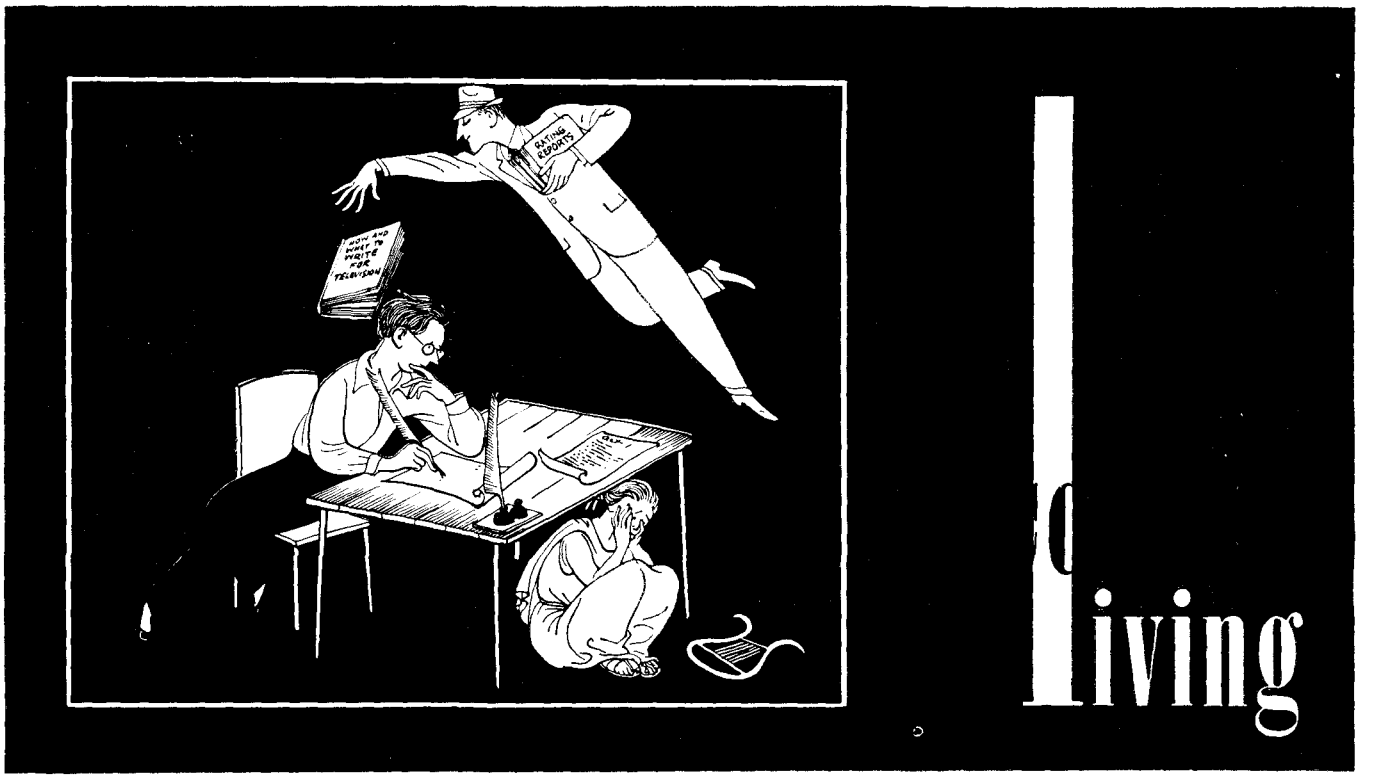

Living

THE clearest picture yet of Madison Ave.'s tv programming taboos . . . has been filed with FCC examiners during the Coast phase of their video probe." So begins a recent story in the indispensable weekly, *Variety*.

The story came from Hollywood, where a television producer testified at a hearing before the Federal Communications Commission. Commercial sponsors, he testified, hand down through their advertising agencies written directives on all matters concerning "taste and policy," and excerpts from two of these throw some light on why television is the way it is.

Here is what *Variety's* story described as the "do's and don't's" laid down by Liggett & Myers for its Chesterfield show:

"No portrayal of pipe or cigar smoking or chewing. Avoid shots of messy ashtrays crammed with cigaret butts. Use Kingsize Chesterfields only. Take cellophane off pack.

"While we do not want to create an impression of one continual, smoke-filled room, from time to time in the shows we feel 'natural' smoking action is a requisite by the cast. It should never be forced.

"There are many incidental ways the show can help. For instance, background shot of cigaret machine in restaurant, train or bus station — a poster or display piece in drug store — the end of a carton sticking out of a shopping bag."

Variety thought L&M's ideas on the age of its TV smokers were worth a subhead, "L&M on Kid Smokes," and the directive continued: "Smoking Age. This is a problem of 'looks' rather than actual age. Obviously, a 12-year-old should not be shown smoking. College age men and women can be pictured smoking without any fear of criticism. . . . We don't want public criticism in encouraging the too young or 'too young looking' to smoke. On the other hand, the high school and college market is extremely important to Liggett & Myers as future long-time customers."

The requirements of General Mills were reported to contain no less than twenty-two "policy points" with restrictions that *Variety* found "prohibit virtually everything but sheer heroism and abstract villainy." The story goes on:

"Statement warms with a cryptic point on morals: 'In general, the moral code of the characters in our dramas will be more or less synonymous with the moral code of the bulk of the American middle-class, as it is commonly understood. . . .'

"And on to types and organizations: 'Ministers, priests and similar representatives of positive social forces shall not be cast as villains or represented as committing a crime, or be placed in any unsympathetic or antisocial role. If it is necessary in the development of conflict for a character to attack some basic conception of the American way of life, e.g., freedom of speech, freedom of worship, etc., answer must be completely and convincingly made some place in the same broadcast.

"'There will be no material that may give offense either directly or by inference, to any organized minority group, lodge, or other organizations, institutions, residents of any state or section of the country, or a commercial organization of any sort. This will be taken to include political organizations; fraternal organizations; college and school groups; labor groups; industrial, business and professional organizations; religious orders; civic clubs; memorial and patriotic societies; philanthropic and reform societies (Anti-Tobacco League, for example); athletic organizations; women's groups, etc., which are in good standing.'

"Controversy: 'There will be no material for or against sharply drawn national or regional controversial issues. There will be nothing slurring any given type of occupation. There

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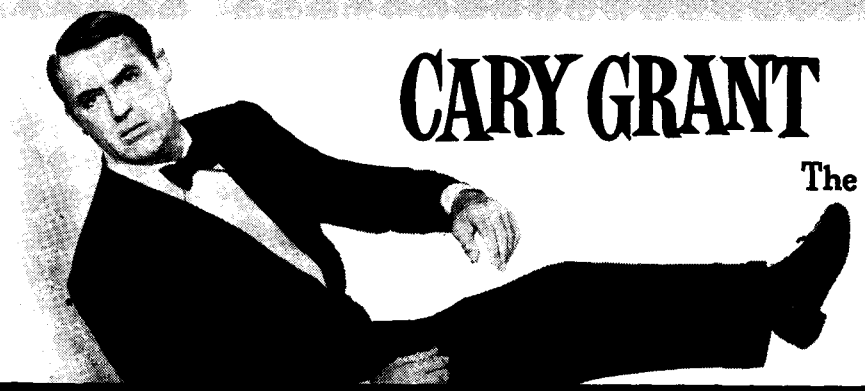

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will be no ridicule of manners or fashions that may be peculiarly sectional.

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"To General Mills, it's the best of all possible worlds: 'Where it seems fitting, the characters should reflect recognition and acceptance of the world situation in their thoughts and actions, although in dealing with war, our writers should minimize the "horror" aspects. . . . Men in uniform shall not be cast as heavy villains or portrayed as engaging in any criminal activity.'

"And: 'There will be no material on any of our programs which could in any way further the concept of business as cold, ruthless and lacking all sentiment or spiritual motivation.'

"Re the product: 'Special attention shall be given to any mention, however innocuous, of the baking business. . . . Food subjects commercially treated can not be presented with program content that is unappetizing or tends to effect nausea upon the listener or viewer. If there is any question whatever about such material, it should be deleted.'

"As a final touch: 'References to other cowboy stars, such as Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy et al, should not be used in General Mills programs. . . . Reference should not be made to other "competitive" horses such as "Trigger"; "Silver," et al.' "

CHARLES W. MORTON

The Romance of Vichy Catalan

An Introduction to Bottled-Water Label Reading

BY JAMES BOOTH

JAMES BOOTH *is the pseudonym of an American who has mainly lived abroad for the past decade, taking the waters and engaging in other pursuits. He is currently a resident of Madrid.*

Every American resident on the Continent should have a hobby to given pattern and perspective to his investigations of the local scene. Some choose Gothic architecture; some bullfights. Mine is bottled-water labels. As a key to a country's culture, they are much more rewarding than swaddling and toilet training and rather more accessible for study. Their fine printed commentary has intrigued me for years, and, particularly after my discovery of a few months ago, I feel richly rewarded. I've found Vichy Catalan, Spain's leading potion for curing almost anything while quenching a thirst. The buyer of Vichy Catalan buys not only a bottle of water, he buys an encyclopedia on a four by seven label. Except for the words "Vichy Catalan" in half-inch type in the upper part of the center section and an illustration apparently portraying a volcanic mountain range (I suspect the artist's intention was to depict the valley in which the waters are bottled), the label is divided up into sections of small type. The careful student will empty a liter bottle before he reads them all, but he should not let length deter him from carrying on to the end.

For example, under the title *Observaciones*, which might be translated as "General Commentary," we find an encapsulated history of Spain over the last seventy years in one sentence. "These waters received the name of 'Vichy Catalan' by the Royal Order of the 15th of June, 1891, which was later confirmed by the firm and definitive edict of the Supreme Tribunal on the 28th of November, 1908, and, since that date, they have been presented on the market without any interruptions, having acquired within the medical class and the public generally a renown, greater with each use, for their achievement in the treatment of the diseases of the stomach, liver, spleen, chronic rheumatism, etc." Now, a sentence like that demands a little contemplation before its full significance is understood. We learn first that Spain had Kings, or at least royalty, capable of giving orders. Then there is, or at any rate *was* in 1908, a Supreme Tribunal. And furthermore, whatever the vagaries of Spanish history, some things have persisted unchanged throughout all the vicissitudes of the stormy twentieth century. We get a hint of drama and danger and a lesson of the triumph of stubborn determination when we consider the seventeen years of doubt between the Royal Order of 1891 and the edict, "firm and definitive," of the Supreme Tribunal in 1908.

Is there even a suggestion of liberal unrest here? Why, after all, should a royal order have to be confirmed by anybody's edict, even a Supreme Tribunal's? What other bottle label adumbrates the weakness of a ruling dynasty?

Our historical investigations become more complex and more intriguing as we fit further pieces into the picture. Just under the boldface name "Vichy Catalan" is the phrase "Declared of Utility to the Public by the Royal Order of the 5th of March, 1883." Then, toward the end of the *Observaciones* section we find the phrase, " . . . the trade name 'Vichy Catalan,' which has been legally registered in Spain since 1890." Now, in possession of all of the facts, we can see a degree of coherence emerging in the story. Though, as any good historian should, the author of the label leaves a few mysteries for the reader to ponder.

We can now see how the tragic death of Alfonso XII and the uneasy earlier years of his Austrian widow's regency are woven into the fabric of Vichy Catalan's history. One can easily imagine Alfonso, on March 5,

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1883, probably after a spat with his current wife, Maria Christina, meditating, calming his liver, and sipping a glass of water on the terrace of the palace. Undoubtedly, he is thinking of his first Queen, the beautiful Mercedes. Casually he glances at the green water bottle at his side. The label, which even then must have had an extensive medical section, catches his eye. He reads and realizes that had Mercedes only drunk Vichy Catalan, the fever never would have taken her off. Thinking how useful it would be to have her around still, he declares, "It is of Utility to the Public," and his words are henceforth immortalized. (As any King should, he assumed that in his person he embodied the needs of the public in general.)

Inspired by royal approval, the bottlers get their trade name registered in 1890, but something complicates their position. In 1891 they seek further royal sanction. Alfonso's loyal widow, either ignorant of or oblivious to the train of thought that led her husband to declare Vichy Catalan "of Utility," affirms his opinion and issues an order giving the waters the name they already had. Triumph again for Vichy Catalan. But then, it seems, there follows a time of troubles. The royal order needed further confirmation, and needed it from a nonregal source. The inroads of parliamentarianism appear on the scene. Only the edict of the Supreme Tribunal saves the day for Vichy Catalan. As for the dynasty, it is perhaps significant that Alfonso XIII appears to have played no part in the story. He was King in his own right by 1908, but, as if foreshadowing his abdication, he was either unable or unwilling to issue any royal orders about Vichy Catalan. At this writing, Alfonso's son languishes in exile in Portugal, but Vichy Catalan still proudly displays on its label in green undertint the words, "Under the Protection of the State."

A history may end with the protagonist — in this case, Vichy Catalan — thriving under governmental protection, bottling on without interruption, come Kings, republics, or dictatorships, but nothing in Spain begins its history as recently as 1883. Propriety demands that the narrative be carried back to Imperial Rome, at least. This case is no exception. "These waters were already in use in Roman times, as the numerous

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votive coins found in the courses of the pipes that carry them demonstrate." In addition to establishing a proper genealogy, there is excitement here in the hint at buried treasure, the wealth of the Caesars gumming up a water pipe. Unfortunately, the historical references come to an end here, leaving us intrigued by one last puzzle. Who built those pipes?

Next to its historical commentary, the medical section is the most stimulating part of the label. By all odds, to the drinker, it is the most reassuring. "Taken straight or mixed with milk, wine or beer, it gives excellent results in acid dyspepsia, in debility of the stomach, flatulence or gas pains, for defects in secretion. Gastritis from overeating, chronic blockages of the liver, spleen or prostate. Small kidney or liver stones. Chronic inflammation of the uterus and the consequent sterility. King's Evil; rheumatic dermatitis. A specific for: Glycosuria; Diabetes."

The opening words of this section are a clever combination of comedy and commercial calculation worthy of the best depth-prober in the field. No sane Spaniard, once weaned, would ever touch milk. Beer is generally considered a medicine in its own right, and mixing it with another medicine would be pointless. Cutting wine with Vichy Catalan produces a vile-tasting mixture that no one would drink. In addition to the implicit entertainment value in the phrase, there is an intimation of the sort of suffering that one connects with doing what is good for one's health. Now, a Spaniard feels guilty when he drinks water; it makes him feel less than a man. But given the excuse of medical need, combined with such horrible or ridiculous suggestions as mixing the medicine with milk, beer, or wine, he can ease his conscience, laugh at his fate, and quench his thirst simultaneously.

The medical references do not, of course, end here. No European water worth bottling would stop so far short of panacea as this. Down at the bottom of the label, in what I call the Transportation and Technical Section (it deals mainly with the shipping and bottling methods, and so forth), the final sentences remind the technically-minded that no matter how much they may marvel at the embottling "without contact with the atmosphere" and "without loss of natural gases," at the "resistance to climatic change" and the "preservation of natural carbonic acid," the purpose of the processes is medicinal and not mere technical virtuosity for its own sake. "The very rich natural waters of Vichy Catalan are the life's blood of the stomach, the liver, the spleen and the rheumatic patient. . . . In the tropics, the waters work marvelous cures of hepatitis and other disorders of the liver."

When one's interest tires of medicine, there is the chemical section, an imposing column on the left side of the label, to turn to. Here the chemical composition of the waters, "according to the most recent analysis by Doctor B. Oliver y Rodes of the Academy of Medicine and Surgery of Barcelona," is set forth. In addition to the fifteen substances listed, ranging from ordinary old sodium bicarb to free quartz, SiO_3H_2, and sodium fluoride, we find, perhaps as a concession to the atomic age, "radioactivity 154 volt hours a liter." (The Curies and the Roentgens can look out for their own units. Vichy Catalan uses volt hours.) For some reason, the bottlers and Doctor Oliver y Rodes have overlooked the possibility of curing cancer. Incidentally, Vichy Catalan contains no reported contamination from strontium 90.

If the drinker isn't sufficiently awed by the variety of chemicals he is imbibing, he should shift his gaze to the right, to the Prize Column of the label. Here, under a note that the Vichy Catalan springs produce 183 liters of water at 60° centigrade a minute, he finds the list of awards

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won in competition with the other waters of Europe. The silver medal of Nice was acquired in 1884, the year after a royal order first declared Vichy Catalan "of Utility to the Public." Naples came through with a gold medal in the same year. In 1889, even Paris awarded an honorary medal. Along with two other silver medals and one more gold one, we find a diploma (Barcelona, 1892) and, as the latest honor bestowed, a grand prize from Barcelona in 1929 (probably to make up for awarding a diploma 37 years earlier.) Alongside Vichy Catalan, a bottle of Coke, or even of "Old Kentucky" type bourbon, looks like a tenderfoot beside Dan Beard.

One may say that our potables are too young, too frail to match labels with a veteran, but what wine, even a *Kaiser Jesuitengarten Trockenbeeren Auslese Spatlese*, informs its drinker how high up the hillside grew the grapes from which it was pressed? Vichy Catalan, as any label reader knows, is taken from a spring 10 meters (about 33 feet) above the floor of the valley.

The label writer has put in something for all the varied interests of mankind. The money grubber finds an extensive dissertation on prices and taxes. He is further assured that "Upon return of the bottle to any establishment [selling it] it will be obligatory to satisfy the public with one peseta and twenty centimos. (Price according to the Official Bulletin of the State, No. 317, 12 November, 1948.)"

There is, strange to say, even a passing comment that explains why I and all its patrons that I know persist in drinking Vichy Catalan, even after we have memorized the label. In the General Commentary Section, sandwiched in between references to its noble history and its medicinal properties, is the phrase, ". . . at the same time, it constitutes an excellent table water, of agreeable flavor."

LOVE KNOT

BY T. S. MATTHEWS

The lover's shy and fumbling hands
Make the old seducer sigh;
But angels smile, and publish the banns:
Love is a knot nobody can untie.

case urgent

Bui Thi Chinh, Vietnamese, age 4. Both parents ill. Mother suffers heart condition. Father has marsh fever. Unable to work steadily. Occasionally earns 20c a day. Two other children in family. Cannot afford to go to school. "Home" is a hut. Torn, woven bamboo walls. Floors beaten earth. House flooded during monsoons. Chinh sweet, sensitive, undernourished. Knows only want. Parents sick with despair for their destitute children. Help to Chinh means life to whole family. Case urgent.

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WHAT IS WRONG? Can it be that the art of painting is something of a mystery? Indeed, it is not. Any person who suffers from this sense of bafflement has usually been without guidance as to what to look for in paintings. Either he has never had an opportunity to take a university course in the subject, or he has never found it convenient to attend clarifying lecture courses at a museum because of sheer lack of time.

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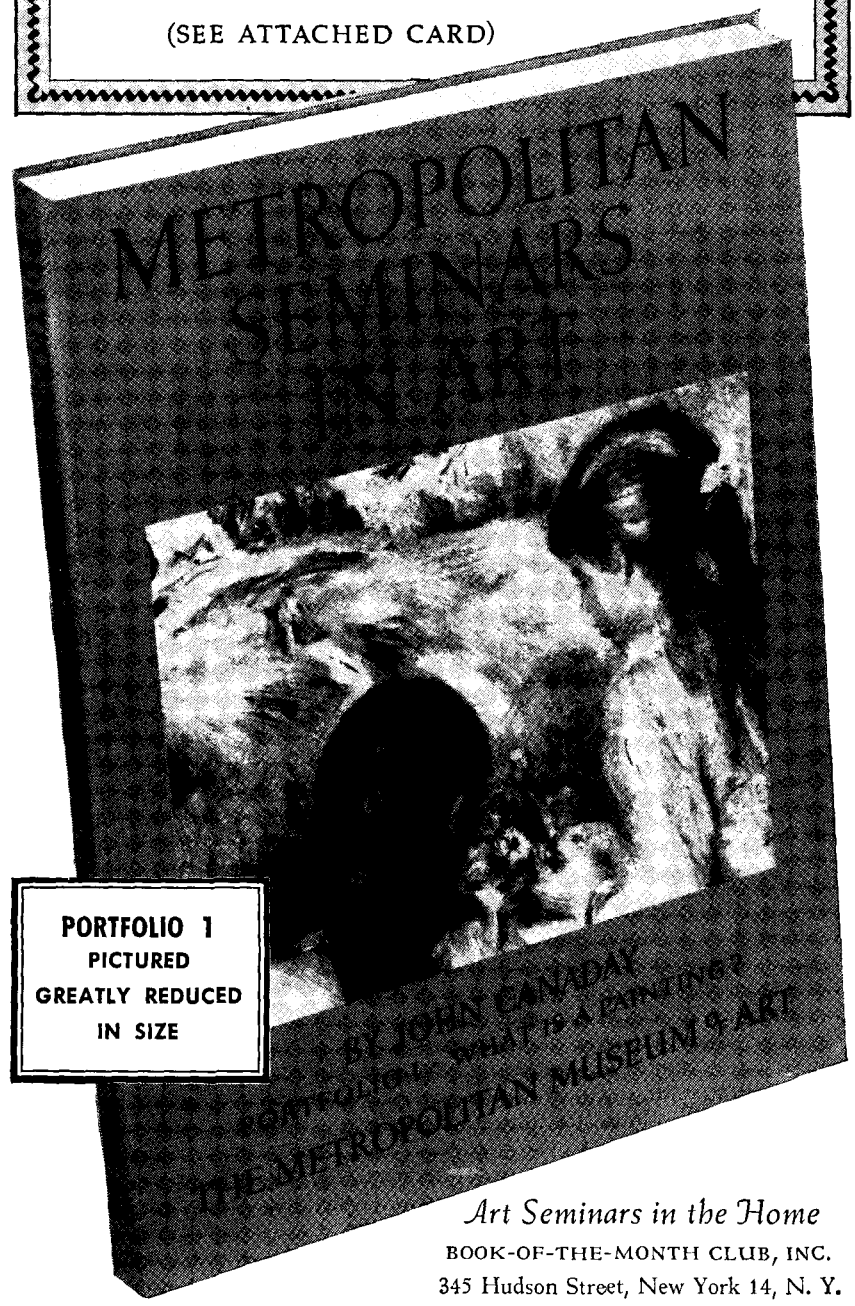

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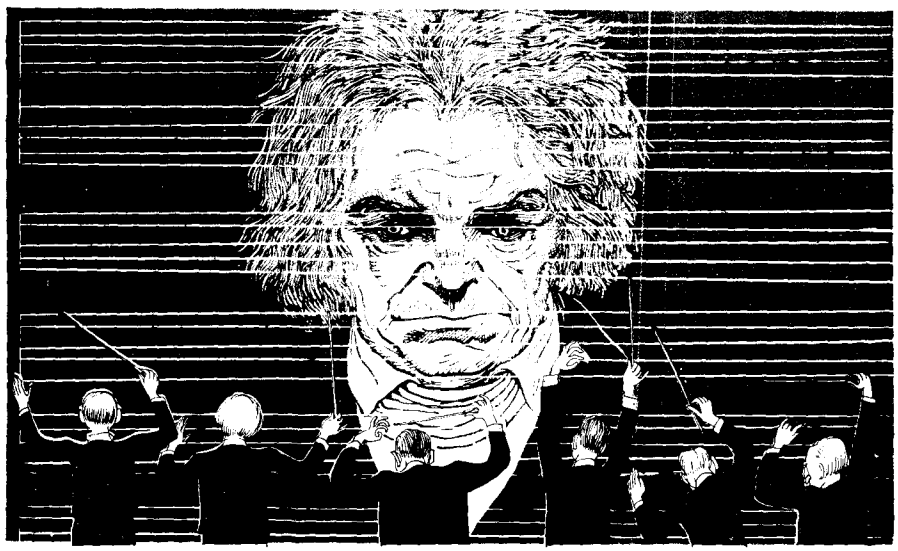
BY JOHN M. CONLY



Every good actor wants to play Hamlet or one of the Henrys before he dies, and very nearly every orchestra conductor wants to be remembered for his nine Beethoven symphonies. Hence we have in the record catalogues an ever-increasing supply of the Nine.

I don't want even to try to be encyclopedic about this, because it just wastes space. However, among the conductors who have essayed the Nine, complete, for records are: Felix Weingartner, Arturo Toscanini, Eugen Jochum, Bruno Walter (twice), Hermann Scherchen, Wilhelm Furtwängler, Otto Klemperer, Sir Adrian Boult, Josef Krips, and Ernest Ansermet.

The epochal series among the older editions were those of Weingartner, Toscanini, and Walter in his first time around (he has moved into the succeeding epoch, too, this wonderful, tireless man). These are receding into history. The best of the Toscaninis, never uniformly listenable, are still exciting, but the Weingartners now are antique. This still leaves us an almost embarrassing variety from which to choose.

I will say straight off that there is only one set of all Nine that I would buy nowadays, and that is the 1960 Walter-Columbia. It comes in a nice, strong, white album, and in no symphony is Walter really outdistanced by anyone. However, I am disposed toward eclecticism, although this requires caution and a thirty-five-cent Schwann catalogue. The couplings, especially in the latest all-Nine issues, are such that you might find yourself with two versions of lesser symphonies. Every good Beethovenian should have two *Eroicas* and two Fifths, but two Firsts is one too many. No reviewer can help you at this. I will cite a current instance — Everest has just sent me the complete Nine by Josef Krips, arranged for automatic record changer, and I have not the faintest idea of how the works will be coupled in single-record issues, which surely will follow; so shop warily.

The First Symphony is a jolly thing, full of bounce and young man's fancy. Josef Krips is not exactly young, but he is younger than any of his serious competitors. And as for the bounce, all you need do for proof is listen. Walter and Ansermet have created niceties, very enjoyable. But Krips is the one who gives you the gallant young man about Vienna and moves the doings up behind the Grinzingerstrasse, where you find the gold yearling wine. His orchestra is the London Symphony.

The Second Symphony is a little more militant and contemplative than the First, but still kin to it. Again Krips is the man. This may have been the first romantic symphony written. It is Krips's own favorite Beethoven symphony, and Krips is as good a classic-romantic conductor as we have; perhaps the best. The recording is a sunny marvel most of the way, with a good rousing gallop at the end. A word of caution about these Krips-Everest records. They may be a little futuristic. None but the most compliant phono-pickups can track the grooves to good effect. I have tried them only in stereo editions, but I am sure their transients, meaning the quick high overtones of fiddles and trumpets, are as hard to handle in monophony as in stereo.

The Third Symphony, the *Eroica*, is where Beethoven showed himself different from any predecessor, and for that matter, from any follower. This was Beethoven's own favorite symphony, and it is mine too. It has built, I am sure, more valor in more thoughtful souls than any other music ever written. No one plays it badly. Who plays it best? Toscanini, naturally; and his 1953 air-check performance is a performer's criterion. But the new buyer should choose among new sounds to find great playings. Here, Walter's is the loftiest, his horns the most golden. But for the fiercest, with the finest rattling thunder of drums and blaze of revolutionary trumpets, the choice is Ansermet, and this was the Beethoven symphony he waited longest to make. There has been much admiration for the Klemperer *Eroica*, too. I have to say, as a general thing, I do not like Klemperer's Beethoven symphonies. He makes them sound as if Wagner were conducting, slow and morose. I handled Beethoven's walking stick in Vienna. Two centuries old, it was still a light, swift, springy stick, fit for quick walking, for slashing the tops off weeds in the path, and for stinging ugly stray dogs. Beethoven was not morose, or slow.

The Fourth Symphony seems almost a light thing, between its formidable companions. Walter plays it pastorally, not a bad way. Krips plays it joyously, a better way.

The Fifth makes us come to the conclusion that Beethoven was older than his years; the old men comprehend it so much better than their juniors. Here again, the ancient

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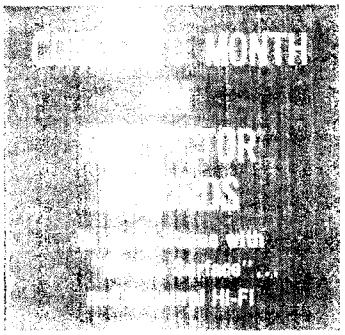
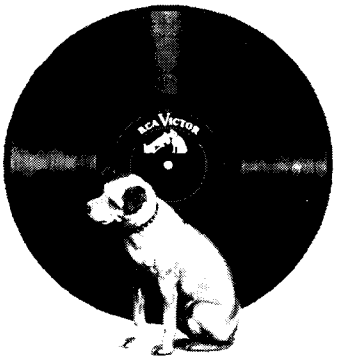


Classical guitar is enjoying a brisk renaissance. Julian Bream, whom the N.Y. Herald Tribune calls "an exceptional musician," is a dynamic force in the revival. Here, with the Melos Instrumental Ensemble, he performs two radiant works: the earliest (1808) virtuoso guitar concerto, and a modern concerto.



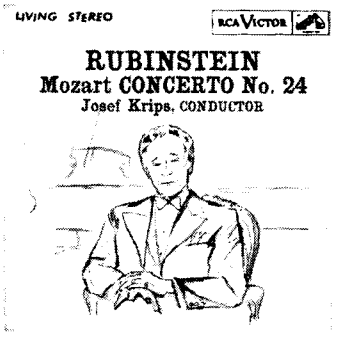
Van Cliburn, who built a bridge of friendship from America to the Soviet Union, plays contrasting music from the two nations. The MacDowell concerto is a romantic work that reflects the bold, exuberant spirit of our own land; the Prokofieff is a dazzlingly colorful creation in the most modern terms.

Piatigorsky: Dvořák's Cello Concerto. This is the master cellist's first stereo recording of a concerto. Choosing one of the best-loved of all cello concertos, Piatigorsky gives the work a personal interpretation that stands alone in its beauty.

Graffman's "Ballades" album dramatically established his pre-eminence as a Chopin interpreter. Now comes an exciting new example of Graffman's mastery of Chopin's music. It is his first recording of a Chopin concerto, and it is stunning! Also a stereo debut of Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillant."

Jaime Laredo, soon to tour with the National Symphony, under Howard Mitchell, presents a popular romantic concerto and a major work of the classical period. This is the premier concerto recording by the young violinist, who is judged by the N. Y. Times' Howard Taubman "a musician of remarkable gifts."

Henryk Szeryng: Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole. This mingling of rich melody and exotic Latin rhythm has always been a favorite work for violin and orchestra. Szeryng's brilliant performance sets this new recording apart as the one to own.



Artur Rubinstein, whose glowing poetic powers match a phenomenal technique, grows ever greater. In this recording, he turns to the music of Mozart—deceptively simple, yet the ultimate in artistic challenge. This is the first Mozart concerto album by Rubinstein in spacious, life-like Living Stereo sound.

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Toscanini-NBC is the criterion. Of the new readings, a tossup once more. Ansermet has the best sound, the best inner voices, the best first movement. Walter has the better concept of the finale, perhaps the slightly more rousing triumph, though the Columbia sound cannot compare with London's.

Now, the *Pastoral*. This is the most loved symphony there is, except perhaps for the Mozart G Minor. It welcomes its performers, as it does its listeners. And it delights them too. Here, for my preference, we must break out of the complete series. Walter's performance is exquisite and shadowy. Ansermet plays the work like a dance suite, and with much charm. But another elderly gentleman enters, with a quite unfair advantage. This is Pierre Monteux, whom any of the others would happily acknowledge as equal, and his unfair advantage is the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. These men have all been to see the brook at Heiligenstadt, and they do not so much play the symphony as live it. It comes out simply like a walk in a sunny wood, and we are wafted back two centuries in two minutes, to share a very great man's most cherished delights. Parenthetically, it should be said here that Monteux is a superlative Beethoven conductor, as anyone who heard his Ninth at Boston or Tanglewood last year can testify. He has made an *Eroica* with the Vienna, as I know because I wrote the jacket notes, but I cannot evaluate it because it has not been published at the time of this writing.

For the Seventh, Boult. All good solid Teutonic musicologists to the contrary notwithstanding, this is Celtic music, mostly Irish. Beethoven, like Haydn before him and Dvořák after, could easily feel and write in foreign idioms, and he was especially attracted to those of Ireland and Scotland (as some dozens of songs prove). The formal German approach is a wrong one, however well tried. Sir Adrian is not an Irishman, but he comes from the River Dee country, which is the next best thing, and he knows his island tempos. The last movement of the Seventh is not hectic merrymaking among peasants; it is an uphill charge, a martial jog, as played by Scottish and Irish pipers for centuries. And it must be paced right to stir the blood. Boult paces it right.

The Eighth is almost always taken too lightly, which is partly Beethoven's fault, for putting Maelzel's metronome into the middle of it. The third movement is a constant enigma; hardly ever do the conductor and the horn players know how it is meant to sound. Maybe (quite seriously) Beethoven didn't himself. It teases. The last movement is plain, but often, and puzzlingly, mistaken. It is at once humorous and furious, a discovery to which Bruno Walter can make you partner and make your hair stand up a little as he does so. This may be the best string writing among all symphonies. Play it loud enough. (Nobody ever has made the drum beats in the bridge passage of the first movement as clear as they should be, so there's no use comparing.)

Of the Ninth there is no discoursing. All critics disapprove of it; nearly all composers try to imitate it; nobody really can do anything about it. It is like Mount Everest. It is there. There is no definitive approach to it. Weingartner and Toscanini tried different ascents, toward the same peak. The latter's record would be my choice if I were to be marooned with a disc collection, but it is, admittedly, starting to sound a little old. Some hesitation is in order here, because Monteux, it is rumored, will make a Ninth soon. Meanwhile, Walter has it all to himself — stereophonically and in new sound. He does not set fire to the feelings quite as Toscanini did, but he makes his gospel wide and high, inspired and inspiring. Ansermet might have measured against him (especially by virtue of a first movement in which the inner strings really are audible, and quite excitingly) but for the efforts of a Dutch bass baritone named Arnold Van Mill. No doubt Van Mill meant well, but he emoted, and, of course, in a very vulnerable place in the symphony, right at the beginning of the choral portion of the finale. Early nineteenth-century music — *The Star-Spangled Banner* is a fair example — has to be presented without orotundity to twentieth-century ears or it will sound silly. Too bad for Van Mill. Take instead, then, William Wilderman, who for Bruno Walter rings out a recitative and an aria really fit to ring in one of the best battle hymns ever written. Because that is what the end of the

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symphony is, in its vast and singing simplicity. With Walter leading, it reads like the final marching orders from Moses on Pisgah, with a force surpassing mere eloquence.

This concludes the choosing and proves that Beethoven, long dead, has proved a rather wonderful and refreshing theory: great interpreters, worthy and comprehending of great ideas, get greater as they get older.

Record Reviews

Brahms: Concerto No. 2

Rudolf Serkin, piano; Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia MS-6156 (stereo) and ML-5491

This is not a remake of the not-so-old ML-5117, with stereo companion added, so far as I can discern; it is a whole new recording. Anyway, it seems sonically Columbia's best stereo piano concerto yet. Serkin and Ormandy agree beautifully on mood and tempos. The piano is not too forward (the work has been described as a symphony with piano obbligato), and the great orchestra positively shines.

Copland: Piano Fantasy; Piano Variations

William Masselos, piano; Columbia MS-6168 (stereo) and ML-5568

America in its national lifetime has bred a very good crop of composers, but some of the best have refused to take themselves seriously. They have preferred to be academicians or insurance men or newspaper critics first, and to write music only avocationally. One who has not done this is Aaron Copland, now rightly reckoned the dean of American composers. He has not shrunk from thinking himself important or from the aim to be at once a popular success and an explorer in art. Here — partly in celebration of Copland's sixtieth birthday — Columbia has put forth a beautiful pairing of two of his most notable piano works, one dating from 1930, the other, the *Fantasy*, written only three years ago. They are kindred in that they show him at different stages of experimenting with twelve-tone techniques, but the similarity almost ends there. The *Variations* remain attractive today, especially in the devoted performance by Masselos, a gifted young man, but there is a hint of self-

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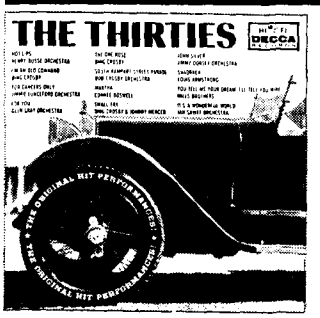

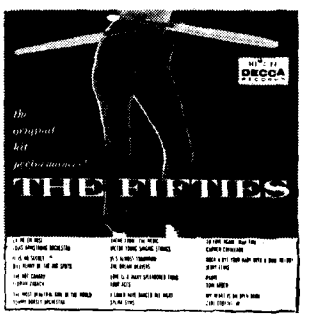

THE THIRTIES: I'M AN OLD COWHAND (From The Rio Grande) – Bing Crosby • FOR YOU – Glen Gray • THE ONE ROSE (That's Left In My Heart) – Bing Crosby • YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAM, I'LL TELL YOU MINE – The Mills Brothers • and others DL 4006

THE LATE THIRTIES: SUGAR BLUES – Clyde McCoy • THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND AND AROUND – Riley-Farley And Their Onyx Club Boys • PENNIES FROM HEAVEN – Bing Crosby • SWEET LEILANI – Bing Crosby • (Dear Mr. Gable) YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU – Judy Garland • BEI MIR BIST DU SCHÖN – Andrews Sisters • SUNRISE SERENADE – Glen Gray • and others DL 4000

THE FORTIES: GREEN EYES – Jimmy Dorsey • THE TROLLEY SONG – Judy Garland • YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE – The Mills Brothers • DON'T FENCE ME IN – Bing Crosby And The Andrews Sisters • and others DL 4007

INTO THE FORTIES: OVER THE RAINBOW – Judy Garland • IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME – Andrews Sisters • AMAPOLA – Jimmy Dorsey-Bob Eberly-Helen O'Connell • PAPER DOLL – Mills Brothers • FOR ME AND MY GAL – Judy Garland-Gene Kelly • WHITE CHRISTMAS – Bing Crosby • others DL 4001

THE MIDDLE FORTIES: YOU'LL NEVER KNOW – Dick Haymes And The Song Spinners • OKLAHOMA! – Alfred Drake • CHOPIN'S POLONAISE – Carmen Cavallaro • NEW YORK'S MY HOME From "Manhattan Tower" – Gordon Jenkins • ANNIVERSARY SONG – Al Jolson • and others DL 4002

THE LATE FORTIES: NOW IS THE HOUR – Bing Crosby • BALLIN' THE JACK – Danny Kaye • MY FOOLISH HEART – Gordon Jenkins and others DL 4008

INTO THE FIFTIES: HEARTACHES – Ted Weems • THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG – Bing Crosby • LITTLE WHITE LIES – Dick Haymes • I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I – Andrews Sisters • BLUEBERRY HILL – Louis Armstrong • ENJOY YOURSELF – Guy Lombardo And His Royal Canadians • GOODNIGHT IRENE – Gordon Jenkins • and others DL 4003

THE EARLY FIFTIES: SAM'S SONG – Bing And Gary Crosby • ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY – The Weavers • BLUE TANGO – Leroy Anderson • THE GLOW WORM – The Mills Brothers • STRANGER IN PARADISE – The Four Aces • LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT – Kitty Kallen • and others DL 4004

THE LATE FIFTIES: MOONGLOW, THE THEME FROM "PICNIC" – Morris Stoloff • LAZY RIVER – Roberta Sherwood • AROUND THE WORLD – Victor Young • VOLARE (Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu) – Domenico Modugno • and others DL 4005

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consciousness in their swift economy and their passing dab at the jazz idiom. What really cuts the *Variations* down to size, though, is the superb *Fantasy* on the overside. Forget about twelve-tone technique. Just listen to the sure, strong cleverness, the cordial wit, the pure beauty in the use of single notes, the plain sense of completeness. Don't misunderstand: this is not quick and easy music, but at second hearing its symmetry and stature begin to show themselves, and at third hearing they entrance.

Gould: Fall River Legend; Spirituals

Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Orchestra; Mercury SR-90263 (stereo) and MG-50263

Fall River Legend is proclaimed a ballet suite (it is about Lizzie Borden and was produced on the stage by Agnes de Mille), and *Spirituals* might as well be. Both have much folksy verve, and Gould plainly intended neither to be quite as deep as a well. Still they make delightful listening, especially at the hands of Hanson and the Mercury magicians, the perfect explorers of Gould's bag of sonic tricks. In fact, this is about as hi-fi a record as I ever have heard — I commend to you especially the bass drums and the sandpaper blocks on Side 2, though how *Shortnin' Bread* got into a suite called *Spirituals*, I am rather at a loss to explain. No one will mind, though, once the percussion gets going.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 94, "Surprise," and 101, "Clock"

Pierre Monteux conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2394 (stereo) and LM-2394

Apparently this marvel has been out for some time, but I received it only last fortnight. When I say "marvel," I do not speak lightly, for this is a love affair built on the lines of a better triangle than the tediously eternal one: this one joins a composer, a conductor, and an orchestra. And what comes of this interplay is a winsome, singing, roaring, dancing, profound, and endlessly witty delight. I cannot imagine these two irresistible symphonies more irresistibly played, and the quality of the sound matches that of the spirit.

Weber: Der Freischütz

Eugen Jochum conducting Irmgard Seefried, Rita Streich, Kurt Böhme, other singers; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bavarian State Radio; Deutsche Grammophon SLPM-138639/40 (stereo) and LPM-18639/40: two records

Der Freischütz has been a love of mine ever since a day in 1949 when I went into a record store in Washington, intending a much more serious purchase, and heard the proprietor gleefully playing the Wolf Glen scene, complete with magic bullets, evil spirits, ghostly huntsmen shooting guns, and ghostly hounds barking, for a dubious customer. I snatched the album from right under his dubious nose, asked how much, paid over my $24 (imported 78s, you remember), and dashed away with it. That was a Deutsche Grammophon, too, Robert Heger *dirigent*, and I have to say that it was much better than the new one: more fun to it. However, you cannot get the old one now, and it amounted only to excerpts. The new one is well sung and well played. All that can be said against it is that it is a little dignified, as if Jochum had mistaken it for *Fidelio* or *Don Giovanni;* the villagers don't stamp when they dance, and you have to listen closely for the magic bullets. Still, all Weber's rousing and completely whistleable ensemble tunes are there, and most of the spoken dialogue to boot.

Shakespeare: Macbeth

Anthony Quayle, Gwen Ffrangcon Davies, Stanley Holloway, other actors; Caedmon SRS-231 (stereo) and SA-782: two records

Now we have another Shakespeare drama series coming upon us, the originating group being the Shakespeare Recording Society in New York. Unlike the Marlowe Society of Cambridge, the SRS identifies its actors. Frankly, I like the English *Macbeth* better than this, but I am not sure I prefer it $6 worth, and being longer, it does contain a good deal of the dialogue Shakespeare may not have written, since on *Macbeth*, a hurried task, he used a collaborator. Both versions are fine. From London-Argo one gets, I think, the better Elizabethan atmosphere and the uncut play. Caedmon gives an edited job and a latter-day polish and Stanley Holloway as the talkative porter, which is no mean asset. You will have to choose; maybe I just like English witches better. It seems to me they cackle more horribly.

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The Peripatetic Reviewer

BY EDWARD WEEKS

WILLIAMSBURG, Moscow, and New York City: three landmarks in man's progress toward tomorrow.

Williamsburg, seen in the stillness between four and five on a November afternoon, is a beautiful reminder of a time when man went about his business on his hind legs and when he lived close for creature comforts. Save for the red of the oaks and the canary yellow of the ginkgoes, the leaves are down, and through the bare branches one sees how intimately the little wooden houses crowd together. The green turf, the box hedges, the white fences form a pattern of privacy, and the windowpanes, as the light dims, are warm with the flicker of the open fires within. The air holds the musty fragrance of the moist box and of the bonfires now smoldering. Bonfires always turn the mind back, and as one walks through the quiet of this seventeenth-century town, it is easy to imagine the gentle unhurried existence and to forget the passion and uncertainty which once dwelt here. To most of us Williamsburg stands as a monument to tranquillity, a monument to a moment of independence and to an age undisturbed by the bomb or the gasoline motor.

Moscow, in its street scenes, is a reminder of where America was forty years ago: taxis and privately owned cars are few; the long black Zims reserved for officialdom are conspicuous; on the broad avenues the pedestrians have the right of way; there are bicyclists, though not half so numerous as those in little Holland; and the Army trucks, which do most of the transport, are occasionally interspersed with a motorized hayrick or a lumber truck with its logs chained together, such as Manhattan has not seen in a century. Moscow is a quiet city and a remarkably clean one. Women with long wicker brooms work ceaselessly on the boulevards, and citizens are discouraged from leaving wastepaper in the subways, or, indeed, anywhere in sight.

Moscow has its monuments of the past — the Kremlin, Red Square, and St. Basil's Cathedral. More humble are the houses of peeled logs, built after Napoleon's fireworks; weather-beaten, with their windows of potted plants, their refrigerators — string bags holding the perishables, suspended from the upper stories — and their tiny gardens, they form a most appealing mews. With their disappearance Moscow will become more stereotyped.

To pass from Williamsburg to New York is to pass from costumed colonialism to a motorized maelstrom. The congestion in the pre-Christmas season was the worst I have ever experienced. Indeed, the traffic was so snail-like and frustrating that people took to walking for sheer relief. The police and the tow cars were doing their persistent best to keep the cross-town arteries open, but the zanies are always with us, and as I was taxiing through the Upper Sixties, a smart blonde in one of those limitless Cadillacs triple-parked and went clicking away on her high heels, leaving a one-car lane through which we could just squeeze. People of that mentality should be permitted to drive on Sunday afternoons only.

The impossibility of finding a cab at the theater hour; the frantic distress of the traveler, airport bound, who is ignored by the homing cabs in the late afternoon; the bumper-to-bumper creep of commuters into the Lincoln or Holland Tunnel — such are the punishments of those who try to move in a crowded room. But what makes New York even more of a punishment these days is its grime. There was a time when the sky above the great canyons was of an incomparable translucent blue. It had a beauty and a vibrancy that seemed to have been wind-washed from the sea, but now when there is no wind the air is foul. The fumes from the cars, the fumes from the fuel oil, the fumes from the industries on either bank have formed a cloud by day and a pillar by night — as those who are in the planes stacked above it can

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attest. Your eyes smart, your sinuses puff up, and if you wonder why, look at the soot on the white window sill. This city, once famous for its cleanliness, is being smothered by air-borne dirt. Isn't it time that New York City called in a doctor from Pittsburgh?

"Cars, cars, cars! Isn't there any place for people?" expostulated Nikita Khrushchev as he looked at the chaos in Manhattan. The time has come when the city authorities must decide. They must cleanse the air and restore the circulation of the most spectacular city on this continent. They must decide what to do about commuters, transients, and shoppers, and where they should be encouraged to leave their cars on the periphery. They must face the question of how many residents are to be permitted to park their cars overnight on the streets, and they must face the unions on the question of how many of the city services can be performed at night.

THE NEGRO AS OUR NEIGHBOR

As we recover from the stun of the segregation riots in New Orleans, those of us who live in the North may take consolation in the thought of our more enlightened attitude. But are we really any more tolerant in our acceptance of the Negro as our neighbor? In Boston, the Negro housing is segregated about 90 per cent. I remember the difficulty encountered in Cambridge, where for a time it was thought that Ralph Bunche would be a temporary member of Harvard's teaching staff, and how in desperation a faculty couple on leave finally placed their house at Mr. Bunche's disposal. I also remember the neighborliness which Roland Hayes has enjoyed in Brookline for more than two decades. The record is an uneven one, and for the most part it is kept under cover.

PEACEABLE LANE, a novel by KEITH WHEELER (Simon and Schuster, $4.50), the December choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club, forces the issue into the open. This is the story of a new $30,000 housing unit in Westchester and of how the eleven families who live on Peaceable Lane react when they find that a Negro is proposing to buy into their midst. That he would be an undesirable addition is generally agreed, although with varying shades of intensity. The three Jewish families who have known what it is to be excluded are torn on this point, but what rallies them is the thought that the instant the Negro takes possession, their property value will decline, perhaps as much as $10,000 a house. The most conspicuous of the group, Peter Yale, a news commentator and espouser of popular causes, is the most rancid in his opposition. When it becomes clear that they must pool their resources and outbid the invader, the man who collects the money and signs the paper is Matt Jones, a rugged Westerner whose direct way of dealing with men and crises has not been inhibited by his work in advertising. Matt's impulsiveness, his hitting out, and later his self-doubts and renunciation are what give this book its integrity.

This is a didactic novel from the word go, and I admire the way in which Mr. Wheeler has illuminated a conflict at once so sensitive and reproachful. The members of the little community he has delineated with skill: the misgivings of the two Jews, Solomon Weissman and Zack Gold, are truly conveyed, and the resentment of the women, ranging as it does from the spitefulness of Laura Cusack to the timid remonstrance of Estelle Outerbridge, is deplorable but not unlikely. The sense of outrage which pervades the community when the Negroes put the heat on is shocking, but so too is the feeling of infection, the feeling of guilt, which spreads from house to house as they realize what they have done, when Bronson has been bought out and his empty house is on their hands. "Yes," Gold said somberly. "But he left his mark on us all the same. The thing I hate having to remember is that he opened up the weakness and meanness in all of us." This is an indignant lesson in human relations which we had better look at thoughtfully.

PETER USTINOV

PETER USTINOV has always, in both his plays and his fiction, turned his rueful gaze on the contrasts between nations and nationalities. His first collection of stories, *Add a Dash of Pity*, reveled in the eccentricities of Spanish bullfighters, Swiss scientists, Hungarian violinists, and Russian *littérateurs*. Now, in his first full-length novel, THE LOSER (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $4.50), Ustinov recounts the adventures of the most conscientious of German militarists, the fanatical Nazi lieutenant Hans Winterschild, during the chaotic conclusion of World War II in Italy. Hans as a boy was brought up in the military tradition to which Hitler added his peculiar refinements; he was tested in the invasion of Poland and more sternly on the Russian front. Full of scars and medals, Hans is sent to Florence to recuperate, and here in his sudden attraction to a young courtesan the frozen integrity of his character begins to melt. This is a people and a way of life whose happiness he could never have imagined.

Rambling, elaborate, and delightfully funny, this novel has all the versatility of Peter Ustinov's baroque imagination. No other young writer could bring to such a subject so cosmopolitan a point of view, so compassionate an insight, so resourceful a gift for storytelling.

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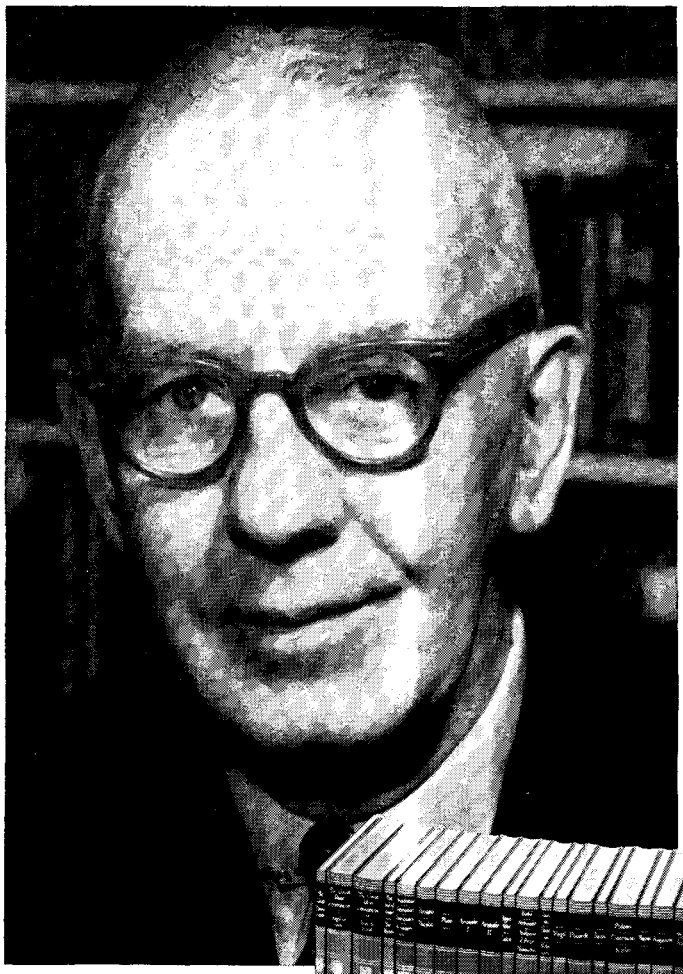

"A man is as old as his curiosity"

A message from **John Mason Brown**
Author, Critic, Lecturer

" 'A man's age is not told by the calendar. A man is as old as his curiosities are keen, as his sympathies are kept informed, and as the step of his spirit is elastic enough to keep up with the mighty procession of his time.'

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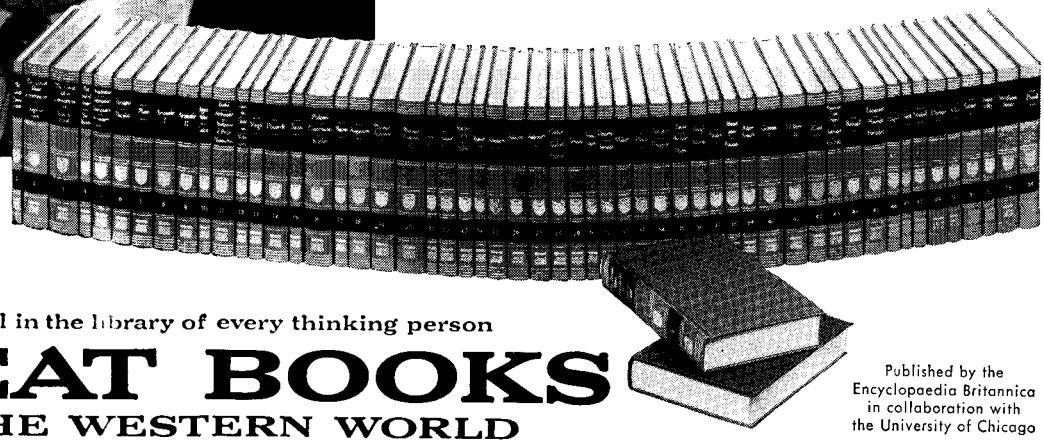

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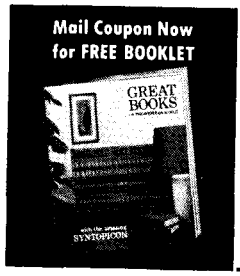

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PALLAS ATHENA

In TRUMPETS FROM THE STEEP (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00), LADY DIANA COOPER brings to a close her three-volume memoir. This English beauty, hostess par excellence, and wife of the intelligent, debonair statesman Duff Cooper has always enjoyed the adulation of English society. As the daughter of the Eighth Duke of Rutland, as the loveliest debutante of the 1914 season, as the star of Reinhardt's *Miracle*, she has woven a shimmering gossamer of friendships. She is at home anywhere in the theater, is a loyal supporter of writers, painters, and journalists, and is on intimate terms with "Clemmie" and Sir Winston Churchill, whom she regards as "the greatest of living men." Her memory is vivid, probing, and fair; her letters, which she often quotes, recapture the affection or anxiety of the moment, and every page shows the indelible style of her gay and loyal character. Her new volume, encompassing the years 1939 to 1948, is the most deeply felt of the three, for during much of it Britain was on the rack.

Duff Cooper, who had resigned as First Lord of the Admiralty, over Munich, was reinstated in the Cabinet by Mr. Churchill, served as Minister of Information, and was then sent as ambassador *extraordinaire* on hazardous missions to Burma, India, Australia, and finally as the British representative to the Free French in North Africa.

For all her blithe spirits, Lady Diana is a worrier; she who loathed flying and far-flung assignment now found herself in charge of the most bizarre households. At one point in Algiers she had Victor Rothschild in one room on a bomb dispersal mission; Evelyn Waugh, Randolph Churchill, and Philip Jordan in sick bay recovering from their burns sustained in a crash landing in Yugoslavia; and Eve Curie, who, in still another room, "with her beautiful face, khaki and medals, dreams of echelons and mêlées and garde-à-vous. The house is overloaded and has burst its boiler. . . ." Her apprehensions add a sensitivity to her letters to her son, whether she is describing the Blitz, the ominous overconfidence in Singapore, or the negotiations with "the intractable Wormwood," as the English called De Gaulle. She grieves over her separation from John Julius; she mourns the loss of friends as dear as Rex Whistler, Conrad Russell, and her sister Marjorie; and though she and Duff have a halcyon reward in their happiness in the Embassy in Paris and in their retirement at Chantilly, the book ends on a note of resignation: "I'll write no more memories. They would get too sad, tender as they are. Age wins and one must learn to grow old." What follows is a definition of widowhood, the most poignant I have ever read.

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Mr. Lowenfels has tried to reconstruct, from Whitman's letters, diaries, and published articles, the book about the Civil War that the poet dreamed of but never wrote. Not much of this material is new, but the arrangement is ingenious and interesting. Drawings by Winslow Homer. KNOPF, $5.00.

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Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

CHARLES NORMAN, the author of excellent lives of e. e. cummings and Kit Marlowe, has written a biography of EZRA POUND (Macmillan, $6.95), a gallant attempt to define one of the more mystifying characters of our time. It is not an authorized biography, although Pound knew of Mr. Norman's project and even provided him with some information, nor is it a defense. Mr. Norman has tried to determine how it came about that a distinguished poet, a shrewd and generous critic, a notoriously kindly man, and a United States citizen whose thirty years' residence abroad had left him still incorrigibly and unmistakably American ended up spouting anti-American scurrilities over the enemy radio in wartime.

Mr. Norman has on his side in the campaign the fact that Pound knew, or corresponded with, an enormous number of intelligent and articulate people who willingly confided their memories and lent material to the biographer. The author is hampered by his inability to get at the official Italian side of Pound's radio career, by a dearth of information on Pound's finances, and by the limits of each individual's knowledge of the man. Some of Pound's friends, like Ford Madox Ford, were dead before his aberrations occurred. Others, like Dr. William Carlos Williams, had had no prolonged, face to face discussion with him for years. Nothing in their accounts of the flamboyant poet and peppery expatriate really explains Pound's activities on behalf of Mussolini's government. Pound, of course, contends to this day that he was exercising an American citizen's normal right to criticize the United States authorities, and that the circumstances under which he exercised it are irrelevant. The kindest thing to be said of this claim is that it reveals a notable lack of common sense.

Pound's career as a writer and a promoter of new talent has been reconstructed by Mr. Norman with great success. Well before World War I, Pound was an established literary figure in London and already busy at his self-invented task of finding authors for publishers and publishers for authors. He left a well-blazed trail through all the little magazines and artistic salons of the day.

Pound's private life, on the other hand, seems to have proved fairly impervious to curiosity. Dr. Williams found him, as a young man, annoyingly reserved about his personal affairs, and later friends seem to have encountered the same ambiguous silence. The book contains no anecdotes of flirtation, courtship, or domestic life, no word of Pound the father, no reports of bouts of temperament, of exceptional depression or exuberance. These omissions are no fault of Mr. Norman, who complains, testily and more than once, that he has been unable to find any person able, and willing, to tell him of anything but Pound's public character.

Mr. Norman has been forced to try to deduce from the façade the inner structure of the building, an impossible task. He can trace a rather flimsy thread of anti-Semitism through Pound's earlier work, and a steady exasperation with the lack of support accorded the arts in this country, but neither of these elements looks strong enough to account for the hysterical vituperation that Pound babbled into the microphone during the war.

Despite the unpleasantness of the material, I wish that Mr. Norman had quoted more of Pound's broadcasts. What he does quote has a familiar ring to it. It conjures up the ghost of a type that could be found at many respectable dinner tables twenty years ago, the die-hard Republican who combined a virulent hatred of President Roosevelt with an equally virulent hatred of Jews and both with a foggy nostalgia for the noble simplicities of life in 1875.

If the broadcasts quoted by Mr. Norman are typical of the lot, then Pound was typical of a fragment of his particular generation of Ameri-

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cans. He blabbed over the radio in Italy what many another old gentleman growled over the duck in his own dining room, and the explanation of this lunatic conflux of ideas may lie somewhere in Pound's early youth and not, as Mr. Norman gloomily suspects, in those areas of his later life which have eluded his biographer's investigations.

Although Mr. Norman has not succeeded in explaining Ezra Pound, his book is far better reading than many of those definitive biographies that perfectly elucidate a subject who is safely and silently dead. The description of literary London before 1914 is delightful, and so is the tale of the great imagist war; the quotations are almost all from people who write brilliantly; the legal and psychiatric proceedings surrounding the charge of treason brought against Pound are as fascinating as a good detective story. Mr. Norman himself writes in a colloquial, idiosyncratic style that has great charm and vitality. As to explaining Ezra Pound, let us be patient. Benedict Arnold was a far more clear-cut case, and nobody has explained him yet.

NO HEIGHTS, NO DEPTHS

VANCE BOURJAILY'S latest book, CONFESSIONS OF A SPENT YOUTH (Dial, $4.95), is told in the first person and pretends to be a novel pretending to be an autobiography. Presumably much of it really does have an autobiographical base, for a number of episodes parallel events in the author's earlier books. I hope Mr. Bourjaily is not now at work on an autobiography that pretends to be a novel pretending to be an autobiography pretending to be a novel, because this sort of thing can easily go too far.

Taken as itself alone, *Confessions of a Spent Youth* is the story of U.S.D. Quincy and his adventures with women and the war. Summing it all up on the last page, Quince confides that he would like to consider "this document . . . not as a record of unusual and exotic events, but as a specimen account of how a contemporary youth was spent — not misspent nor well-spent, merely spent — exhibiting no special depths of degradation, nor special heights of intellectual or sensual joy. . . ."

This statement indicates a moderate target, and the author has scored a bull's-eye on it, for Quincy is about the most unremarkable youth that ever held a novel together. He has no beliefs, no emotions, and no desires. When Quince makes love to a girl, the reader is likely to feel surprise and a mild, never to be satisfied curiosity as to what put such an ambition into his head. Normally, Quince drifts along with any friend who has a project, whether lying to a court-martial or smoking hashish. He is sometimes inconvenienced by the aftereffects of these enterprises, but bears no malice and feels no remorse. He is about as close to a dead duck as anything can be and still breathe.

It is a great achievement on Mr. Bourjaily's part to keep up one's interest in this vegetative youth for fifty pages, let alone four hundred, and I have nothing but admiration for the skill with which he does it. But is the trick worth all that effort? There is no attempt to relate Quincy's numbness to the state of the world, although Mr. Bourjaily implies that it is a general condition of his hero's generation. The fellow's background has so little to do with his attitude that it is not until he hits Lebanon with the ambulance corps that one discovers Quincy is of Lebanese descent. It seems a little unreasonable to ask a reader to take an interest in the experiences — amorous, comic, brutal, and bloody though they are — of a young man who takes no interest in them himself; it's like asking the spectators at a football game to attach their support to the ball instead of the team.

The book is exceedingly well written, ingeniously constructed by topic rather than by chronology. Single scenes like the great hashish jag, single episodes like Quincy's front-line ambulance driving are highly effective. But these sections are never truly about Quince or any other individual. They are detached reporting about conditions in various areas too circumscribed, for the most part, to have any general applicability. The most memorable episode in the book is the first, a self-contained story about an ex-ball-player and smalltime crook who likes nothing so much as girls and corn whisky, and is too far gone with tuberculosis to enjoy these items when they fall into his hands. Cowboy Harris may be a sentimental hangover from the nineteenth cen-

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tury, a Sunday School version of Doc Holliday, but he cares about something enough to be hurt by it, and consequently, out of all this long, clever book, he is what sticks in the memory.

UP THE SOCIAL LADDER

ELICK MOLL'S MEMOIR OF SPRING (Putnam, $3.00) is another novel masquerading as reminiscence, or possibly reminiscence masquerading as a novel. The narrator is a successful composer of musical scores for motion pictures who, in late middle age, has bolted from his young wife and his new swimming pool to brood over the scenes of his childhood.

The book is actually a series of sketches of a Jewish boyhood in New York, all a little sad because being an immigrant was a serious business and being in the ladies' garment trade was an invitation to disaster, but also funny, surprising, and with a curious touch of acid poetry about it. There is a race between two broken-down peddler's nags, a summer hotel thrown into panic by the presence of a light lady, a horse-playing uncle, and a fat aunt with social ambitions. The narrative bubbles with deadpan wit. Bogged down on a score, the narrator complains that "you need a certain amount of inspiration even to steal effectively."

Mr. Moll's rambling little book has a perfectly clear intention. It is a tribute to all the immigrant families who worked like fiends and scrimped and connived in order to give their children education and a boost up the social ladder. It is also an oblique lament for the disproportionate results of their efforts. The narrator, on the toil and real anguish of his relatives, became a musician and a good composer. But he is not composing good music. He is thieving from Rachmaninoff to pay for a swimming pool, and no concluding dithyramb about spring can disguise it.

FREEDOM WITH THE BRUSH

The HISTORY OF SURREALIST PAINTING (Grove, $17.50) is a thoroughgoing, heavily illustrated account of the surrealist school by MARCEL JEAN, who was himself involved for years in this artistic movement. Since the author has no doubt at all of the merits of surrealist

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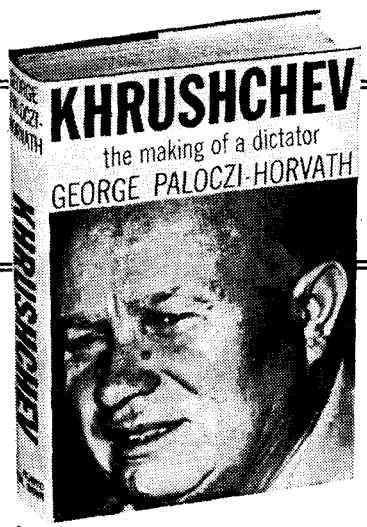

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painting and sculpture, he wastes no time on defending it, but goes briskly about the task of recording the names, styles, and achievements of the various artists.

Mr. Jean's matter-of-course approach to his subject is a great relief from the explanatory proselytizings that disfigure so much writing about modern art, and ought to win more admirers for surrealism than ten volumes of aesthetic sermons. The book appears to have been intended for enthusiasts, but its direct language, its anecdotes, its sketches of the chaotic surrealist party in action and of the more spectacular members at war among themselves, its clear distinction between serious psychic exploration and plain prankishness, make it equally admirable as an introduction to the whole school.

The author has chosen to ignore the early foreshadowings of surrealism, although dream, trance, and symbolic representations of states below, or beyond, normal consciousness can be traced in European art as far back as Da Vinci. He begins with Seurat and Böcklin and works straight up to the present day, leaving no canvas unturned. He has unearthed, among other wonders, a painter who carries his rejection of ordinary reality so far that he refuses to sell or even to show his work — a pity, since the sample reproduced by Mr. Jean is an extraordinary combination of bone yard and burlesque show.

Mr. Jean's manner remains sober, scholarly, and demure throughout, with a heavy ballast of footnotes, but much of his material is riotous, for the kind of imaginative freedom required for the production of surrealist art seems frequently to carry with it high spirits, hot temper, and a magnificently loony sense of humor.

The illustrations in *The History of Surrealist Painting* are splendid, but the print, I regret to report, is villainous.

LANDSCAPE AND LIGHT

HIROSHIGE, by WALTER EXNER, (Crown, $10.00) is an attractive presentation of the work of one of the last of the great Japanese wood block artists of the Tokugawa period. There is probably nothing new to be said about Japanese prints, which are one of the most instantly and

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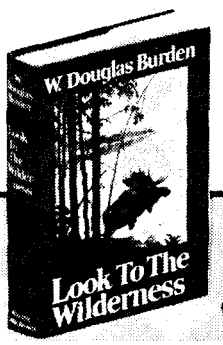

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generally attractive art forms in the world, and consequently have been overhauled time and again, and Mr. Exner has wisely confined his text to the facts of Hiroshige's life and times.

His time was the early nineteenth century, and the facts of his life are few and unexciting. The book is nevertheless interesting and entertaining reading, because Hiroshige kept a diary. He was a minor government official, having something to do with waterways, and in this capacity, and also in the execution of commissions as a painter, he traveled a good deal. His diary, quoted at length, is a record of landscapes, his fellow travelers, conversations, gifts and payments from clients, good food, and bad inns. He seems to have had chronic ill luck with inns, and it is amusing to discover that Japan in the old days maintained hostelries as scruffy as anything in Dickens. Hiroshige threw little poems into his diary, most of which Mr. Exner omits on the unkind grounds that literature has yet to take any notice of Hiroshige. Those that survive are, frankly, no worse than most Japanese poetry converted into English, however bad they may be in their original tongue. Altogether, Hiroshige's text produces a definite impression of a busy, varied, pleasant coming and going on the high road, and of a man with an eye for landscape and light and an interest in ordinary people. Hiroshige was quite capable of running like mad from a bore, however.

The main purpose of the book, of course, is the pictures, which would stand without any text whatsoever if necessary. They are delightful, even though, being printed on glossy Western paper, they do not look quite like anything Japanese. Neither can they represent more than a drop in the bucket of Hiroshige's work, which is estimated at something over eight thousand separate paintings. The artist was particularly esteemed for his landscapes, and there are plenty of these — mountains, rivers, bridges, and temples, romantic twilights and heavy snowstorms, with fat flakes like polka dots settling on the umbrellas of scurrying travelers. There are other subjects, too — birds, fish, ships, legendary lovers, and one stub-tailed white cat who manages, for no discernible reason, to be immensely funny.

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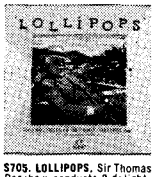

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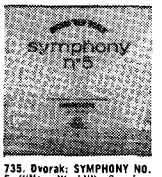

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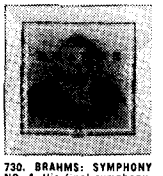

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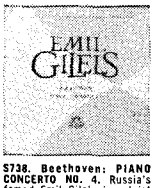

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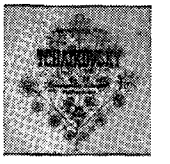

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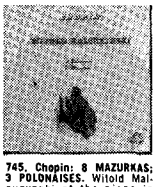

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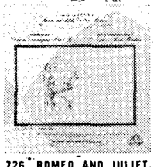

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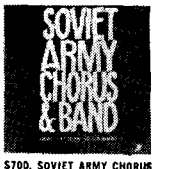

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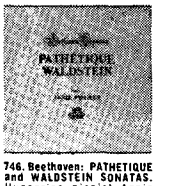

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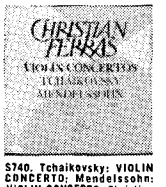

S740. Tchaikovsky: VIOLIN CONCERTO; Mendelssohn: VIOLIN CONCERTO. Christian Ferras with the Philharmonia Orch. **$4.98; Stereo $5.98.**

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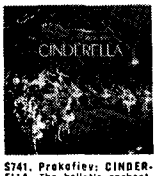

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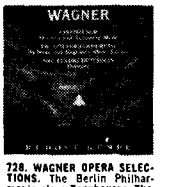

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